

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

THE unclouded and tranquil close of a long and successful career in art, literature, or science, is a phase of human life not less rare than grateful. Misfortune, error, or an unhappy organization, so often renders the development of gifted men incomplete or morbid, that an exception to so common a lot deserves earnest attention. It shows that what are called the infirmities of genius are not inevitable; that there is a method of exercising the intellect without compromising health; and that moral integrity may co-exist with the boldest mental enterprise. Perhaps the most illustrious instance, in modern times, of an efficient and genial life of scientific research, is that of Alexander Von Humboldt. His observation was remarkable both for activity and scope. His study of the phenomena of the universe was habitual; and in the eager pursuit of a special inquiry, he improved even the circumstances that baffled his progress. Thus, when delayed by political events from embarking on his American expedition, he occupied himself in ascertaining the height of the central plain of Castile; when becalmed on soundings, he examined the weeds collected on the lead, to gain new light for a theory of the coloring of plants; the haze that, for many hours, concealed from his sight the Peak of Teneriffe, induced ingenious speculations on the effects of atmosphere on vision. Even amid the dreary expanse of the ocean, this observant spirit was constantly awake, now analyzing the gases in the air-vessel of a flying-fish, now tracing the source of the phosphorescent gleams that shine from the gambols of a porpoise, and now silently watching the effect of a new firmament on the sense of wonder in his own mind. A swallow that alights in the rigging gives the hint for a treatise on the migration of birds; and when the shadows of night encompass the vessel, and clouds obscure the stars, the indefatigable inquirer lingers on his watch to note "the dip of the needle."

But his investigation of nature was as universal as it was constant; and it is to this quality we chiefly ascribe its great results. In certain departments of science, others have accomplished more; but in the discovery of truths resulting from a combination of all, Humboldt is pre-eminent. His great distinction is the comprehensive view he takes of the laws and facts of the physical world. No naturalist ever so united minute observation with the ability to generalize. The smallest trait of material form or action did not evade his curious eye; and the grandest hypothesis could not subdue his intelligent soul. Cuvier looked more extensively into comparative anatomy; Herschel mapped out more elaborately

the chart of the heavens; Davy tried, with more subtle and various tests, the composition of air; and Linneus more fully nomenclated the genera of plants: but over these and every other field of natural science, Humboldt wandered with enthusiasm. He represents in science the genuine eclectic. He intuitively recognized the unity of nature, and understood the relative worth of details far better than those who were satisfied with grasping them in an isolated way. He studied celestial phenomena with reference to the history, the processes, and the condition of the earth, the sea in its influence upon the land, and vegetation as connected with the air. He sought for great central truths, and estimated particular facts according as they led to these. Hence both the range and the minuteness of his observation. While arranging his instruments, on the top of a lofty mountain, to calculate its altitude, inclination, and relation to other terrestrial masses, he chronicles the peculiarities of a little hairy bee that creeps across his hand. The "thick, cylindrical trunks and delicate, lace-like foliage of the tree-forms in the humid clefts of the Cordilleras," are described by him with the same zest as the "strife of the liquid element with the solid land." He records both the singular fact that insect-life exists in the tubular holes of the glacier, and the sublime one that the age of the hills may be ascertained by "the character of the sedimentary strata they have uplifted." He collected crania from aboriginal sepulchres to aid the study of human physiology and races, as well as rare flowers to illustrate botanical science; he examined the vast superficies of a steppe in Asia, as well as calculated the distance to which the howling of a species of wild monkey can be heard; he watched the conflict between a horse and the electric eel with the same careful interest as he scrutinized the traits of a fossil. The luxuriance of tropical vegetation, the roll of the Pacific waves, the direction of an aerolite, the flora and geology of Mexico and Siberia, volcanos and cataracts, the influence of temperature, eclipses, tides, thunder storms, earthquakes—all natural events and agencies, from the grandest to the most common, attracted his studious notice. His activity of mind in this respect has seldom been equaled; and if we follow his career from the time when he entered himself a pupil of Werner, in the mining school at Freyburg, at the age of twenty-one, to his eightieth birthday, which occurred last autumn, we find him undertaking the most formidable journeys to realize this rare capacity and intense spirit for observation. Blessed with an excellent physical constitution, and

an adequate estate, he early devoted himself to scientific research, not only with ardor, but with calm resolution; and, in pursuit of this object, exposed himself to all vicissitudes of climate, to the greatest privations, to years of toil and danger, with the most cheerful hardihood. From his first essay on the Basalts of the Rhine to his *Cosmos*, we trace the results of experiment, the data of positive knowledge, the fruits of patient observation. Whether making the Continental tour in youth, giving his manhood to the exploration of the American Continent, or braving the frozen regions of Siberia in his old age, we find him always looking upon nature with the inquisitive, expectant, yet reverent eye of the philosopher, wearied with no minutiae, overawed by no mystery, and baffled by no obstacle. If detained in a provincial town, he gathers the statistics of trade, population, and health. After a long day's excursion amid the solitudes of the desert, or in a radiant forest of the tropics, he devotes the evening to arranging for preservation the specimens he has gathered; and when the natural resources of a locality have been exhausted, he turns to the language of its inhabitants, and, by certain philological analogies, discovers their identity with some other and far distant race. The same assiduity which crowned the ornithological expeditions of Audubon with success, the same insight which enabled Franklin to trace the relations of electric phenomena, impelled and guided Humboldt throughout the realm of science. If Wordsworth has been justly regarded as the interpreter of the sentiment of nature, Humboldt may, with equal truth, be considered the interpreter of her laws. He looked upon the material universe as Shakespeare looked upon human life, not with the partial glance of a selfish theorist, nor the careless one of an inconsiderate spectator, but with the large, sympathetic, keen, and rational vision of a man who would recognize eternal principles and universal laws, who would reunite the links of a vast chain and detect the wisdom concealed in such consummate power.

This intense habitude of observation, by means of which Humboldt gathered so many important natural facts, opened so many avenues to discovery, and afforded so many invaluable hints to the whole scientific fraternity, yielded him chiefly materials for induction and reference. He recorded them for the benefit of the world, in elaborate works descriptive of the countries he had explored as revealed by the light of science. But it would be unjust to his claims, were we to recognize him only as an industrious and bountiful purveyor in the realms of knowledge, like Sir Joseph Banks. The value of his researches is immeasurably enhanced by the reflective process to which he submitted them; and he excelled many of his brilliant contemporaries in this regard, from the fact that his power of combination equaled, if it did not surpass, that of analysis. Heretofore the universe had been examined, as it were, piecemeal. One inquirer gave his life to geological examinations, another to botanical studies.

Arago experimented on the polarization of light; Priestley made chemical discoveries; Buffon wrote a history of the animal kingdom; while Humboldt, after observing the phenomena and arranging the facts of nature, sought, by meditation, to arrive at their mutual relations and absolute significance.

"Truth would dimly beacon him
From mountains rough with pines, and flit and wink
O'er dazzling wastes of frozen snow, and tremble
Into assured light in some branching mine."

From the close of his juvenile education at Göttingen, his life seems to have been thus divided between observation and study.

"One tyrant aim
Absorbing all, fills up the interval—
One vast, unbroken chain of thought kept up,
Through a career or friendly or opposed
To its existence; life, death, light, and shade,
The shows of the world, were bare receptacles,
Or indices of truth, to be wrung thence."

His long residence in Paris, though ostensibly devoted to the publication of his voluminous works, was a period of unremitted examination of the most important contributions to science found in the libraries and cabinets, enlivened by personal intercourse and correspondence with the most illustrious men of the age. This alternate consultation of the records of scientific discovery and the actual phenomena of nature—this systematic gleanings of the elements of truth, and subsequent contemplation of their agency in physical history, led to the most important results. In the first place, it induced this earnest inquirer to recognize the limits of human knowledge, to avoid that fatal self-complacency which bars the access of new truth, and to annihilate the despotism of narrow prejudice. "Nature," he says, "presents itself to the human intellect as a problem which cannot be grasped, and whose solution is impossible, since it requires a knowledge of the combined action of all natural forces." But the peculiar advantage of the method of Humboldt is that it gives scope and impulse to inquiry, by extending its horizon and regulating its pursuit according to a philosophical system. The riches of nature are inexhaustible, but they exist in wholly separate and independent forms; their production is realized by varied and mutual processes, and, like human life, they are subject to a common destiny. Hence, Humboldt declares that "it is only by distributing phenomena into groups that we have been able, in the case of a few, to discover the empire of certain natural laws grand and simple as nature herself." In this and similar inferences, we perceive the acute thinker. If the motive of this great apostle of natural science was a thirst for knowledge, and the means of his success unwearied observation, the instrument whereby that success was achieved and rendered beneficial to the world was his ample reasoning, his causality—the breadth

and clearness of his intellect. His mind could not rest at a barren and isolated fact; he was not satisfied with ascertaining the proximate cause of a natural event, but arduously strove to reconcile details with general effects, to infer a law from apparent incongruities, and to establish the true bond of connection between numerous dissimilar, but mutually related phases of the universe. In a word, Humboldt's great aim was to illustrate the philosophy of nature. Thus he observes: "It is by subjecting isolated observations to the process of thought, and by combining and comparing them, that we are enabled to discover the relations existing in common between the climatic distribution and the individuality of organic forms." This comprehensive view and philosophical tone are characteristic of Humboldt. In this respect, he differs from the majority of writers on kindred subjects, whose books and lectures are almost wholly statistical, who seem to see everything through a single and narrow medium, and carry into science the exclusive and special aim which obtains in trade and mechanical pursuits. A progressive development of science was the creed of Humboldt; and he founded his anticipations of the future on his experience of the past, which indicates three reliable sources of new revelations: first, the effect of reason upon phenomena; second, events in the history of the world enlarging the sphere of observation, such as steam navigation; and third, the discovery of new means of perception, such as the telescope. His own example illustrates the vast efficiency of the former—"investigating causes and their mutual connection," and uniting combination with analysis.

Perhaps the most striking instance of the enlargement and interest afforded a sphere of physical inquiry, by such broad and thoughtful interpretation, is that of geography. Within the remembrance of us all, this was one of the most dry and technical branches of education—a mere epitome of names and boundaries. When Pinkerton added some general facts relative to the natural productions, climate, and population of countries, and Malte Brun shed a few rays of philosophy on the statistical details of the subject, they were hailed as a new and enterprising school of geographers. But to Humboldt and his contemporaries belongs the honor of almost creating the science of physical geography by revealing the individuality of the terrestrial masses, the disposition of their parts, their situation relatively to the rays of the sun, and the consequent effect of climate upon animal and vegetable life. They show that Europe is characterized by its islands and the great indentation of its shores, and is therefore the first of the civilizing continents, by affording such facilities for intercourse, and such an arena for events. Asia, on the contrary, they define as the continent of the germs, being only open at its margin to the ocean. Africa is closed to the ocean; and America lies between two great ones; hence the vastness of her destiny. Thus is revealed a plan

which governs the evolutions of history. So, too, in regard to climate; the tropical has the wealth of nature, and the temperate develops man. Thus Humboldt connects the facts of science with humanity; he points out the intimate alliance between man and nature; and, accordingly, contemplates the *aspects* as well as the economy of the former, uniting the practical with the utilitarian view, and recognizing the connection between the ideal and the material world, and the office of imagination as well as that of reason in the interpretation of her mysteries. The latter, he declares, "prompts and excites discoveries," and that, "besides the pleasure derived from acquired knowledge, there lurks in the mind of man, and tinged with a shade of sadness, an unsatisfactory longing for something beyond the present, a striving towards regions yet unknown and unopened."

Throughout his researches, Humboldt thus weds nature to humanity. He investigates history, literature, and political economy, as well as strata, nebulae and vegetation; and defines the relation of physical laws to human well-being. He unfolds the influence of the universe, not only upon vitality, but the soul of man; illustrating the effect of the skies of Greece in modifying the genius of that nation; of the sublimity of nature in exciting the devotion of the Hebrew psalmist; of her picturesque beauty in awakening the skill of the artist, as exhibited in the landscapes of Claude, Ruysdael, and Poussin; of her impressiveness and sentiment, as evolved by Shakspeare and Dante, Rousseau and Camoens. He pays a just tribute to the accuracy of the great poets in their delineation of her charms, and traces the degree and kind of appreciation of them manifested by different nations and eras; thus he notices the remarkable fact, that "no description has been transmitted to us from antiquity of the eternal snow of the Alps, reddened by the evening glow or the morning dawn, of the beauty of the blue ice of the glaciers, or of the sublimity of Swiss natural scenery, although statesmen and generals, with men of letters in their retinue, continually passed through Helvetia on their road to Gaul."

It is from such views of the relative agency of scientific truth upon human welfare and culture, that the recent association of her laws with moral, artistic, and religious discussions is derived. Thus one ingenious writer illustrates the omnipresence of Deity by the truths of astronomy, suggesting, by the rate at which light travels from the earth to the different stars, a microscope for time, whereby the succession of events is distinctly revealed at regular intervals. Another infers the law of retribution from the limitless undulations of the air making audible for ever our every word. We are assured, by a votary of the science of numbers, that music and painting give us pleasure because its final appeal is made to a mathematical organ; by La Place, that when all tokens of nations have perished, they have survived in the perfection of their astronomi

observations ; by a cultivator of acoustics, that the genius of great composers consists only in an intelligent grouping of etherial waves ; by the geologist, that the Mosaic account of the creation harmonizes with the physical history of the earth ; by the reflective moralist, that the serenity of virtue is as strictly derived from immutable law as the principle of gravitation. The eloquent essayist traces the authentic forms of architecture to the shape of leaves, plants, and trees, and the polished stones of a beach. Agriculture is becoming a science in the light of chemical philosophy, an analogy is established between the scale of music and the colors of the prism, and many a gem of modern verse is poetry only because it records a beautiful scientific truth. The calmness of the geometrician, the brilliant combinations and analyses of the chemist, the grand deductions of the geographer, the sublime perceptions of the astronomer, instead of being mere facts of their individual consciousness, are now regarded as elements of universal truth intimately connected with the destiny, not only of nature, but of the human race. The system of correspondence held by a growing ect, according to which the outward universe is only the material type of the spiritual world, indicates the same tendency. This reconciliation between the man of science, the lover of nature, and the Christian, or rather the many evidences constantly afforded of a profound and inevitable sympathy between them, is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. It is rapidly bringing abstract truths into the sphere of positive demonstration, and elevating physical facts into the realm of spiritual significance. It is drawing into the sweetest union poetry and philosophy, proving, day by day, that "truth is stranger than fiction," and making vivid and conscious the relation between the seen and the unseen, the real and ideal, the beautiful and the true. In this auspicious and progressive regeneration of science, Humboldt has been a hardy and attractive pioneer, and amid the details of research and the precise statement of laws, has never failed to recognize in nature "a mysterious communion with the life of man."

It is but recently that the just relation of science to literature has been discovered. The one may be defined as the investigation of nature, and the other as the art of communicating truth ; and thus viewed, it is obvious of what mutual service they are capable. Men of letters have been too much disposed to regard scientific inquirers as materialists, and the latter have retorted by assigning literary pursuits to the visionary. The facts of science afford the richest suggestions, both for illustration and argument, in every department of literature ; while the graces of style, and the charms of rhetoric and poetry, like the downy wing attached to the seed, carry germs of scientific truth far and wide, and implant them in a genial soil.

It has been more fortunate for the growth than the spread of the naturalist's acquirements, that his fraternity have so often been devoted to specialities,

and for a too liberal mind there is no pedagogy so repulsive as that of science. To one at all cognizant of the grandeur and mystery of nature, it is insupportable to listen to the complacent monologue of some explorer into the habits of shell-fish, or advocate of a theory of storms, who has selected from the arcana of the universe a single phenomenon or object for a hobby, whereon to nourish his narrow conceit and wear out the patience of his acquaintance. It is for this want of broad interpretation, of noble enthusiasm, of reverent insight, that science has so long failed to commend itself as a means of universal culture. The literature of science has been chiefly written by men exclusively scientific, or men inadequately versed in what they eloquently impart ; the one sacrificing attractiveness to dry fact, and the other authenticity and completeness to elegance. St. Pierre, Goldsmith, Dr. Good, and other graceful compilers of natural history, however agreeable, are but superficial teachers. On the other hand, the authors of manuals, textbooks, and treatises, in their anxiety to present rigid truth, appear to scorn the beauty with which she is so intimately allied. They give us formal books of statistics, instead of inspiring revelations.

Men of science have too often pursued their vocation in a material, prosaic, and narrow spirit ; they have exercised the perceptive faculties and kept the sympathetic in abeyance ; they have dreaded the least play of fancy or utterance of feeling, as if it would inevitably impugn their reliability and the dignity of their pursuit. In quite a different light are nature's wonders unfolded to us by Humboldt. He has the wisdom of the heart as well as of the head ; he is quite aware that there are other avenues of truth besides the senses. He is equally alive to the poetry and the philosophy of the outward world. When the light on the last European shore fades before his gaze, he melts with the associations of home. In his retirement at Potsdam, when an aged man, he traces, with his indefatigable pen, reminiscences of scenery beheld in youth, with the enthusiasm of a poet, and follows, on a chart, the march of the American army in Mexico, explored by him years before, and indulges in the noblest anticipations for the ultimate progress of that degraded land, through the colonization of a more enlightened and vigorous race.

"The sight of a fan palm," he says, "in an old tower of the botanical garden at Berlin, implanted in my mind an irresistible desire to undertake distant travels." It is this rare blending of calm observation and lambent feeling which gives their unrivaled charm to the writings of Humboldt. He is not only the devoted explorer, but the eloquent expositor of nature. It was his conviction that "the imagination of the poet exists in the discoverer as well as in every other form of human greatness ;" and he sought contact with the life and laws of the universe through instinct as well as intelligence. Not only as a field of knowledge, but of sensation and of sentiment, Humboldt gave himself up to the

love and study of nature. He sought not to wrest every object and element into the support of an exclusive theory; he neither repudiated the legacy of past acquirements, nor yielded them all implicit faith; he confined not his gaze to one vista, but looked abroad with a receptive mind, conscious of imperfect abilities, yet loyal to reason, and inspired with the faith that "better than the seen lies hid." In such an attitude, new glimpses were afforded him; he welcomed light from whatever source, and gratefully accepted all occasions to extend the domain of knowledge. The history of science is the best evidence that such is the legitimate means of advancing her empire.

" 'Tis in the advance of individual minds
That the slow crowd should ground their expectations
Eventually to follow—as the sea
Waits ages in its bed, till some one wave
Out of the multitude aspires, extends
The empire of the whole, some feet, perhaps,
Over the strip of sand, which could confine
Its fellows so long time; thenceforth the rest,
Even to the meanest, hurry in at once,
And so much is clear gained."

By gradual contributions of discovery, by happy suggestions, and, most of all, by a catholic temper and a sublime patience, have her trophies been won. Before Newton instinctively seized upon the law of gravitation, Copernicus had determined the general movements of the heavenly bodies, and Kepler had demonstrated that they moved in elliptical orbits, and Galileo had revealed an entire system of secondary planets. Chemistry has become properly a science only in recent times. By what regular gradations has it gone on to demonstrate that change is the life of nature—that "the tear of despair shed to-day shall appear to-morrow as the rainbow of hope"—and that the atmosphere is "the cradle of vegetable and the coffin of animal life!" How many years elapsed between the hour that Franklin drew down the lightning with his kite, and that on which Morse set at work the first electric telegraph! In every department of human knowledge the same gradual development of truth occurs, and by the same elaborate process of observation and subsequent patient exercise of thought. We are often deceived by the apparent suddenness of a discovery; and the life and labors of Humboldt teach a noble lesson to those who imagine that there is any blind necessity or caprice of fortune in the realization of truth. Her acknowledged votaries all undergo their pilgrimage, penance, and meditative seclusion, before the veil is lifted from the promised land.

It is not unusual, in the annals of literature and science, to behold a venerable author revising his works, adding some final evidence to the support of a cherished system, or toiling to gain one more laurel for his wreath of fame. Bentham, who furnished the parliamentary reform orators with their best arguments, continued to the last to elaborate his favorite doctrine. The speculative tendency of

Berkeley, after exhausting his ingenuity in the defence of the immaterialism of the world, found vent in his old age in attempting to prove that tar-water is a universal specific. It is rare, however, to see the consistent and enthusiastic devotee of general science, after an arduous life of pilgrimage and study, crowned with honor, tolerant, urbane, and content in spirit, unimpaired in mental or physical vigor, calmly survey the immense field over which he has passed, converge his varied observations, and, subjecting them to the process of rigid induction, give the harmonious and complete result. Such an achievement is the *Cosmos* of Humboldt. He may be imagined as having prayed, at the conception of this enterprise, in the language of an ancient sage—

" Give me but one hour of my first energy,
Of that invincible faith, one only hour,
That I may cover with an eagle glance
The truths I have, and spy some certain way
To mould them, and completing them, possess!"

Philanthropic impulse, as well as scientific enthusiasm, prompted and sustained the unwearied labors of Humboldt. He is not less communicative than inquisitive, and by associating his information with scenic descriptions, incidents of travel, and the natural expression of sentiment, he endeavored to render physical facts intelligible and familiar. His knowledge of the world and goodness of heart kept him from all selfish pride of attainment. He toiled not less constantly to diffuse than to acquire, compared results with other observers, and in his last work suggests the use of authentic panoramas of different countries, with able lecturers to illustrate them, as an important aid to popular education. Few men of science have realized such positive utility in their studies. We find him quoted by writers in every department; and it has been justly observed, that no journey was ever undertaken with such complete intellectual preparation as his excursion to Siberia. Throughout his long life, whether exploring uncivilized continents, or absorbed in Parisian libraries and learned reunions—whether gleaned materials for his cabinet, revising his written labors, alone in the desert, or the honored functionary of a court—he is, at once, the seeker and almoner of knowledge, quietly, yet earnestly, pursuing a beneficent aim with healthful zeal and calm intelligence. Such a career lends interest and dignity to an epoch in which the majority of gifted and active minds sought only the perishable trophies of military conquest. What a period in the history of the world is that which includes the life of Humboldt, and how serenely noble rises his venerable image above the mob of vulgar heroes whose renown is associated with no lasting benefit to mankind! Humboldt saw Frederick the Great. Within the circle of his days, occurred the French and American Revolutions, the rise and fall of Napoleon, and the late European political agitations. His course was often stayed by a blockade; he sometimes made his way through armies and privateers,

intrigues and battles; but, with his mind fixed on the sublimities of the universe, his ambition directed only towards useful discoveries, his faith anchored on eternal laws, the roar of battle, the march of invaders, and the change of the world's masters, only affected him as so many interruptions to his pilgrimage, or as events whereby to measure that progress of humanity to which his belief and sympathies fervently clung. He has been called the Napoleon of science; a title not less expressive than true; but the victories he achieved are bloodless, the trophies he won perennial, the energy he exercised creative. Like the modern conqueror, he scaled almost inaccessible heights, but it was to discover

there grand and beneficent truths, not to convey the elements of human destruction; like him, he braved Russian snows, but it was to investigate the latent processes of the universe, not to sacrifice thousands to personal ambition; and like him, he strove to extend and fortify an empire, but it was the empire of knowledge and humanity, not of ignorance and tyranny. Born the same year with his warlike prototype, he has lived to see his influence superseded, and to confirm the deduction of science that all "radical causation" is to be formed only in the everlasting laws of nature and principles of truth, and that human well-being consists in the intelligent recognition and cheerful obedience of these primal decrees.

BLACKBERRYING

BY ANNA WILMOT.

(See Plate.)

I AM a child again, as I look on this pleasant picture. I am far from the noisy town; far from the bustling crowd; and away among the broad open fields and shady woodlands, basket in hand, and heart full of joy as the heart of a singing bird. None knew better than I where the blackberries grow largest and ripest, and none could quicker fill to the brim her basket. What cared I for a torn apron or a few scratches? What cared I if a July sun made my cheeks as brown as a nut? There was health and vigor in every vein and muscle, and joy in my free spirit.

Dear childhood! To me it is pleasant, sometimes, to go back to that sweet season, when life was bright as a summer day, and hope unsaddened by disappointment; when, if tears came now and then, they were dried up quickly in smiles.

Last summer I was in the old place where, years ago, as a child, I chased the butterflies, gathered wild flowers, and picked berries in their season. The ever-advancing step of improvement had done much to remove the old landmarks, and obliterate the signs by which I could know it as the dear spot where, in the early time of life, I sported with the light-winged hours. I felt sad as I looked in vain for the spring that threw up its bright waters in a shady grove, a little way from where the home of my childhood still reared its modest front. The

trees—fine old oaks and chestnuts—had fallen beneath the axe of the woodman, and the sun had dried the spring. The plough had followed, and now the golden grain swayed there to the caressing breeze. To the eyes of the farmer, who had ploughed the ground and sowed the seed, that field, all ripe for the hand of the reapers, was a pleasant sight. But beyond that field was a pleasanter sight for me. It was a little dell, along which meandered a quiet stream as in years gone by; so quiet that the softly gliding waters gave not so much as an answering sigh to the wooing zephyrs that came down and kissed its glassy surface. How many a basket of blackberries, large, sweet, and luscious, had this spot yielded me; and there were the thick, tangled bushes still, loaded with fruit as when I was a child. So little change had taken place, that it seemed as if a month had not intervened since, a merry-hearted little girl, I was here with my playmates.

Nothing has ever carried me back so realizingly to life's early spring-time as that visit to the shady dell, in and around which the blackberry bushes grew so thick that a rabbit could hardly make his way between them. And when I left the spot with a basket of fruit, scratched hands, and dress torn in a dozen places, my heart was full of old emotions—I was, in fact, a child again.



BLACKBERRYING.



COUNTRY BOARDING.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

PART II.

TRYING THE EXPERIMENT.

It was a happy day in the house when Mr. Jenkins made known the fact that he had secured summer boarding with farmer Crabtree; for every mind, natural enough to think, was filled with pleasant anticipations. Dick and Tom were almost wild with delight, and Mrs. Jenkins felt so excited about the matter that she hardly knew what to do with herself.

"How much we shall enjoy the summer!" said the latter, over and over again. "What a change from hot, sweltering walls to cool and pleasant woods and fields! From the stifling, stagnant air of a crowded city to a pure and breezy atmosphere! And, then, I shall feel so relieved about the children. Tom and Dick will have a free range."

"Above all," would remark the husband, "we shall secure health, that greatest of all blessings."

Here was the broadest resting-place for Mr. Jen-

kins, as his thoughts went on towards the untried future—the future of country boarding. That somebody would be disappointed, he had serious misgivings; but health would compensate for any drawbacks to personal comfort which might happen to arise; and that such drawbacks would come, he felt too well assured, as the image of that little house and its little rooms stood forth distinctly before the eyes of his mind.

Well, in due time the family of Mr. Jenkins was ready for its summer migration. Carpets had been taken up and packed away in tobacco, little valuables distributed, for safe keeping, among friends not so fortunate as themselves in being able to escape from the city, and all the varied necessary arrangements for leaving the town house completed. The superintendence of all this, with a great part of the actual labor, fell upon Mrs. Jenkins, who was, by the time everything was ready for the move, so completely worn down with fatigue that she could hardly stand.

It was late in the afternoon of one of the hottest and most oppressive days of the season, that Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, a domestic, and four children (Dick and Tom had gone out in the morning in a furniture wagon, by which had been sent trunks of clothing and a few articles of furniture), took their seats in a carriage and started for their summer retreat.

"Oh, how my head does ache!" said Mrs. Jenkins, placing her hand upon her forehead. "It has ached all day as if it would burst. I really feel sick."

"You have over-fatigued yourself. The day has been excessively hot, and you have worked too hard. But a season of rest and renovation is before you."

"And thankful I am for it. How glad I shall feel when I can lay my head upon my pillow to-night, far away from the heat and noise, and stifling airs of the city!"

The carriage was moving on briskly, and it was not long before they were over the bridge and beyond West Philadelphia, with the country all around them.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins, as they passed one of the neatest and most highly improved places on the road.

"It is, indeed, very beautiful," returned Mr. Jenkins, half sighing as he spoke; for, in strong contrast, came up in his imagination the really unimproved, comfortless, and uninviting domicile of farmer Crabtree, and he felt that in the mind of Mrs. Jenkins were types and shadows of things in country life not to be realized.

"Beautiful! very beautiful!" came from the lips of Mrs. Jenkins, as one handsomely improved residence after another was passed. "How much I shall enjoy myself!" she would add, every now and then. "I always liked the country."

After turning off from the main road, Mrs. Jenkins ceased her admiring remarks and leaned back in the carriage. They had ridden about half a mile further, and were near the old cherry tree pointed out to Mr. Jenkins on his first visit to that neighborhood, when the lady said, as she glanced from the carriage window—

"That's a mean-looking place."

The eyes of Mr. Jenkins followed the direction taken by those of his wife, and rested on the not very attractive residence of farmer Crabtree. Even less attractive than before did it now appear in his eyes. He did not reply to his wife's remark; for he could not find it in his heart to tell her the truth; and yet the truth must come, and that right speedily.

"Turn off here," said Mr. Jenkins to the driver, as they reached the old cherry tree.

"That isn't the place!" came, in a quick voice of surprise and disappointment, from the lips of Mrs. Jenkins, as she leaned from the carriage window, and took in, at a glance, all the beauties of the farm house.

"Yes; this is the place!" returned Mr. Jenkins,

with assumed cheerfulness. "You have the worst view from this point," he added, in a tone of apology.

Mrs. Jenkins made no further remark, but sank back in the carriage, while a shadow came stealing over her face.

"How my head does ache!" she murmured, a few minutes afterwards.

Arrived at last, the family descended from the carriage, and were received by Mr. and Mrs. Crabtree with all due formality. Poor Mrs. Jenkins tried to be cheerful and look pleased. But it was a vain effort. She was really sick—sick, as well from disappointment as from exhaustion and fatigue. And this was the nice farm house where she was to spend the summer so delightfully!

"Will you show me our room?" asked Mrs. Jenkins, soon after their entrance.

Mrs. Crabtree conducted her to the room which had been duly set apart as the one she was to occupy with her husband, and, as she entered it, remarked—

"I think you will find it very comfortable here, ma'am. This is our spare room."

The eyes of Mrs. Jenkins were thrown around the apartment eagerly.

"It's very small," was her only remark.

"We think it quite a sizeable room," returned Mrs. Crabtree, in a voice that showed a slight movement of displeasure.

"Will you ask my husband to come up?" said Mrs. Jenkins.

"Certainly, ma'am." And Mrs. Crabtree left the room.

When Mr. Jenkins entered the chamber, he found his wife sitting near one of the windows with her bonnet still on.

"Can't they give us a larger room than this?" she asked.

"No, my dear. It's the largest chamber in the house," replied Mr. Jenkins.

"We can never breathe in a closet like this. I feel suffocated already. How close and impure the air is!"

Mr. Jenkins raised two of the windows that were closed.

"Rag carpet! Ugh! I never could bear rag carpets!" now muttered Mrs. Jenkins, as she cast her eyes upon the floor. Then she looked towards the narrow, mountain-like bed, and, instantly rising, threw herself upon it, sinking, as she did so, some two feet among the feathers.

"A feather bed, as I live! Goodness! I can never sleep on that."

"We'll tell them to give us a mattress," said Mr. Jenkins, calmly.

"Ten chances to one if they have such a thing in the house," replied Mrs. Jenkins.

And so it proved; for the chances were all against the mattress.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" murmured poor Mrs. Jenkins. "If this is one of the pleasures of country

boarding, and there are to be many more of the same kind, we will have a delightful time of it."

"We're here now, and must try and make the best we can of it," replied Mr. Jenkins. "You will soon get used to little inconveniences. Health, pure air, and a free range for the children are the main things. We cannot expect all the comforts and elegancies of a city residence."

Mrs. Jenkins sighed. For a little while longer, she remained half irresolute. She was seriously considering the propriety of going back forthwith to the city. Then she quietly laid aside her bonnet, and began to make preparations to remain. Nearly her first act was to go to the washstand for the purpose of laving her hands and face in cool water. But the pitcher was empty. No, not exactly empty; for in the bottom lay a dead bird, from which came a strong decaying odor as she lifted the pitcher from its place in the basin.

"Nice preparations for boarders," said the lady, fretfully, "and a pleasant earnest of things to come. I wish you would go down and tell Hannah to bring up Mary and Edward."

Mr. Jenkins did as desired. From that time until tea was ready, Mrs. Jenkins was busy with the children and other little matters of preparation. During this period Tom and Dick had come in with red, sunburnt faces, and clothes soiled to an extent that almost agonized the mother, who was a woman, be it known, who had "an eye for dirt." They had found a running stream near by, and also a good sized pond. Between damming the stream and sailing on old planks on the pond, they had managed to pass a delightful day at the expense of a good deal of suffering on the part of their clothes.

At tea time, Mrs. Crabtree looked grave. Her first impressions in regard to Mrs. Jenkins were not good. Mrs. Jenkins was quite as favorably impressed in regard to herself.

"Have you a mattress?" asked Mrs. Jenkins, while they yet sat at the tea-table.

"A mattress!" Mrs. Crabtree did not comprehend the meaning of the question.

"Yes. I never sleep on a feather bed."

"Oh! A mattress! No, ma'am. We haven't a mattress. But you'll find that a very nice, comfortable bed. It has in it over seventy pounds of the very best feathers."

"I would die before morning!" said Mrs. Jenkins, with little effort to hide her feelings. "I will thank you to have the bed removed, and we will sleep on the sacking to-night. To-morrow we can have a mattress brought out."

"There is no sacking-bottom to the bed," replied Mrs. Crabtree. "It is corded."

"Corded!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Oh dear! Then what shall we do? I'd rather sleep on the floor than on that feather bed."

"It's a good, clean feather bed, ma'am," said Mrs. Crabtree, an indignant flush in her face and an

indignant tone in her voice. She did not yet fully comprehend the objection of Mrs. Jenkins.

"We do not in the least doubt that," said Mr. Jenkins, who saw that their landlady's mind was somewhat in the dark. "The feather bed is all that one could desire; but we never sleep on anything but a mattress, winter or summer. Perhaps you have a straw bed?"

"Oh yes. There's a good straw one under the feather bed."

"Just the thing!" replied Mr. Jenkins. "Take away the feather bed, and we'll do very well."

So that difficulty was settled.

The night that followed proved to be a most sultry one. The youngest child lay in a crib beside the bed, on which reclined—we will not say slept—Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, with another child. On the side next the crib were two windows; but neither of them could be left open, because the crib was not three feet from them, and what little air was stirring came from that quarter, and it was not safe to let it blow on little Mary, who was subject to croup. Into the other two windows, at the foot of the bed, which were partly raised, came not a breath to fan into something like living motion the sluggish air of the chamber.

Not for years had Mrs. Jenkins slept without a light in her chamber. But she was doomed to make the experiment on this occasion. Such a thing as an oil lamp there was not in the house. A long tallow candle was lit on retiring to bed, with the hope that it would burn all night. Twice had Mr. Jenkins been roused by his wife from a transient doze; once to snuff this candle, and once to remove a fragment of wick that was causing it to "gutter" at a most alarming rate.

"I wish you would see what o'clock it is," said the restless lady, arousing her husband for the third time. "It can't be long from morning."

"It's just one o'clock," replied Mr. Jenkins, as he brought his watch near to the candle.

"Only one o'clock! It will never be daylight!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins.

"Try and get to sleep," said Mr. Jenkins

"Sleep! There isn't a wink of sleep in me. There! What is that?"

Mrs. Jenkins raised herself up as a bird flew in at the window, and commenced darting about the room.

"It's a bat. Take care!" replied Mr. Jenkins. "Don't let it fall on your head. They bite terribly."

This was enough to cause Mrs. Jenkins to drop down as if shot, and bury her face in the clothes. Mr. Jenkins lay for a minute or two, watching the bird as it flew about the room. Then rising, he tried to drive it out. While engaged in this interesting employment, the bat darted against the candle, and instantly the room was in darkness. Here was a dilemma! There were no matches at hand, and Mrs. Jenkins was afraid to let her husband go down stairs to re-light the candle. To add to the perplexity of the moment, little Mary awoke and

commenced crying for a drink of water. Feeling his way in the dark, Mr. Jenkins succeeded in finding the pitcher, and, after a further search of nearly a minute, made out to turn up a tumbler. Twice, during the time occupied in this effort, the bat swept so close to his face that its wings brushed his cheek. At length, a glass of water was brought to the child's lips, and she ceased crying and commenced drinking. But only a mouthful or two had been taken, ere she pushed the glass away and spouted the water from her mouth, saying that there was something in the water. Eyes being of no use under the circumstances, Mrs. Jenkins thrust her fingers into the tumbler, and found, to her horror, as many as two or three bugs therein, about the size of grains of coffee.

"Oh mercy!" she exclaimed, "Mary has swallowed a bug as sure as the world! The tumbler is full of them."

At this Mary began to cry afresh—the words of her mother had frightened her—and she continued to cry for the next hour. That was a night long to be remembered by Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins. It seemed to them as if daylight would never come. Dripping with perspiration, and almost suffocated in the dark, close, sultry air, they lay murmuring over their discomfort until morning. As for Mrs. Jenkins, she declared, unequivocally, she would not remain in that place a day longer. But, after the sun had arisen, a sober consultation was held; in which all the pros and cons were fully discussed. The result was a decision to remain a week or two at least, and give the place a trial. But, in order to do this, it was determined that Mr. Jenkins should send out on that very day, a mattress, gauze frames for the window to keep out bats and bugs at night, oil for a lamp, matches, and some dozen other articles that were now seen to be indispensable.

At breakfast time the family met at the table in the small dining-room. Bread and butter, fried bacon and coffee, composed the meal. Mr. Crabtree was absent; he had started for the city with his marketing before daylight, taking with him all the fresh-laid eggs and new-made butter, which were to be served to a boarding-house with which he had a contract for the supply of these articles. The butter on the table was scarcely eatable; at which Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins somewhat wondered. As for the coffee, it was poor, watery stuff, and the "cream" with which Mrs. Crabtree sought to improve its quality was nothing more nor less than skim-milk.

The meal passed in silence, and then Mr. Jenkins started for the city. He had to walk half a mile in order to meet the stage. In the afternoon, having sent out the mattress and other things needed for their comfort, he left in the stage.

There were heavy masses of clouds in the west, which Mr. Jenkins did not observe until after leaving the city. He did not, therefore, provide himself with an umbrella. Blacker and blacker grew these clouds, and by the time he had to leave the stage they had curtained the whole heavens. Mr. Jen-

kins, fearful of being caught in a summer shower, hurried on his way, but he had not gone half the distance from the turnpike to Mr. Crabtree's, before down came the rain in a perfect torrent. He sought the shelter of a tree, after getting soaked to the skin, and stood there for a whole hour. But still it rained on, while the lightning flashed vividly and the thunder rolled with an almost incessant jar. At last, beginning to feel chilled in his wet garments, Mr. Jenkins concluded that it would be best for him to get home; so off he started, in the face of the driving storm, along a road now ankle deep in some places with mud.

On arriving at the house, Nero, who either did not know him, or affected ignorance on the subject, made a dash at him, as on a former occasion, and this time got a good mouthful out of his pantaloons before he was called off by farmer Crabtree, who gave the dog a sound thrashing for his over-watchfulness. For this Mr. Jenkins was not forgiven by Nero, who rarely ever suffered him to get peaceably into the house on his daily return from the city.

That night was a more comfortable one for Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, as the storm cooled the atmosphere, and they had better sleeping arrangements than at first. But, on the next morning, Mr. Jenkins found himself suffering from an attack of rheumatism, an old friend of his for whom he had no very particular regard.

It took over a week for the family of Mr. Jenkins to get sufficiently well acquainted with things around them to understand exactly their true position. By this time they had seen a little deeper into the economical arrangements of the Crabtrees; but not deep enough to enable them to comprehend why, being in the country, and on a farm, they should have so few of the luxuries confidently anticipated. But on this head they were in due time enlightened.

"I know the reason," said Tom, the oldest boy, to his mother, after they had been in the country about two weeks, "why we never have good butter."

"Well, what is the reason?" asked Mrs. Jenkins.

"They send it all to market."

"Not all. Some is kept back for the family."

"Indeed, then, and not a pound is kept back," said Tom. "Mr. Crabtree takes all they make to town and sells it for thirty-five cents, and then buys butter for us at a quarter. Mrs. Crabtree says it's good enough for boarders."

"How do you know?" inquired Mrs. Jenkins.

"I heard her say so."

"Are you certain?"

"Indeed I am. And all the fresh eggs are taken to market, too. The fact is, they take everything to market. You know the two nice pears I brought you the other day. Well, Mr. Crabtree scolded Dick and me like everything because we knocked some of them from the tree, and said it was no better than stealing. Yesterday he stripped the tree, and to-day all the fruit was taken to market. It's too bad. I don't like it at all. I thought when I came

to the country I'd get plenty of fruit; but I've hardly had a taste."

When Mr. Jenkins came home that evening, his wife was able to enlighten him on the subject of bad butter.

"Can this really be true?" asked that gentleman, in an incredulous tone of voice. "Send their good butter to market and buy bad for us, when we are paying them twenty-five dollars a week? I'll see about that."

On the next morning, at breakfast time, Mr. Jenkins said, after tasting the butter, and then replacing the small portion he had taken upon the butter-plate—

"The fact is, Mr. Crabtree, I can't eat your butter. You must have very bad grass, very bad cows, or else be very bad butter makers."

The faces of both Mr. and Mrs. Crabtree colored at this unexpected remark. They had good grass, good cows, and were good butter makers, and they knew it; the allegation of Mr. Jenkins, therefore, touched them to the quick.

"This isn't our butter," was stammered out in some confusion by Mrs. Crabtree.

"Not your butter!" exclaimed Mr. Jenkins, in affected surprise. "Oh! I was not aware of that. Pray, then, let us have a taste of yours, for this is execrable stuff."

Mrs. Crabtree could do no less than order a print of her nice yellow butter to be brought upon the table.

"Ah! that is butter!" said Mr. Jenkins, as he tasted it.

The way nearly a pound print disappeared was distressing to the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Crabtree.

After breakfast, Jenkins took the farmer aside.

"Mr. Crabtree," said he, "how is it that you have been giving us such miserable butter, when your own is of good quality? I don't understand it."

"All my butter is engaged in the city," replied the farmer.

"It is?"

"Yes, sir; and I must serve my customers."

"And all your eggs, too?"

"Yes, sir."

"So I had begun to think, not having seen a fresh egg on the table since I have been here. All your cream is made into butter?"

"It is."

"I now understand why our coffee is so poor. Well, Mr. Crabtree, all I have to say is, there will have to be an immediate reform, or you will lose twenty-five dollars a week. Perhaps it pays you better to sell your butter and eggs than to feed them

to your boarders. It so, go on with your system, and we will go back to the city. We pay you for the best of everything, and the best we must have. So now you understand me."

There was, of course, quite a buzzing in the Crabtree hive. But, when the farmer and his wife made a calculation of loss and gain on the butter-selling and butter-feeding operations, they wisely concluded to adopt the latter system.

After that the Jenkinses fared a little better. Still as to real comfort they had nothing of the article. In the day time, the sun poured his rays all around the little, unprotected farm-house, keeping Mrs. Jenkins and the younger children in doors or confined to a narrow range without, and night shut them up in small, close rooms, where it seemed almost impossible to breathe. Once or twice every week, Mr. Jenkins missed the stage and had to walk in the hot sun to West Philadelphia for an omnibus. And every now and then he was drenched with rain in going from the stage to the farm-house. Dick and Tom were about the only ones who really enjoyed themselves, and they managed every day to get their clothes in a condition that completely horrified their mother.

Until the latter part of August, this country comfort was endured, when, on returning from the city one evening, Mr. Jenkins found two of the children, Dick and Mary, quite sick. They had considerable fever, and Dick was a little out of his head. About a mile away lived a doctor who was summoned immediately.

"What do you think ails them?" asked Mrs. Jenkins, after the doctor had examined the children.

"They have intermittent fever, I presume," replied the physician.

"Intermittent fever!" ejaculated Mrs. Jenkins.

"Intermittent fever!" said the father.

"No doubt of it. It is prevailing about here to a great extent," replied the doctor.

"Oh dear!" sighed Mrs. Jenkins. "Has it come to this? So much for country boarding!"

"It isn't always prudent to come into the country at this season," remarked the doctor.

"I had no idea that it was sickly about here," said Mr. Jenkins.

"It isn't ordinarily. But there is a good deal of intermittent and bilious fever just at this time."

"We must go back immediately!" said Mrs. Jenkins.

"Yes, immediately!" added her husband.

And so, on the next day, the Jenkinses made a precipitate flight to the city, with two sick children

(Part Third, or the Sequel, in our next.)



COUNTRY BOARDING.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

PART III.

THE SEQUEL.

ONE of the hottest of August's hot days was that on which Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins returned home with their family. Their flight from the country took place, as did their flight from the city, late in the afternoon.

"Thank Heaven, that experiment is over!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins, as the carriage in which she had taken her seat began to move from the door of farmer Crabtree.

"Country boarding! Save the mark!" muttered Mr. Jenkins, in an under tone.

"Oh, how glad I shall be to get home again with my poor children!" added Mrs. Jenkins. "Dear Mary! How sick she is! Ah me! I'm afraid we shall pay dear for our experiment."

"A change of air and good medical attendance will bring all right again, I hope," remarked Mr. Jenkins.

"I have my fears," said Mrs. Jenkins, with a sigh. "Mrs. Wheeler's Milly got the chills year before last somewhere up the Schuylkill, and was sick all winter. Poor little fellow! He suffered a

great deal. Just to think that our children, who have always been so healthy, should get such a miserable disease!"

"If this is summer boarding," said Mr. Jenkins, breaking the silence a little while afterwards, "save me from a second trial of its pleasures!"

"Such a life as I have lived for the last six weeks! Gracious! What would induce me to go over it again?" remarked Mrs. Jenkins. "Shut up from all society in that little den, upon which the sun poured down from morning till night with melting fervor, and deprived of almost everything made necessary to my comfort by habit, I have merely endured existence. And then, we have all lived like heathens. For six weeks neither I nor the children have seen inside of a church. As for Tom and Dick, they have run perfectly wild, and learned more low slang, and, I fear, vice, from the farm hands and boys about the neighborhood than they would have learned in the city for years."

Mr. Jenkins sighed at this strong array of evils attendant on their summer boarding experiment. Nor had he escaped without some pretty serious inroads upon his personal comfort, to say nothing of the return of his old friend the rheumatism, brought

more than one drenching in a thunder shower. Quite as glad was he as his wife to quit the scene of their rural felicity.

"Oh! this is delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins, sitting down near an open window in a large, airy chamber soon after arriving at home. Hot as the day had been, and sultry as the atmosphere still remained, there was yet a cool draft of air passing through the chambers, in one of which Mrs. Jenkins was seated. "How foolish we were to give up real comfort like this!" she added.

"And for what?" said her husband.

"Yes, and for what? You may well ask that question."

"Oh, Mrs. Jenkins!" cried the nurse at this moment, in a voice of alarm, "what is the matter with Mary?"

Mary's chill had come on just as the family was leaving farmer Crabtree's. It was more violent than the preceding ones, and was succeeded by a very high fever, which commenced rising before they reached the city.

The startling words of the nurse caused Mrs. Jenkins to go hurriedly into the adjoining chamber, where Mary lay upon a bed.

"What is the matter?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, Mrs. Jenkins! See how she looks!" said the nurse. "Her eyes are set, and she keeps twisting her face and working her body so strangely!"

"Oh, mercy! Mr. Jenkins! Run for the doctor, quickly! What is the matter?"

Mr. Jenkins, who had hurried in after his wife, exclaimed, as soon as he looked at the child—

"Bless me! She's in convulsions!"

"Convulsions! Oh, dear! What shall we do? Oh, Mr. Jenkins, run, run for the doctor!"

And the frightened mother, who had never seen a child in convulsions, wrung her hands like one distracted.

"Get her into a hot bath as quickly as possible," said Mr. Jenkins, assuming a calm exterior, although he felt much alarmed, "and I will go for the doctor. Make the water as hot as your hand can bear it, and keep her in for a good while. I will be back very soon."

And saying this, Mr. Jenkins hurried away. A quarter of an hour elapsed before he returned with a physician; and full three hours passed ere the dreadful spasms that convulsed the frame of the child subsided.

On the next day, the chill returned, succeeded by another raging fever. With an anxious heart did the mother sit by Mary's bedside, hour after hour watching eagerly the little sufferer's face, and trembling all the while lest there should be another return of convulsions. Happily, there was no recurrence of these frightful symptoms; but the poor child's system was so shocked by the first attack that she remained in a partial stupor for two or three days, giving rise to the fear that her brain had received some permanent injury. This, however, was not the case. Still, the fever held on with a clinging

tenacity that for a time defied all the efforts of medicine. Week after week, both in the case of Dick and Mary, there was a daily return of the chill and fever, until the natural strength of good constitutions began to fail under the pressure of disease and the debilitating effects of strong and active remedies.

Frost, so long and anxiously looked for, as having power to break the chills, came; but the only difference in the state of the young sufferers was that a tertian ague took the place of daily chills and fevers. This continued until Christmas, when, with a feeling of thankfulness that they could not express, the parents saw the fever leave their children. But troublesome consequences remained. Poor little Mary was swollen around her waist to a third beyond her usual size; and the doctor gave Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins the not very consoling information, that one or two years might pass before she was entirely recovered from the bad effects that too often follow attacks of ague and fever. Moreover, both she and Dick would be liable to a return of the disease in the ensuing fall.

Along with the children did not rest the evil consequences of this country boarding experiment. Rheumatic twitches, aches, and pains, the result of sundry exposures to drenching rains, took a more serious character in the case of Mr. Jenkins as cold weather made its approaches; and before winter was fairly over he had to take his place in his chamber, and endure the pangs of a four weeks' visitation of inflammatory rheumatism.

"Are you going to the country this summer?" said a friend to Mr. Jenkins, early in June last.

"For what?" asked Jenkins, rather tartly.

"Why, for comfort."

"Comfort!"

"Yes. For comfort during the hot months."

"Are you going?" asked Jenkins.

"Yes. I engaged a place at a snug little farmhouse yesterday."

"Hope you may find more comfort than we did last year," said Jenkins.

"Ain't you going?"

"Not we. One season cured us of our country boarding aspirations; and you will be cured ere September, if you get as snugly fixed as we were at farmer Crabtree's."

"Crabtree's! There's where we are going," said the friend.

"Is it, indeed! Well, all I can say is that you'd better stay at home."

At this, the friend had a dozen or more questions to ask; and Mr. Jenkins was in no way choice of his words in answering them. We have only to add that farmer Crabtree was not successful in filling his house with boarders last summer.

Of course, all who go into the country are not so thoroughly disappointed as were Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins; though few are fortunate enough to realize their pleasant anticipations. Going away from home for comfort, either in summer or winter, is not the most certain way of securing the object desired.

DEATH AMONG THE FLOWERS.

BY EMMA.

GENTLE reader, hast thou known the sorrow which clouds, and for ever, that light which walked as a "pillar" before the darkness of thy childhood's steps? Has the tender hand which culled for thee the early blossoms, and strowed them along thy pathway, been sought and found wanting in the return of the wurm pressure, and has the cold damp of death mingled with thy hot tears as thou hast fondly hoped to restore vigor to its stiff and chilling grasp? Has thy heavy steps followed those dear remains to the narrow house appointed for all the living? And hast thou known the desolation that awaits the mourner's return to familiar rooms, where every object excites some recollection, and calls back, with fond associations, the form of the departed? If thou art that one, then hast thou known, for a season, the withering of every green leaf. What matters it if years, with their cares, have left their tracery in silver lines over thy pale brow, and hope found her grave in every furrow, does not the memory of a mother's love, as thou turnest back the curtain of life, float ever upon thy troubled heart as oil upon the waves? Canst thou not, in imagination, behold the spot where, at "the hour the mother loves," the family band collected around the bright fireside to listen to those words of kind and gentle counsel as they fell from lips pure and holy?

If thou art that one, then will I tell thee a tale of one mother's death, and the sorrow of one home, which dwelt long in the shadow of affection fled. Weeks had passed since the kind and prudent physician warned us that there was no hope from the insidious nature of the disease that was fast ap-

proaching the citadel of the heart. The loathsome roots of the cancer had, like a venomous serpent, wreathed its folds about those smaller streams which lead to the grand avenue of life. Twice had our pulses stood still, as the cruel knife of the operator had nearly cut the thread of existence; yet so resigned and firm of purpose was the sufferer, that strangers knew not that death was lurking near.

Early in youth, Mary Lee had found her lot with her first choice; and still strong were the ties that held her to earth. With a sympathy of thought and sentiment, years rolled by, and only left their record by gentle remembrances; and the first sorrow since their union delayed its coming, and life was happy. Their home, situated upon one of those beautifully picturesque points of land which edge the North River's side, was possessed of every attraction which taste, cultivation, and refinement could desire.

"An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,"

all that this world can give and call it bliss. With an "eye single" in the fear of the Lord, they worshiped the perfection of his love through all his works; the grove, the meadow, the mossy rock, and the sounds of gushing waters, spoke to each a "various language." Not a flower that grew, nor a bird that sung, that breathed not an anthem in "God's first temple." The babe, that nestled in her mother's bosom, had grown to be the companion of their way; and bright to beholders, and dear to many were the lives of the inmates of "Grove Side." The poor rose up and called the good lady

blessed, and little children hung delighted upon her gentle accents. No cottage so poor upon whose casement the sunbeam of her presence had not lingered; no soul so depraved that had not heard the hope of forgiveness. The lame beggar leaned long upon his crutch to gaze upon her gliding form, and the blind thought but to touch her garment. Follower of the lowly Jesus, thy step was light from the pressure of those blossoms which spring from grateful hearts, thine eye feasted upon happy countenances, and thine ear was gladdened with the songs of joy.

But why is it that no longer doth the threshold of the cottager echo thy tread? and whither do the village children wend their way, and with busy fingers turn over the dried leaves to find the early violet and the frail flowers of spring? and why wear their countenances no longer the joyous smile? and why is their step soft as they near the home of their kind benefactress? Timidly do they proffer the simple gift, and anxiously do they inquire, and sadly do they retrace their way down the shaded walk to their humble homes, with the heavy tread that *happy* childhood never knew.

Let us enter the bed-chamber of the invalid. Is it shaded, and does it wear the gloom of sickness? And where is she, the loved and loving? Surely no grief is here. The soft south wind plays among the tender flowers which grace the cage of the warbling captive, and draws forth the fragrance from the culled branches of choice plants. Early fruit fills the baskets tastefully arranged upon the neatly-covered table, small instruments of music and soft pictures deck the room; but, still, tell me where is the source of sorrow that "will not be comforted," and where the spring of bitter anguish?

The light rest of the sleeper is not disturbed. Let us gaze as upon the face of the dead, for the word hath gone forth, and never again in health will she, the stricken one, go abroad to gather strength from the "gladness of nature." And yet the features show no conflict with pain. Sweetly rests the smile around the full lip; the locks, untouched by time, fall in shaded curls around the fair brow, and the soft coloring of the tasteful cap tinges slightly the round cheek; one arm, bare from the shoulder, lies upon the polished linen, and the other is relieved by small frills, crimped, from the elbow. What can death have to do with this? It cannot be that the dread ambassador hath signaled for thy coming; the full cheek and swelling proportions show no decay; thy calm eye, now opening, is clear, and beams with mild pleasure; and thy voice is not faint. And yet we know thy days are numbered; and the faithful nurse guards thee from excitement. Can it be that danger looks so secure? Lovingly thy hand is placed in mine, and words whispered speak of the better land; yet the lingering of a heart that hath felt the world to be full of joy breathes from thy soul, and thy being is still held by strong bonds.

Spring, that dawn of the year which brings pro-

mise such as "cometh with the morning," brought hope to the couch of the uncomplaining; and the words whispered to her were, "a little longer, yet a little longer." The velvet tufts of the oak, and the lighter drapery of the willow, wooed the coming of the gentle invalid; and once more were the impulses of her kindly nature revived, as carefully, by strong and faithful hands, she was borne by the river's side, and through the grove which, by graded walks, led to the little sanctuary where rested a few she had loved and mourned. Here was the small hillock that had taken the form of the stranger, who, for a brief season, was the care of the hospitable family; the thorny rose of Scotland told his birth, and bore testimony to the kind nature of those who shielded him until the storm was over. Another short, bright little spot, where already the later spring blossoms were scattering their petals, told the tale of infant closing.

"Rest me a little," kindly spake the still musical voice of Mary Lee. "As with familiar words we hallow our chosen homes, a few days, and you will come once more, and again your eyes will shed tears; but let them be softened by the thought that I am enjoying the good things that are in store for me. Happy, oh, how happy! have been the days that God hath given me, and thou my soul's bright day star! I go forth but a season a little in thy advance, to meet another bridegroom. Array me meekly for his coming, and let the last tenebment be of the white wood, and tip the fastenings with silver. Let those hands which have administered to my wants bear me to this little home. I would not be borne by rude, strange men."

In fragments like this, the last links of her pure life were severed; truly they were links studded with pure gems of enduring constancy.

Again, and the small carriage was conveyed along the graveled walks of the clustering vines and bushes of the garden. It was the hour of twilight, and the evening dews drew from the grape blossoms that odor too sweet, but for its exceeding freshness; the buzz of harmless insects, the lowing of cattle, and the fluttering of domestic fowls, as they sought the branches, all wore, in the dreaminess of the hour, so placid an aspect, that wandering spirits might have deemed it a fitting season to visit earth. The old gardener, with head uncovered, had neatly arranged those simple and sweet flowers his mistress loved so well.

"Let us," spake she, "once more, under this broad tree, sing together the song of Zion."

The voices of earnest hearts went up to Heaven's throne, and the lute-like note of the sick was clear and melodious. The blossoms fell from the hand that held them; "the silver cord was loosened, the golden bowl broken." The spirit had returned to the God who gave it.

So softly glided the transporting angel, we deemed it the sigh of the night wind, and thought not we heard the farewell of the freed soul.

We laid her in the grave she had chosen. It was the brightest day of June. We could not shed the tear that choked our breathing, so holy, so serene was the remaining all of the loved and lost. I lin-

gered until I was alone in the old forest, and there, on the soft turf, poured forth a prayer, and left her, as it were, to "pleasant dreams."

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KATHARINE WALTON: OR, THE PARTISAN'S DAUGHTER. A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE PARTISAN," "MELLICHAMPE," "THE KINSMEN,"
"THE MESSENGER," ETC.

[Entered, according to the act of Congress, in the year 1850, by W. Gilmore Simms, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(Continued from page 27.)

CHAPTER XIX.

"First, joy unto you all; and next, I think,
We shall have wars."

BAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

On the same day which witnessed the departure of our squad of partisans from the swamps of the Ashley Cypress, Singleton, otherwise Furness, took a friendly leave of his new acquaintance, Colonel Proctor, of the British army. We have seen with how much sympathy these young men came together; and we may add that not a single selfish feeling was at work, in either bosom, to impair the friendship thus quickly established. Our quondam loyalist repeated his injunctions to his friend, to be wary and patient in his encounters with his subtle enemy, Vaughan, whose equal coolness and lack of principle were subjects of sufficient apprehension to his mind. But we have no need to renew his counsels and exhortations. It is enough, that the friends separated with real feelings of sympathy and interest, and that the advice of Singleton, well-meant and sensible, was such as Proctor promised to observe and follow. Then they parted with a warm shake of the hand; Proctor returning to "The Oaks," and Singleton, as loyalist captain of rifles, pushing over to Dorchester, where he was to join the train of wagons under the escort of Lieutenant Meadows, who brought him letters both from Balfour and Williamson. Those from the latter were of a character to keep up the *ruse* which had been agreed upon between himself and our partisan. They were written to the old acquaintance of Williamson in the interior, and were ostensibly designed to bring them over to the king's allegiance. We may add that they had been submitted to Balfour's inspection, as a matter of policy. Williamson had no real notion that his letters would ever reach their destination, or, if they did so, that they could ever possibly help the British cause.

We shall not endeavor to detail the hourly progress of the detachment and train under the charge of Lieutenant Meadows, pursuing the well-known military route to Camden *via* Nelson's Ferry. They moved slowly; the events occurring were few and of little interest. Except at well-known places of

rest, and in some few places where the labors of a plantation were still imperfectly carried on with a few slaves, the country seemed almost wholly abandoned. Singleton was rather pleased than otherwise to find in Lieutenant Meadows a very sublime specimen of the supercilious John Bull; a person of more decided horns than head, mulish, arrogant, cold, inflexible; one who had religiously imbibed, as with his mother's milk, all the usual scornful prejudices of his tribe towards the provincialists, and who, accordingly, encouraged no sort of intimacy with the supposed captain of loyalists. This relieved our partisan from all that embarrassment which he might have felt, with regard to his future operations, had the lieutenant been a good fellow, and had he shown himself disposed to fall into friendly intercourse. But let us hurry to the event.

It was towards the close of the second day after the departure of the cavalcade from Dorchester, that Meadows had the first intimation of probable danger from an enemy. His warning, however, only came with the blow, and quite too late to allow him either to evade the danger or properly to guard against it. Singleton had galloped off to the front, and was pursuing his way entirely alone, some two hundred yards in advance of the party. He had reason to anticipate that the moment drew nigh for the encounter with his followers, and he preferred to withdraw from close proximity with one who was not only indisposed to show himself companionable, but who might, by possibility, discover in the struggle much more of the truth than it was desirable for our partisan—still as Furness—that he should know. The whole train, with its escort, nearly equally distributed in front and rear, had entered a long, close, circuitous defile in a thickly set forest, when Singleton was apprised, by a well-known whistle, that the moment was at hand for the attack. He was, accordingly, not a whit startled at the wild yell and the sharp shots with which the onset was begun.

"Marion's men! Marion's men! Hurrah!" was the slogan which startled suddenly the great echoes of the wood, and caused an instant sensation, only short of utter confusion, in the ranks of the British

detachment. But Meadows, with all his faults of taste and temper, was something of a soldier, and never lost his composure for a moment. He hurried forward, with the first signal of alarm, and shouted to his men with a cheerful courage, while he sought to bring them to a closer order and to confront the enemy, who were yet scarcely to be seen. Singleton, meanwhile, wheeled about, as if suffering greatly from surprise, yet drawing his sword, nevertheless, and waving it about his head with the air of a person in very desperate circumstances. He was then distinctly seen to rush boldly upon the assailing Americans, who had now completely interposed themselves between him and the British. It will not need that we should follow his particular movements. It will be quite as easy to conjecture them. Let us give our attention wholly to the affair with the detachment, which was short and sharp as it was sudden. They were assailed equally in front and rear. At first, as he beheld the cavalry of the partisans, and heard their bugles sounding on every hand, Meadows conceived himself to be dealing wholly with that description of force. He, accordingly, commanded his wagons to wheel about and throw themselves across the road at both extremities, thus seeking to close all the avenues which would facilitate the charge. But he reckoned without his host. His operation was only in part successful; since, before the movement could be fully made, the troopers were already cutting down his wagoners. But this was not all. The rangers of Singleton began to show themselves, darkly green, or in their blue uniforms, among the trees which occupied the intervals, and every sharp crack of the rifle brought down its chosen victim. Meadows himself was already slightly wounded in his bridle-arm, and, wheeling about his steed in the direction of the shot, he found himself confronted by a group just making their way out of cover, and darting boldly upon him. He clapt spurs to his steed and met the leader of the assailants, who, on foot, had reached the open road-space, and was entirely withdrawn from the shelter of the thicket. This person was no other than our epicurean friend, Lieutenant Porgy, who, with an audacity quite inconsistent with his extreme obesity, advanced with sword uplifted to the encounter with the British lieutenant. A single clash of swords, and the better-tempered steel of the Englishman cut sheer through the inferior metal of the American, sending one half of the shattered blade into the air and descending upon the cheek of Porgy, inflicting a slight gash, and taking off the tip of his ear. Another blow might have been more fatal. Meadows had recovered from the first movement, and his blade was already whirled aloft for the renewal of the stroke, when Porgy, drawing a pistol from his belt, shot the horse of his enemy through the head. The animal fell suddenly upon his knees, and then rolled over perfectly dead. The sword of Meadows struck harmlessly upon the earth, he himself being pinioned to the ground by one of his legs, upon which the dead animal lay.

In this predicament, vainly endeavoring to wield and to use his sword, he threatened Porgy at his approach. The latter, still grasping his own broken weapon, which was reduced to the hilt and some eight inches only of the blade, totally undeterred by the demonstration of the Briton, rushed incontinently upon him, and, in a totally unexpected form of attack, threw his gigantic bulk over the body of the prostrate Meadows, whom he completely covered. The other struggled fiercely beneath, and, getting his sword-arm free, made several desperate efforts to use his weapon; but Porgy so completely bestraddled him that he succeeded only in inflicting some feeble strokes upon the broad shoulders of the epicure, who required them with a severe blow upon the mouth with the iron hilt of his broken sword.

"It's no use, my fine fellow; your faith may remove mountains, but your surrender only shall remove me. You are captive to my bow and spear. Halloo 'nough!' now, if you wish for mercy."

And, stretching himself out on every hand, with arms extended and legs somewhat raised on the body of the dead horse, Porgy looked down into the very eyes of his prisoner; his great beard, meanwhile, well sprinkled with gray, lying in masses upon the mouth and filling the nostrils of the Englishman, who was thus in no small danger of suffocation.

"Will nobody relieve me from this elephant?" gasped the half-strangled Meadows.

"Elephant!" roared Porgy. "By the powers, but you shall feel my grinders!"

His good humor was changed to gall by the offensive expression, and he had already raised the fragment of his broken sword, meaning to pummell the foe into submission, when his arm was arrested by Singleton, now appearing in his appropriate character and costume. Meadows was extricated from horse and elephant at the same moment, and by the same friendly agency, and rose from the ground sore with bruises, and panting with heat and loss of breath.

"It is well for him, Colonel Singleton, that you made your appearance. I had otherwise beaten him to a mummy. Would you believe it?—he called me an elephant! Me! Me an elephant!"

"He had need to do so, lieutenant; and this was rather a compliment than otherwise to your mode of warfare. He felt yours to be a power comparable only to the mighty animal to which he had reference. It was the natural expression of his feelings, I am sure, and not by way of offence."

"I forgive him," was the response of Porgy, as he listened to this explanation.

"Colonel Singleton, I believe, sir?" said Meadows, tendering his sword. "The fortune of the day is yours, sir. Here is my sword. I am Lieutenant Meadows, late in command of this detachment."

Singleton restored the weapon graciously, and addressed a few courteous sentences to his prisoner;

but, by this time, Porgy discovered that his ear had lost a thin but important slice from its pulpy extremity. His annoyance was extreme, and his anger rose as he discovered the full nature of his loss.

"Sir—Lieutenant Meadows," said he—"you shall give me personal satisfaction for this outrage the moment you are exchanged. You have done me an irreparable injury! You have marked me for life, sir—given me the brand of a horse-thief—taken off one of my ears! One of my ears!"

"Not so, my dear lieutenant," said Singleton. "Only the smallest possible tip from the extremity. Once healed, it will never be seen. There is no sort of deformity. You were rather *full* in that quarter, and could spare something of the development."

"Were I sure of that!"

"It is so, believe me. The thing will never be observed."

"To have one's ears or nose slit, sir"—to the Briton—"is, I have always been taught, the greatest indignity that could be inflicted upon a gentleman."

"I am sorry, sir," said Meadows—"very sorry. But it was the fortune of war. Believe me, I had no idea of making such a wound."

"I can understand that, sir. You were intent only on taking off my head. I am satisfied that you did not succeed in that object, since, next to losing my ear, I should have been particularly uncomfortable at the loss of my head. But, if my ear had been maimed, sir, I should have had my revenge. And even now, should there really be a perceptible deficiency, there shall be more last blows between us."

The British lieutenant bowed, politely, as if to declare his readiness to afford any necessary satisfaction, but said nothing in reply. Singleton suffered the conversation to go no further; but, drawing Porgy aside, rebuked him for the rude manner of his address to a man whose visage he himself had marked for life.

"You have laid his mouth open, broken his teeth, and injured his face for ever; and he a young fellow, too, probably unmarried, to whom unbroken features are of the last importance."

"But, my dear colonel, think of my ear; fancy it smitten in two, as I did, and you will allow for all my violence. The mark of the pillory ought to suffice to make any white man desperate."

It is probable that Meadows, when he became aware of the true state of his mouth, and felt his own disfigurements, was even more unforgiving than Porgy. But we must not, in this episode, lose sight of the field of battle. When our epicurean had secured the person of the British lieutenant, the affair was nearly over. The surprise had been complete. The conflict was as short as it was sharp. The ambush was so well laid as to render resistance almost unavailing; yet had it been desperately made, and the victory was not won by our partisans without the loss of several gallant fellows. The

followers of Meadows, taking the example of their leader, fought quite as long and as stubbornly as himself, without having the fortune to succumb to such a remarkable antagonist. A brave sergeant, with a small squad, made a fierce effort to cut through the partisan horse, but was slain, with all his party, in the attempt. This was the most serious part of the British loss. The detachment was so completely hemmed in on every side, that recklessness and desperation only could have found a justification for fighting at all. A prudent soldier would have been prepared to yield on the first discovery of his situation, and thus avoided any unnecessary effusion of blood. But Meadows was brave without being circumspect. His own account of the affair, as contained in a letter to Balfour, will answer in place of any farther details of our own.

"To his Excellency, NESBITT BALFOUR, Esq.

"SIR: It is with feelings of inexpressible mortification, that I have to inform you of the complete overthrow and capture of the detachment under my command, by an overwhelming force of the rebels under Colonel Singleton, of Marion's Brigade. We were met on the route to Nelson's Ferry, towards sunset of the second day after leaving Dorchester, and attacked in a close defile near Ravenel's plantation. We suffered no surprise, our advance feeling their way with all possible caution, and firmly led by Sergeant Camperdown, who, I am sorry to mention, fell finally, mortally wounded, in a desperate effort to cut his way through the ranks of the enemy. Several of my brave followers perished in the same desperate attempt. All of them fought steadily and bravely, but without success, against the formidable numbers by which we were surrounded. Many of the rebels were slain in the engagement, being seen to drop in the conflict; but I have no means of ascertaining their precise loss, since they have studiously concealed their dead, having borne them away for burial to the thickets. Our loss, I regret to say, has been out of all proportion to our force; the desperate valor of our men provoking the enemy to the most unsparing severity. Eleven of them were slain outright, and as many more are likely to perish from their wounds. Three of the teamsters were cut down by the rebels while calling for quarters. I myself am wounded, though not seriously, in my right shoulder and face; and I am suffering severely from bruises, in consequence of my horse, which was killed, falling upon me. I greatly fear that Captain Furness, of the loyalists, is also among the slain. I have seen nothing of him since the action, and the enemy can give no account of him. He behaved very well in the affair, and with a bravery not unworthy his majesty's regular service. He was exposed to particular peril, as, with great imprudence, he persisted in riding in advance of the party, leaving a considerable interval between himself and the command. He was thus cut off from all assistance. When last seen, he was contending unequally with no less than half a dozen of the rebel

troopers, who finally forced him out of the field and into the forest, where he was either slain or succeeded in making his escape. It is my hope that he has done so. He is certainly not among the prisoners. Colonel Singleton was not at the head of the assailing party. He came up and took command just as the affair was over. He treats us with a courtesy and attention quite unusual with the rebels, and holds out to me the prospect of an early exchange. He has already hurried off the captured wagons, by the shortest route, to the Santee; though I perceive that one of them has been sent off in the opposite direction. I trust that your excellency will believe that I have been guilty of no remissness or neglect of duty. My conscience acquits me, though unfortunate, of any culpable disregard to the safety of my charge. I have the honor to be your excellency's most obedient, humble servant,

"CH. MEADOWS."

This letter was written the day after the action. Of the rage and chagrin of Balfour, on receiving it, we shall learn hereafter. The reader will note that portion of its contents which describes the game—unsuspected by the Briton—which was played by the rebel colonel. When apparently forced from the field, he simply retired to a thicket, where he changed his costume, reappearing, shortly after, on the field in his proper character. The alteration in his dress, speech, and general manner, was so thorough, as effectually to deceive the British lieutenant, who showed himself as respectful to the partisan colonel as he had been cavalier before to the same person in the character of a simple captain of loyalists. The affair ended, Singleton proceeded to secure his captives, send off the captured wagons, and attend to the wants of his wounded and the burial of his dead. While engaged in this melancholy duty, he was suddenly called away by Lance Frampton, who conducted him into the adjoining thicket. The youth could scarcely speak from emotion, as he communicated the intelligence of the mortal hurts of Walter Griffin. The dying man was quite sensible as Singleton drew nigh. He lay beneath an oak, upon a heap of moss, which had been raked up hurriedly to soften that bed of earth, to the coldness and hardness of which he should be so soon utterly insensible. His friends were around him, satisfied, as well as himself, that assistance would be vain. As Singleton and Lance Frampton drew nigh, the youth went silently and took his place at the head of the sufferer. Griffin had done good service in the brigade. He was a great favorite with his superiors. Rescued by Singleton from the hands of a blood-thirsty Tory, named Gaskers, who had made himself, his wife, and daughter prisoners, and who was actually preparing to hang him on the spot, Griffin acknowledged a debt of gratitude to the partisan, which rendered his fidelity a passion. His words, on the approach of Singleton, declared his sorrows, not at his own fate, but that his services were about to end.

"I've fought my last fight, colonel; I've done all I could. If you say I've done my duty, I shall die satisfied."

"That I can say safely, Griffin. You have done more than your duty. You have served faithfully, like a true man; and your country shall hear of your services. Can we do nothing for you, Griffin?"

"I have it here, colonel—and here!"—his hands pointing to his side and breast. "Here is a shot, and here a bayonet stab; both deep enough. I feel that all's over; and all that I want is that you should send word to my poor wife and daughter. There's my watch, colonel—I've given it to Lance to carry to them—and two guineas in money. It's all I have—not much—but will help to buy corn for them some day in a bad season. Will you send Lance, colonel, and a letter, if you please?"

"It shall be done, Griffin; and I will add a little to the money, for the sake of your family. You've served long and well, like the rest of us, with little pay. The money-chest of the British that has just fallen into our hands makes us richer than usual. Your two guineas shall be made ten. Your comrades will see that your wife and child shall never suffer."

The poor fellow was much affected. He took the hand of Singleton and carried it feebly to his heart.

"I'm sorry to leave you, colonel, now, while every man is wanted. You will have years of fighting, and I sha'n't be there to help you. Yes! I will be there! Oh! colonel, if the spirits of the dead may look on earthly things, after the earth has covered the body, I'll go with you over the old tracks. I'll be nigh when you are drawing trigger on the enemy; and if I can whisper to you where the danger lies, or shout to you when the bugle sounds the charge, you shall still hear the voice of Wat Griffin rising with the rest, "Marion's men, boys! Hurrah! Marion for ever!"

In a few hours after he was silent. He was buried in the spot where he died, beneath that great old mossy oak of the forest—buried at midnight, by the light of blazing torches; and well did his comrades understand the meaning of that wild sob from Lance Frampton, as the first heavy clod was thrown into the shallow grave upon the uncoffined corpse, wrapped only in his garments as he wore them in the fight. The night was nearly consumed in this mournful occupation. British and Americans shared a common grave. The partisans had lost several of their best men, though by no means the large number which Meadows had assumed in his letter to Balfour. In silence, the survivors turned away from the cemetery which they had thus newly established in the virgin forest, and retired, each to his rude couch among the trees, to meditate rather than to sleep. Two of the partisans, however, were drawn aside by Singleton for farther conference that night. These were Lieutenant Porgy and the young ensign, Lance Frampton. To these he assigned a double duty. With a small detachment, Porgy was to take charge of a wagon with stores, designed for

Colonel Walton, whom he was to seek out between the Edisto and the Savannah. In order to effect his progress with safety, he was specially counseled to give a wide berth to Dorchester—to make a considerable circuit above, descending only when on the Edisto. Singleton was rightly apprehensive that the report of Meadows' disaster would set all the cavalry of Dorchester and Charleston in motion. The wagon was to be secured in the swamps of Edisto until Walton could be found; and, with the duty of delivering it into his keeping fairly executed, Porgy, with Frampton, was to seek out the dwelling of Griffin's wife and daughter, who dwelt in the neighborhood of the Edisto, conveying a letter from his colonel and the little treasure of which the poor fellow died possessed—Singleton having added the eight guineas which he had promised to the dying man; a gift, by the way, which he could not have made but for the timely acquisition of the hundred and fifty found in the British money-chest. The duty thus assigned to Porgy and Frampton was one of interest to both parties; though the corpulent lieutenant sighed at the prospect of hard riding over ground so recently compassed which lay before him. At first, he would have shirked the responsibility; but a secret suggestion of his own thought rapidly caused a change in his opinions. To Lance Frampton, who stood in a very tender relation to Ellen Griffin, the daughter of the deceased, the task was one equally painful and grateful. To Porgy, the interest which he felt was due to considerations the development of which must be left to future chapters.

CHAPTER XX.

"Look, here's a face now of another making,
Another mould; here's a divine proportion;
Eyes fit for Phœbus' self, to gild the world with;
And there's a brow arched like the state of heaven."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

SINGLETON was compelled to forego the small but valuable successes which he had been pursuing, by a summons from Marion. The latter had, by this time, provoked the peculiar hostility of the British general. Cornwallis sent Tarleton in pursuit of him with a formidable force; and the "swamp fox" was temporarily reduced to the necessity either of skulking closely through his swamps, or of taking refuge in North Carolina. We shall not follow his fortunes, and shall content ourselves with referring to them simply, in order to account for Singleton's absence from that field, along the Santee and the Ashley, in which we have seen him hitherto engaged, and where his presence was looked for and confidently expected by more than one anxious person. He had made certain engagements with Williamson—subject always to the vicissitudes of the service—which required him to give that gentleman another meeting as soon as possible. In the hope

of this meeting, we find Williamson very frequently at the Quarter House, or at the tavern immediately above it, known as the Eight Mile House. Sometimes he went alone on this pilgrimage, at others he was accompanied by companions whom he could not avoid, from among the officers of the British garrison. Most commonly, these visits were ostensibly for pleasure. Pic-nics and other parties were formed in the city, which brought out to these favored places a goodly cavalcade, male and female, who rejoiced in rural breakfasts and dinners, and gave a loose to their merriment in the wildest rustic dances. The damsels belonging to loyalist families readily joined in these frolics. It was a point of honor with the "rebel ladies" to avoid them; a resolution which the British officers vainly endeavored to combat. Balfour himself frequently strove to engage Katharine Walton as one of a party especially devised in her honor, but without success. It is time, by the way, that we should recall that young maiden to the reader's recollection. She was received into the family of the venerable Mrs. Thomas Singleton, the aunt of her lover. This old lady was a woman of Roman character, worthy to be a mother of the Gracchi. She was sprung of the best Virginia stock, and had lost her husband in the Indian wars which ravaged the frontier during the last great struggle of the British with the French colonies. She was firmly devoted to the Revolutionary movement—a calm, frank, firm woman, who, without severity of tone or aspect, was never seen to smile. She had survived some agonies, the endurance of which sufficiently served to extinguish all tendencies to mirth. Her dwelling in Church Street, in the neighborhood of Tradd, was a favorite point of reunion among the patriots of both sexes. Hither, in the dark days which found their husbands, their brothers, their sons in exile, in the camp, or in the prison-ship, came the Rutledges, the Laurens', the Izards, and most of the well-known and famous families of the Low Country of Carolina, to consult as to the future, to review their condition, consider their resources, and, if no more, "to weep their sad bosoms empty." Katharine Walton was not an unworthy associate of these. She was already known to the most of them personally, and by anecdotes which commended her love of country to their own; and they crowded about her with a becoming welcome when she came.

These were not her only visitors. She was an heiress and a beauty, and consequently a *belle*. Balfour himself, though past the period of life when a sighing lover is recognizable, was pleased to forget his years and station in the assumption of this character. He was followed, at a respectful distance, by others, whom it better suited. There were the Campbells, the one known as "mad," the other as "fool," or "crazy" Campbell; there was Lachlin O'Fergus, a captain of the guards, a fierce, young, red-headed Scotchman; there was the gallant Major Barry, *le bel esprit* of the British garrison, a wit and rhymer; and his inseparable, or shadow, Captain

McMahon, a gentleman who, with the greatest amount of self-esteem in the world, might have been willing to yield up his own individuality, could he have got in place of it that of his friend. And Barry was almost as appreciative as McMahon. They were the moral Siamese of the garrison, who perpetually quoted each other, and bowed, as if through self-respect, invariably when they did so. There were others who, like these, with them and after them, bowed and sighed at the new altars of beauty which, perforce, were set up when Katharine Walton reached the city; and the house of Mrs. Singleton, from having hitherto been only the sad resort of the unhappy, who mourned over the distresses of the country, was now crowded, on all possible occasions, by the triumphant, whose iron heels were pressed upon its bosom. Nor could the venerable widow object to this intrusion, or discourage it by a forbidding voice or aspect. She had been long since taught to know that the "rebel ladies" were only tolerated by the conquerors, who would rejoice in any pretext by which they would seem justified in driving forth a class whose principles were offensive, and whose possessions were worthy of confiscation. She resigned herself with a good grace to annoyances which were unavoidable, and was consoled for her meekness as she discovered that Katharine Walton was as little disposed to endure her visitors as herself. She esteemed the tribe at its true value.

It was seldom that the "loyalist ladies" showed themselves in the circles of Mrs. Singleton. They were held to have lost *caste* by the position which they had taken, and, perhaps, felt some misgivings themselves that the forfeiture was a just one. It was seldom that they desired to intrude themselves; or, rather, it was seldom that this desire was displayed. They held a rival set, and endeavored to console themselves for their exclusion from circles which were enchanted by a prescriptive *prestige* of superiority by the gayety and splendor of their festivities. They formed the *matériel* and *personnel* of the great parties given by General Leslie, by the Colonels Cruden and Balfour, and by other leading officers of the British army, when desirous of conciliating favor, or relieving the tedium of garrison life. As a ward of Colonel Cruden, and measurably in the power of Colonel Balfour, it was not possible for Katharine Walton wholly to escape the knowledge of, and even some degree of intimacy with, some of the ladies of the British party. A few of them found their way, accordingly, to Mrs. Singleton. Some of these were persons whose political sympathies were not active, and were due wholly to the direction taken by their parents. Others were of the British party because it was the most brilliant: and others, again, because of warmer individual feelings, who had found objects of love and worship where patriotism—the more stately virtue—could discover nothing but hostility and evil. Of these persons we may name a few of whom the local tradition still entertains the most lively recol-

lections. Conspicuous among these damsels, known as "loyalist" belles of Charleston, during its occupation by the British army, were "the Herveys;" three sisters, all of a rich, exuberant, voluptuous beauty, and one of them, at least, the most beautiful of the three, of a wild and passionate temper. "Moll Harvey," as she was familiarly known, was a splendid woman, of dark, Cleopatra-like eyes and carriage, and of tresses long, massive, and glossily black as the raven's when his wing is spread for flight in the evening sunlight. A more exquisite figure never floated through the mazes of the dance, making the eye drunk with delirium to pursue her motion. She was of subtle intellect also, keen and quick at repartee, with a free, spontaneous fancy, and a spirit as bold and reckless as ever led wilful fancy wandering. She had been, for a long time, the favorite of Balfour. He had sighed to her, and followed her with addresses that only seemed to forbear the last avowal. But this, though still forborne, was still anticipated hourly by all parties, the lady herself among them. That Balfour still refrained was a matter of common surprise, and to be accounted for in two ways only. Though of the best family connections, she had no fortune. This might be a sufficient reason why he should forbear to unite himself irrevocably with her, or with any woman; for the commandant of Charleston was notorious for his equal greediness of gain and his ostentatious expenditure. There was yet another reason. Moll Harvey had made herself somewhat too conspicuous by her flirtations with no less a person than Prince William, then in the navy; better known to us in recent periods as William IV., King of Great Britain.* She might have been only vain and frivolous, but the mouths of public censure whi-pered of errors of still graver character. She certainly gave much occasion to suspicion. That the prince was madly fond of her is beyond question. It was even said that he had proposed to her a secret marriage, but that the proud, vain spirit of the girl would listen to nothing short of the public ceremonial. Such was the *ou dit* among those most friendly, and most inclined to defend her conduct. This may have been wild and daring rather than loose or licentious; but a woman is always in danger who prides herself in going beyond her sex. Enough, that public conjecture, seeking to account for Balfour's reluctance to propose for her hand, while evidently passionately fond of her person, was divided between his known avarice, and his doubts of the propriety of her conduct in the flirtation with his prince. Such were his relations with Moll Harvey at the period when he first saw Katharine Walton, and was struck with the twofold attractions of her beauty and her fortune.

There were three other young ladies, belonging to the British party, with whom Katharine Walton shortly found herself brought occasionally into contact. One of these was Miss Mary Roupell, who

* Traditional.

divided the sway over the hearts of the garrison very equally with her competitors. She was the daughter of George Roupell, a firm and consistent royalist, a man of worth and character, who, before the Revolution, had been one of the king's council (colony), and held the lucrative office of postmaster. Mary Roupell was a proud beauty, as haughty as she was lovely, and particularly successful in the ball-room. It was never her fortune, on such occasions, to remain unnoticed, a meek, neglected flower against the wall.

Caroline Phelps was another of these loyalist beauties. She was a lady of handsome fortune, and of one of the most respectable families. With many admirers, she was particularly distinguished by the conquest of one of the most dashing gallants of the garrison. This was Major Campbell—Major Archibald Campbell, or, as he was better known, "Mad Archy," or "Mad Campbell"—a fellow of equal daring and eccentricity; his dashing and frequent adventures of a startling nature securing for him his very appropriate nickname. We shall have occasion to record one of these adventures in the course of our narrative, by which we shall justify its propriety.

There was still another damsel, ranked among the loyalist ladies of Charleston, whom we should not properly style a *belle*, since she was not acknowledged to possess this distinction. Yet her beauty and grace were worthy of it. Ella Monckton was a blonde and a beauty; but the enger impulse of her nature, which might have carried her forward to conquests—at least secured her some of the social triumphs in which her companions delighted—had been checked by the circumstances of her condition. Her family was reduced; her mother lived upon a pittance, after having been accustomed to prosperity, and her brother, a youth a year younger than his sister, obtained his support in the employment of Balfour, as his secretary. Ella was just twenty years old, with features which looked greatly younger, an almost infantine face, but in which, in the deep lustrous depths of her dark blue and dewy eyes, might be read the presence of the ripest and loveliest thoughts of womanhood and intellect. She was quiet and retiring—sensitive so—shy to shrinking; yet she united to this seemingly enfeebling characteristic a close, earnest faculty of observation, a just, discriminating judgment, high resolves, deliberate thought, and a warm, deeply-feeling, and loving nature. She was one of those, one of the very few among the rival faction, who commended themselves, in any degree, to the sympathies of Katharine Walton. Yet, properly speaking, Ella Monckton had no active sympathies with the British party. Her father had been a supporter and servant of the crown, and she rather adopted his tendencies tacitly than by any exercise of will. That her brother should find his employment with Balfour, should be another reason for her loyalty. There were yet other reasons still, which we must leave to future occasions to discover. Shy and

sensitive as was the spirit of Ella Monckton, she was singularly decisive in the adoption of her moods. These were rarely changeable or capricious. They grew out of her sympathies and affections; and she was one of those who carry an earnest and intense nature under an exterior that promised nothing of the sort. Her heart, already deeply interested in the business most grateful and most important of all to the woman—her affections involved beyond recall—she was as resolute in all matters where there were concerned, as if life and death were on the issue. And, with such a heart as hers, the issue could be in the end no other than life and death. But these hints will suffice for the present, furnishing clues to other chapters.

CHAPTER XXI.

"My Imagination

Carries no favor in it now but Bertram's.

——It were all one,

That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it."

All's Well That Ends Well.

It was late at night. The close of the day in Charleston had been distinguished by the return of Balfour from Dorchester. Waiting on his moods, rather than rendering him any required services, his secretary, Alfred Monckton, lingered until abruptly dismissed. He hurried away, as soon as his permission was obtained, to the ancient family abode, one of the remotest, to the west, at the foot of Broad Street. The dwelling, though worn, wanting paint, and greatly out of repair, attested, in some degree, the former importance of his family. It was a great wooden fabric, such as belonged particularly to the region and period, capable of accommodating half a dozen such families as that by which it was now occupied. The Widow Monckton, with her two children, felt all her loneliness. She had waited for Alfred till a late hour, until exhaustion compelled her to retire; foregoing one of her most grateful exercises, that of welcoming her son to her arms, and bestowing upon him her nightly blessing. He was her hope, as he was her chief support. She well knew how irksome were his labors, under the eye of such a man as Balfour. And still she knew not half. But her knowledge was sufficient to render her gratitude to her boy as active as her love; and once more repeating the wish, for the third time, "How I wish that Alfred would come!" she left her good night and blessing for him with Ella, his sister, who declared her purpose to sit up for him.

This, indeed, was her constant habit. It was in compliance equally with her inclination and duty. A tender and confiding sympathy swayed both their hearts, and the youth loved the sister none the less because love between them was a duty. She was his elder by a single year; and, shy and shrinking

as was her temperament, it was yet calculated for the control of his. Yet he was quick and passionate in his moods, and it was only with the most determined reference to the condition of his aged mother, her dependence upon his patient industry and his submission, that he was able to endure a situation which, but too frequently, was made to wound his pride and outrage his sensibilities. Balfour was an adept in making all about him feel their obligations and dependence.

Alfred Monkton was of slight frame and delicate appearance. In this respect, he resembled his sister; but, otherwise, there was physically but little similarity between them. While she was a blonde, of a complexion as delicate as that of the rose-leaf, the crimson blood betraying itself through her cheeks at every pulsation, he was dark and swarthy, with keen, quivering black eyes, and hair of the blackest hue and the richest gloss. A slight mustache, little deeper than a pencil line, darkened upon his lip; but nowhere was his cheek or chin rendered manly by a beard. This description must suffice. So much, perhaps, is necessary in connection with the character which we propose to draw.

His sister received him with a kiss and an embrace.

"You have been drinking wine, Alfred?"

"Yes, Ella. And I sometimes think that the liquor will choke me, as I drink at the board of Balfour."

"And why, pray?"

"He *bids* me drink, Ella; he does not ask. He *commands*; and you can scarcely understand how such a command should be offensive, when you know that I relish old Madeira as well as any one. But so it is. It is as if he would compensate me, in this manner, for the scorn, the contempt, the frequently haughty and almost brutal insolence of his tone and manner. How I hate him!"

"Bear with him, my brother, for our mother's sake."

"Do I not bear, Ella? Ah! you know not half."

"Nor would I know, Alfred, unless I could relieve you. But—he has, then, returned?"

"Yes; late this evening. He comes back in great good humor. He talks nothing now but of the famous beauty, Katharine Walton. She is his new passion; and Moll Harvey is in great danger of losing her ascendancy. Miss Walton is wealthy as well as handsome. I have not seen her; but she is already in the city."

"In the city, Alfred?" was the inquiry, in tones singularly subdued and slow, as if they required some effort on the part of the speaker to bring them forth.

"Yes. It appears that she arrived yesterday, or the day before. But I heard nothing of it till he came. He has already been to see her. She lodges with her kinswoman, Mrs. Dick Singleton, where you may have an opportunity of meeting her."

"I do not care to meet her, Alfred," was the hastily uttered answer; and the sounds were so

loud, that the youth, placing a hand on each of her cheeks, and looking steadily into her large blue eyes, inquired, curiously and tenderly—

"And why, Ellen, my sister—why have you no curiosity to see the beauty whom the whole city will run to see?"

"That alone should be a sufficient reason."

"Ah! but there is yet another, my sister. Your voice is very sad to-night. Ella, my dear Ella, beware of your little heart. I am not a sufficient counselor for it, I know; but I can see when it suffers, and I can give you warning to beware. You do not tell me enough, Ella. You do not confide sufficiently to your brother. Yet I see!—I see and fear!"

"What do you fear, Alfred?"

"I fear that you are destined to suffer even more than you have done. I have other news to tell you, which, if I mistake not your feelings, will make you still more unhappy."

"Do not—do not keep me in suspense, Alfred!"

"I will not. You will know it sooner or later, and it is best always to hear ill news, at first, from friendly lips. Colonel Proctor is disgraced, and that subtle, snake-like fellow, Vaughan, is now in command of the post at Dorchester!"

The maiden clasped her hands together in speechless suffering.

"Ah, Ella! I was afraid of this. I have seen, for a long time, how much you thought of Colonel Proctor; yet you told me nothing."

"And what was I to tell you? That I loved hopelessly; that my heart was yielded to one who had no heart to give; that I had been guilty of the unmanly weakness of loving where I could have no hope of return;—that, with the fondness of the woman, I lacked her delicacy, and suffered the world to see that passion which I should never have suffered myself to feel until my own heart had been solicited! Oh! Alfred, was this the confession that my brother would have had me make? You have it now! I have shown you all! Would it have availed me anything that I had told you this before?"

This was passionately spoken, and the girl covered her eyes with her hands as she made the confession; while an audible sob, at the conclusion, denoted the convulsive force of that emotion which she struggled vainly to suppress.

"Ah, my poor, sweet sister! It is what I feared. I have not studied your heart in vain. And, what is worse, I can bring you no consolation. I cannot even give you counsel. Proctor, it is said, is devoted to Miss Walton. It is through his passion for her that he is disgraced. He is said to have helped her father in his escape at Dorchester, and is to be court-martialed for the offence. The charge is a very serious one. It amounts to something more than neglect of duty. It is a charge of treason, and may peril his life; at all events, it perils his reputation as a man of honor and an officer."

"And this is *all* the doing of that venomous

creature, Vaughan! I *know* it, Alfred. This bold, bad man has been at work, for a long while, spinning his artful web about the generous and unsuspecting nature of Proctor. Can nothing be done to save him?"

"I do not see how *we* can do anything."

"Do not speak so coldly, Alfred. Something *must* be done. You know not how much may be done by a resolute and devoted spirit, however feeble, where it honors—where it loves! The mouse may relieve the lion, Alfred."

"You speak from your heart, Ella, not from your thought."

"And the heart has a faculty of strength, Alfred, superior to any thought. *You* may do something, my brother. *You will* do something. If we are only in possession of the counsels of the enemy, we may contrive to baffle them. You will see—you will hear. You will know where Balfour and Vaughan plant their snares; and we shall be able to give warning, in due season, to the noble gentleman whom they would destroy."

"Ella, my sister," replied the other, gravely, "you forget that I am, in a measure, the confidant of Balfour. It will not do for me to betray his secrets. I have hitherto withheld nothing from you. I have spoken to you as my other self; but, remember, these are not my secrets which I confide to you. They must be sacred. It is impossible that I should communicate to you the counsels of my employer, with the apprehension that you will use your knowledge to defeat them."

The warm, conscious blood rushed into the face of the maiden. She hesitated; she felt a keen sting of self-reproach as she listened; but, the next moment, she replied with an argument that has frequently found its justification in morality.

"But we are not to keep the counsels of the wicked. We are not to keep faith with those who aim to do evil. It is but right and just that we should seek to warn the innocent against the snare spread for them by the guilty."

Alfred Monckton was not equal to the moral argument. He waived it accordingly.

"But you forget, my sister, that the innocence of Colonel Proctor rests only on our assumption. Everybody believes him guilty. Of the facts we know nothing, except that they show against him. He has suffered a rebel to escape from justice even at the place of execution. He is reputed to be a devoted lover of this rebel's daughter. He was a frequent visitor at her residence, to the neglect of his duties in the garrison. The consequences are serious. All the loyalist families cry out against him; and the general impression of his guilt seems to be borne out by the facts and appearances."

"I will not believe it, Alfred."

"There, again, your heart speaks, Ella! Ah, my poor sister, I would that you had never seen this man!"

She exclaimed, hastily, and in husky accents—

"Perhaps I too wish that I had never seen him.

But it is too late for that, Alfred. I cannot control my heart; and, to you, I am not ashamed to confess that I love him fondly and entirely. You must help me to serve him, Alfred—help me to save him."

"And yet if he loves another!"

"Be it even so, Alfred, and still we must save him if we can. It is not love that for ever demands its recompense. It is love only when prepared for every sacrifice. I must seek to serve in this instance, though the service may seem wholly to be without profit to myself; and you must assist me, though, perhaps, at some peril to yourself. But there will be no peril to you really, as I shall manage the affair; and where the heart is satisfied in the service, it must needs be profitable. The love need not be the less warm and devoted, because felt for a being who is wholly ignorant of its existence. Let Proctor be happy with this rebel lady if he may. It is enough that he knows me not—that he loves me not! Why should he not love another? Why not be happy with her? The world speaks well of his choice. May they be happy!"

"It is not so certain that he loves hopefully, Ella. On the contrary, much is said against it."

"Ah, believe it not! She is sensible, they say; she will scarcely have listened to Proctor with indifference."

"You will call upon her, Ella?"

"No; that is impossible."

"How will you avoid it? She is the ward now of Colonel Cruden; and both Balfour and himself will expect all the loyalist ladies to do honor to one whom they have so much desire to win over to the cause. Besides, she lives with Mrs. Dick Singleton, and mother's intimacy with her—"

"Is not exactly what it has been. They still visit; but there is a spice of bitterness now in the eternal discussion of their politics; and they have tacitly foregone their intimacies. An occasional call is all that either makes. Still, mother will have to go; but there is no obligation upon me to do likewise."

"And have you really no curiosity to see this beauty?"

"No—yes! The very greatest. I would see, search, and study every charm, and seek to discover in what the peculiar fascination lies which has won that cold, proud heart. But I fear—I tremble, Alfred, lest I should learn to hate the object that he loves!"

"My poor Ella! what shall I do for you?"

"Do for *him*, Alfred. You can do nothing for me. I must do for myself. If I have been weak, I will show that I can be strong. I will not succumb to my feebleness. I will overcome it. You will do much for me, if you will assist me in saving Major Proctor from his enemies."

"And wherefore should I peril myself for one who has done you such a wrong?"

"There will be no peril to you, dear Alfred; and for the wrong, he has done me none. It is I, only, who have wronged myself."

"Ay, but there is peril—nay, little less than my sacrifice, Ella, which may follow from my helping you in behalf of Proctor. And I see not why I should risk anything in behalf of a man who will neither know nor care anything about the sacrifice we make. He has no claim upon me, Ella."

"Ah, brother, would you fail me?"

"What is this man to you or me? Nothing! And—"

"Oh, Alfred!—Proctor nothing to me, when he compels these tears—when, to mention his name only, makes my heart tremble with a mixed feeling of fear and joy! Oh, my brother, you are greatly changed, I fear!"

She threw herself upon the youth's bosom as she spoke these words of melancholy reproach; and his eyes filled with sympathetic drops as he heard her sobbing upon his shoulder.

"Alas! Ella!" he exclaimed. "You speak as if I had any power to serve or to save. You deceive yourself, but must not deceive me. I know my own feebleness. I can do nothing for you. I see not how we can serve Proctor."

"Oh, I will show you how!" she answered, eagerly. "A just and good man need have no fear of open enmity. It is the arts that are practiced in secret that find him accessible to harm. You shall show me how these spiders work, and where they set their snares, and leave the rest to me."

"Yes; but, Ella, you are not to betray any of my secrets. That would be dishonoring, as well as endangering me, Ella; and I much doubt if it would be of any service to the person you seek to serve. But I will help you where I can with propriety. If I can show you in what way you may avert the danger from him without—"

"Oh, yes! That is all that I ask, dear Alfred! That is all!"

The poor fellow little suspected to what extent the fond and erring heart of his sister had already committed both. He little knew that her secret agency—which might very naturally conduct to his—was already something more than suspected by the wily Vaughan.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not;
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers are more lawful." *King Lear.*

It was probably a week after this conversation, when, one night, Alfred Monckton returned home to his mother's dwelling at an early hour of the evening, and with a roll of papers beneath his arm. He was all bustle and weariness.

"Come with me, Ella, into the library," he exclaimed to his sister. "I have more work for you than ever."

Seated in the library, at the ample table, which was usually assigned to his nightly toils as the se-

cretary of the commandant—where, in fact, his labors as an amanuensis usually employed him, and, occasionally, his sister, until midnight—he proceeded to unfold an enormous budget of rough notes and letters, to be copied and arranged. In these labors, Ella Monckton shared with a generous impulse which sought to lessen the burden of her brother's duties. She now lent herself readily to his assistance, and proceeded to ascertain the extent of the performance which he required.

"These are all to be copied and got in readiness by the morning, Ella, and I am so wearied."

"Let me have them, Alfred; show me what I am to do, while you throw yourself upon the sofa and rest yourself."

"There, that's a good creature. Copy me that, and that, and that. You see all's numbered; letter them thus, A, B, C, and so on, just as you find them on the scraps; only copy them on these sheets. Here's the paper; and the sooner you set to work the better. I will come to your help as soon as I have fairly rested. If I could sleep ten minutes only."

"You shall. Give me the papers, and let me go to work."

And she began to gather up, and to unfold, and arrange the several manuscripts.

"Sny! Not these, Ella. And, by the way, you are not to see these, though they would interest you much. They concern Proctor."

"Ah!"

"Yes; they are notes for his trial. There is to be a court of inquiry, and these are memoranda of the charges to be made against him, with notes of the evidence upon which they rest."

"And why am I not to see these, Alfred?"

"Because I am positively forbidden to suffer them to be seen, Ella. Balfour seems a little suspicious, I think. He was most particular in his injunctions. The fact is, Ella, the allegations are very serious, and the proofs are strong. If the witnesses be of the proper sort, they will convict and cashier Proctor. The worst is, that they will take him by surprise; for, as it is to be a court of inquiry only, no specifications will be submitted, and he will scarcely anticipate these charges if he be innocent of them. There; I can't show them to you, so don't ask me."

"But, Alfred, will you really suffer me to do nothing—will you do nothing yourself—for the safety of a person against whom there is such a conspiracy?"

"What can I do? What should I do? I have no right to do anything which shall involve a breach of trust. You would be the last person, Ella, to expect it."

The poor girl sighed deeply, and looked wistfully upon the mass of papers which he detached from the others, folded up, and put away in his escritoire. But she forbore all further entreaty, and, with a good grace and a cheerful manner, proceeded to the work assigned her.

"And news for you too, Ella," said the young man, now looking up from the sofa upon which he had just flung himself. "Proctor is in town. He came down yesterday, and was this morning to see Balfour. But he refused to be seen—was too busy. Such was his answer; though I knew he was only busy with his tailor, whom he frequently consults—perhaps quite as frequently as any other person. Proctor waited in my apartment. I am truly sorry for him. He is a fine, manly-looking fellow, and wore so sad, yet so noble a countenance."

Another sigh from Ella—but she said nothing in reply; and, in a few moments, Alfred was asleep, fairly overcome by the toils of the day and the preceding night. She, meanwhile, urged her pen with a rapid industry, which seemed resolute, by devotion to the task immediately before her, to forget the exciting and sorrowful thoughts which were struggling in her mind. When her brother awoke, her task was nearly ended. But his remained to be performed; and, with assiduity that never shrunk from labor, she continued to assist in his. It was nearly midnight when they ceased.

"We have done enough, Ella, for the night, and your eyes look heavy with sleep. You are a dear girl, my sister, and I love you as brother never loved sister before. Do you not believe me? There, one kiss, and you must to bed. To-morrow night shall be a holiday for you. I mustn't receive assistance in that business of Proctor's, and that 's for to-morrow. Good night, Ella—good night!"

They separated, and took their way to their respective chambers. When Ella Monckton reached hers, she threw herself into a chair, and clasped her hands in her lap with the air of one struggling with a great necessity and against a strenuous desire.

"I must see those papers!" she muttered, in low accents, to herself. "They may be of the last importance in *his* case. I cannot suffer him to be crushed by these base and cruel enemies. Shall I have the means to save him from a great injustice—from a wrong which may destroy him—yet forbear to use them? There is no morality in this! If I read these papers without Alfred's privacy, in what is he to blame? He betrays no confidence; he violates no trust; he surrenders no secret. I cannot sleep with this conviction. I must see these papers!"

Where was the heaviness that weighed down those eyelids when her brother looked tenderly into her face at parting? He was mistaken when he ascribed their expression to the need for sleep. They were now intensely bright, and glittering with the earnestness of an excited will which has already settled upon its object. Her meditations were long continued, and, occasionally, broke out into soliloquy. Her mind was in conflict, though her will was resolute and fixed. But, with such a will, and goaded by the passionate sympathies of a woman's heart in behalf of the being whom it most loves, we can hardly doubt as to her final conclusion.

She arose, and left her chamber with the lightest footstep in the world; traversed the passage which divided her brother's chamber from her own, and listened at the entrance. All was still within, and his light was extinguished. She returned to her chamber with a tread as cautious as before; possessed herself of the lighted candle, and rapidly descended once more to the library. The *escriptor* was locked, but the key, she well knew, occupied the corner of a shelf in the library. Here she sought and found it. She paused when about to apply it to the lock, but recovered her resolution with the reflection, which she was scarcely conscious that she spoke aloud—

"It can't hurt Alfred; *he* violates no trust;—and I may save the innocent man from the snares of the guilty."

The moral philosophy of this speech was not quite satisfactory to the speaker herself. A moment after, and when the *escriptor* was laid open before her, and before her hands were yet spread forth to seize the papers, she clasped her palms together suddenly, exclaiming—

"Oh! Proctor, could you but know how much is the sacrifice I make for you!"

She sat down, covered her eyes with her hands, and the bright drops stole down between her fingers.

She did not long remain in this attitude. The night was going rapidly. She knew not the extent of the labor before her, but she felt that what was to be done should be done quickly. She unfolded the papers, which were numerous, consisting of letters, memoranda, and affidavits, and read with a nervous eagerness. Her heart beat more loudly as she proceeded. Her cheeks flushed, her eyes filled again with tears, as she possessed herself of the contents. The object of the papers was to show that the attachment of Proctor to the beautiful daughter of the rebel Walton had led to the escape of the latter; that the former had frequently neglected his duties; had been a frequent visitor at "The Oaks," and had studiously forborne to see those signs of treason and conspiracy which he had been particularly set to watch. It does not need that we should detail all the facts, as set forth in these documents against him. The nature of the charges we may conjecture from what is already known. The important matter in the papers was the sort of evidence, and the names of the persons, relied on to establish the accusation. The quick intelligence of Ella Monckton enabled her, almost at a glance, to see how much of this testimony it was important for Proctor to know, and to conceive how small a portion of it was possibly open to his conjecture. She shuddered as she reviewed the plausible array of circumstances by which he was encumbered; and, while her heart shrank from those particulars which showed the extremity of his passion for Katharine Walton, her mind equally revolted at the depth, breadth, and atrocity of the art, by which he was to be convicted as a criminal. With a quick and vigilant thought, she determined to afford the victim an opportunity

to encounter the enemy, who was evidently resolved upon surprising him by an ambush. She resolved to make a *catalogue raisonné* of the charges, the specifications, and the evidence under them. Love lent her new strength for the task ; and she who had sat up till midnight copying for her brother now occupied the rest of the night in abridging the documents which threatened the safety of the one whom she so unprofitably loved.

The gray dawn was already peeping through the shutters of her chamber window, when she was preparing to retire. She had completed her task. Excluding all unimportant matter—all unnecessary preliminaries—she had made out a complete report of the case as it was to be prosecuted before the Court of Inquiry. She had copied so much of the testimony as was needful to cover the points made ; dismissing all surplusage, and confining herself to the absolute evidence alone ; and completed the narrative by a full list of all the witnesses who were relied on to establish the charges against the victim. With this evidence in his possession, and with ample time allowed him, it was in Proctor's power, if really innocent, to meet his enemies on their own ground ; to encounter their witnesses with others, and rebut their allegations with all the proofs necessary to explain what was equivocal in the history of his unfortunate command at Dorchester. To cover the papers which she had copied out, in a brief note, and under a disguised hand to Proctor, was the completion of her task ; and this done, and the packet sealed, poor Ella, doubtful of the propriety of what she had done, yet the slave of a necessity that found its authority in her best affections, retired to her pillow, with eyes too full of tears to suffer them to be quickly sealed by sleep.

The very next day, Proctor was in possession of the package from his unknown but friendly correspondent, and saw, with mingled feelings of consternation and relief, how large a body of evidence had been conjured up against him, and with how much subtlety and art. Yet, with the game of his enemies revealed to him, he also felt how comparatively easy it would be to defeat their machinations. But let us not anticipate.

It was with some surprise, the next evening, that Alfred Monckton heard his sister propose to her mother to accompany her on a visit to Katharine Walton. He looked up, at the moment, and caught her eyes, but said nothing. But, an hour after, when Mrs. Monckton had retired, Ella herself volunteered

an explanation of the motives which had occasioned the change in her resolutions.

"If Colonel Balfour has set his heart upon this lady's being received into society, Alfred, it is particularly incumbent upon us to do what we can to please him. This will be the policy of most persons of the loyalist party in the city, and my refusal, or forbearance, to adopt the same policy would only subject me to suspicions. That my mother should go to see her, and not I, would certainly be suspicious."

She paused, and her brother met her glance with an equivocal smile. Her cheeks flushed, and then, with sudden energy of manner, she continued—

"And, the truth is, Alfred, I *must* see her. I shall never sleep until I do. I will nerve myself for the encounter with my best strength, and endure the meeting with all the courage and philosophy I can master. The enemy is never more formidable than when at a distance ; and—and—I am not without hope that, when I see Miss Walton near, I shall find in her such qualifications of her beauty as will serve to excuse a lover for becoming cold in his devotions, particularly if—if—he has no longer reason to indulge in hope."

"Never hope it, Ella. Opinion seems to be too universally agreed on this subject. But I am glad that you have thus determined. The sooner we can reconcile ourselves to a painful subject, which we are nevertheless compelled to encounter, the better for our happiness. You will have to meet her, soon or late, for several balls in her honor are in preparation. Colonel Cruden has already resolved on making the Pinckney House a sort of Palace of Pleasure, and, as their ward of the crown, Miss Walton is to be the queen thereof. He will be followed, as a matter of course, by the fashionable widow, Mrs. Cornelia Rivington, and she by a dozen others, all emulous, on a small scale, of working after her patterns. But I must to my task. These papers will keep me more than half the night. How I wish, Ella, that I could let you see them, but I dare not. Ah ! if poor Proctor only had these papers !"

And the young man proceeded to his solitary labors. His sister dared not look up and meet his glance, while he spoke so innocently of the secrets in his possession. She blushed at the consciousness of the theft of them, which she had committed ; her conscience not quite satisfied that, even with the most virtuous motive in the world, she was quite right in doing wrong.

(To be continued.)

KATHARINE WALTON: OR, THE REBEL'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE PARTISAN," "MELLICHAMPE," "THE KINSMEN,"
"THE YEMASSEE," ETC.

[Entered, according to the act of Congress, in the year 1850, by W. Gilmore Simms, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(Continued from page 100.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

"See'st thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? How giddily he turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty?"—*Much Ado About Nothing*.

It was eleven in the morning, by the massive mahogany clock that stood in the great entrance to the spacious dwelling at the foot of Broad Street, which was occupied by the fashionable Mrs. Rivington. This lady was the widow of a wealthy planter, one of the king's former counselors for the province, and, for a goodly term of years, the holder of an office of dignity and profit under that best tenure, "*durante bene placito*," in a monarchy. The worthy widow, as in duty bound, shared in the unselfish devotion to the crown by which her lord and master was distinguished. She was naturally true to an old school in which, not only had all her lessons, but all her fortunes, been acquired. She was now, accordingly, a fiery loyalist, and the leader of *ton* with all that class in the good city of Charleston who professed similar ways of thinking. She cut most others with little hesitation. She turned her back, with a most sovereign sense of supremacy, upon the Gadsdens and the Rutledges—upon all those, in other words, whom she could not subject to her authority. Resistance to her sway was fatal to the offender. A doubt of her supremacy was a mortal injury to be avenged at every hazard. She aimed at such a tyranny in society—though just as little prepared to avow her policy—as the King of Great Britain was desirous to assert in government; and, for the brief period of time in which the British troops were in sole command of the city, she exercised it successfully. She was an important acquisition to the garrison. She had wealth and the temper to employ it—was witty if not wise, and her supports were unexceptionable. Fair, but not fat, nor much beyond the tolerated border line in widowhood, of forty, Mrs. Cornelia Rivington had as many admirers, of a certain sort, as any of the more legitimate *belles* within the limits of the garrison. Stout, red-faced majors of foot, who had impaired their lives in the free use of curry and Jamaica, who enjoyed the good things of this life without much regard to the cost, when the expense was borne by another—

or to the evils, when the suffering only followed the feast and did not interfere with it—these were generally the most devoted admirers of the wealthy widow. They would have been pleased—a score of them—to persuade her out of her widowhood, at her earliest convenience; but, with all her infirmities of wealth and vanity—both of which prompt, quite commonly, to put one's self into the keeping of another—she had, up to the present moment, proved inaccessible to pleadings and persuasions upon the perilous subject of a second matrimony. Her life, as a widow, was more cheering and grateful, *sub rosa*, than she had found it when a devoted wife, subject to a rule at home, which had acquired its best lessons from an arbitrary official exercise of authority abroad. In brief, Mrs. Rivington's present mode of life was an ample revenge for her sufferings in widowhood. She had no notion of going back to the old experiences, and, perhaps, was by no means satisfied with the special candidates among the garrison who had sought, with bended bodies and fair smirking visages, for the privilege of *keeping* the soft hand, the touch of which, in the ordinary civilities of society, they professed to find so wondrously provocative of the desire for eternal retention. The widow smiled graciously enough upon her *blasé* admirers; but her smiles led to no substantial results, and afforded but little encouragement. As Major Kirkwood sullenly exclaimed among his messmates, at Tylman's Club House, on the Bay near Tradd Street—

"She's one of the few women I have ever met, who, with so much wealth, and not more than forty-five, has fairly cut her eye-tooth. She's not to be taken in by gammon. The fact is, boys, professions are of as little value in her eyes as in ours; and the whole game with her is one of a calculation too strict to suffer such nonsense as the affections to be taken into the account at all. What do you think she said to me, when I suffered myself to say some foolish, flattering nonsense in her ears?"

"You proposed to her, Osborne!" cried one of his companions, with a shout.

"Devil a bit! unless she construed a very common speech of the mess into a meaning which none of us think to give it."

"But which *you* as certainly meant, major."

"Out with it, Osborne, and confess you proposed. Your gills tell the story."

They were certainly red enough.

"Not so, I tell you, unless you find an avowal in a commonplace."

"What was it? The words—the words!"

The demand was unanimous, and, with an increasing redness of face and throat, the hardy major of sepoys admitted that he had suffered himself to say to the widow that he should be the happiest man in the world to take her widowhood under the shadow of the Kirkwood name.

"What," he added, "has been said by all of us, a thousand times, to a thousand different women, and without attaching any real meaning to the speech."

"Ha! ha! ha! That won't do, major. The speech is innocent enough, I grant you, at a frolic in the midst of supper, or while whirling through the ball-room. But time and place alter the thing very materially. Now, did you not say these innocent words in a morning call, and did you not entreat the meeting beforehand? The widow Rivington is not the woman to mistake a soldier's gallantry for a formal proposition. No, no! The whole truth, old boy. Confess! confess!"

"You push me quite too hard, Major Stock—quite too hard. I wonder where your accounts would stand, if you were scored in the same manner against the wall. But I frankly admit that it was in the course of a morning call that Mrs. Rivington construed my complimentary commonplace into a proposal."

"You die hard, Kirkwood," replied Stock. "But I have a reason for putting you to the torture, since, to anticipate detection, I am disposed to go to the confessional myself. The truth is, boys, I got an inkling of what Kirkwood intended. I had not watched his play at the trout for nothing. It was at Vauxhall that I overheard him arrange to see her at her house the next day. The hour and all was appointed, and a glance at the widow's eyes, at the moment, showed me that Kirk was a candidate for the 'back door out.' Half an hour after, I walked with her ladyship myself. I, too, had set my heart upon this same comely fish!"

"What, you, major?" was the query from several voices.

"You 've been on the sly, then?"

"I confess it, boys, in the bitterness of my heart, and with a sore conscience; happy, however, that I am able to lay my hand on another's shoulder and say, as the blind man said to the ass, 'there's a pair of us, brother?'"

"Well, what next?" demanded Kirkwood himself, somewhat impatiently.

"I'll make the story short for your accommodation. You arranged to call upon the widow at twelve. I intreated the privilege of seeing her just one hour later."

"The devil you did!"

"Yes, I faith; and I will venture a trifle that our answers were both in the same language."

"Yes, perhaps, if the questions were alike," growled Kirkwood.

"Oh, mine was a regimental commonplace, pretty much as yours. In plain terms, I did as you did, offered myself, hand, heart, and fortune—*pour passer le temps*—only, I assure you."

"And her answer?" quoth Kirkwood.

"What was yours?" demanded Stock.

"I'd as lief tell it as not. It was a sly answer, such as she would have made believing me to be in earnest."

"Or not believing it. But let 's have it."

"Major Kirkwood," said she, "I've seen too many people fresh from the blarney-stone, to allow me not to understand you. It will be your fault if you do not understand me. Of course, major, you mean nothing of what you say. If I could think that you did, I should think as little of your understanding as I should then believe you thought of mine. But, hereafter, even in jest, do not let me hear you speak such nonsense. We are both too old to suffer from any innocent credulity."

"Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! Hurrah for the widow! Rivington for ever! And your answer, Stock?"

"The same in substance, though not in words, but just as full of deviltry."

"Ha! ha! ha! What a widow! She'd kill off the regiment in short order."

"Well for us that precious few cut their eye-teeth so precociously," responded the good-humored Stock. "But you look sulky, Kirkwood. Don't harbor malice, my boy. The widow's suppers are as admirable as ever, and she smiles as sweetly as if she had never slung the blarney-stone in the face of either."

"Did she tell you of my visit?" growled Kirkwood, in painful inquiry.

"Not a syllable. I conjectured her answer to you from that which she made to me. Believing myself to be the handsomer, the younger, and the better man, and knowing her to be a woman of admirable taste, I naturally felt sure that you could not stand where I had fallen."

"Out upon you for a vain puppy!" cried Kirkwood, as the merriment of his comrades rang in his ears.

The laugh was against him, and he felt that any farther show of soreness would only exaggerate his annoyances. With an effort, he succeeded in recovering his strength and composure of face, and the two baffled candidates, a few moments later, were agreed to call upon the heedless widow, availing themselves of a new privilege which she had just accorded to the fashionable world, by which an ante-meridian visitation would escape misconstruction. Mrs. Rivington had just adopted a round of "mornings." Her rooms were thrown open at eleven, to remain open till one. Here she held *levées* for conversation wholly. The device was new—perhaps designed to legitimate such visits as those which Kirkwood and Stock had paid her. At

all events, she made the visits unexceptionable, and found security in numbers. In a crowd she could escape the dangers of a *tête-à-tête* with *blasé* majors of foot, each fresh from kissing the stone of blarney.

The old mahogany clock that stood, "like a tower," in the great passage of the stately mansion of Mrs. Rivington, at the foot of Broad Street, was, as we have said before, on the stroke of eleven, when the doors were thrown wide for the reception of company. And very soon they came. Mrs. Rivington was not the person to be neglected by the Charleston fashionables at that period, when the objection to the equivocal in place and birth was not so tenaciously urged as in modern times. The indulgent requisitions of that day insisted rather upon externals than the substance. In brief, wit and mirth, and good clothing, and manners *selons les règles*, satisfied the utmost demands of the nice and scrupulous, and nobody needed to boast of his grandmother to find his proper *status* on the floor. There were bores in those days as in ours, and, strange to say, some of the most unexceptionable in point of quality and family belonged to this description. But worlds and cities are oddly made up; and he who would be tolerant in building up humanity must not show himself hostile to any sort of blocks. Mrs. Rivington knew just as well as anybody else of what miscellaneous stuff society is made. She was indulgent in proportion to her experience.

"Ha! you there?" she said to Penfield, who wrote gent. after his name, and had once been a lawyer in hope to be attorney-general of the province. He had turned up his aristocratic nose at some of the *oi polloi* of the saloon.

"La, you there, counselor, and be merciful to yourself if not to me. Were we to admit the quality only, we should die of atrophy, or commit suicide, or some other less dignified sin; and were we not to suffer the *canaille*, our gentry would lack the only provocation that makes them endurable. You, for example, have scarcely had a word to say since your entrance, till you saw that long line of Smiths make their appearance, and since that moment your words and features have both been positively sublime. Shall I make the Smiths known to you? They are really very clever people—good company enough for the summer."

"I thank you. But how is the name spelled? With an *i* or *y*?"

"What difference does that make?" inquired Mrs. Rivington.

"All the difference in the world, madam. The Smyths and not the Smiths are to be known in society. It is the former only which you will find among the noble families of England. Indeed, the Smiths have all snub noses, which, as my venerable grandmother always assured me, is a sign of low birth and doubtful origin. Excuse me; but as they are crossing here, I'd rather find my way to the opposite end of the room. These steel mirrors of yours exhibit the outline admirably. They are just

at the proper hang. Ah, my dear Mrs. Rivington, could we only choose properly our guests!"

And, with a sigh, Penfield, *gent.*, crossed the apartment, while the Smiths, five in number, male and female, with a warm impulse, that betrayed freshness and exuberance, not the less grateful because vulgar, came forward almost at a bound, to acknowledge the presence of their hostess.

"You came but a moment too late, girls," said the widow. "I should otherwise have brought to your acquaintance the famous counselor, Penfield, a man of talents, and connected with the oldest families of the country."

"Pooh! pooh! no such thing, my dear Mrs. Rivington," cried Mrs. Jeremiah Smith, the mother of the flock. "You never made a greater mistake in your life. Old Penfield, the grandfather of this young fellow, was a good man enough, and quite honest, I believe. He was a first-rate silversmith: and all of our plate—no great deal, I allow—bears his stamp and brand. My father used to say, in his praise, that you could rely upon his putting into his spoons all the old silver that you gave him. As for this youngster"—so she called a person of thirty-five—"he was spoiled by Sir Egerton Leigh, who, finding that he wrote a good hand, took him as his secretary, and afterwards made something of a lawyer of him. And *that's* the true history. But I'll have a talk with him, and set him right in his genealogy."

"Do so, my dear Mrs. Smith, and you will be doing him a service. I really believe, if Mr. Penfield could learn the facts from a proper authority, it would be the making of him."

"Would he like it, think you, Mrs. Rivington?" whispered the old lady, now, for the first time, having some doubts on the subject.

"Oh, surely, my dear madam; he is the most grateful being in the world to any person who will prove, unquestionably, the antiquity of his family."

And the mischievous widow turned away to the reception of other guests; but not losing sight of the Smiths, whom she saw, in a drove, following in the wake of the mother as she waddled across the room, in full chase of Penfield, the gentleman.

The rooms were, by this time, filled with various groups of both sexes, civil and military. The British officers loomed out conspicuously in their scarlet, while, here and there, might be seen a loyalist captain or colonel, in the more modest green or blue of his own command. These persons were not prominent nor particularly popular, and it might be seen that they were not often sought out by the officers of the regular service. The ladies seemed inclined to give them the cold shoulder also, though this might be owing entirely to the fact that none of them had particularly distinguished himself by his services in the ranks of his majesty. General Williamson, who made his appearance at this time, was rather more in favor. But he was a *general*, and something still was expected at his hands. It was the policy of the British officers to encourage this

opinion, and to treat him accordingly. But even his star was on the wane. He felt it so, and rated the courtesies he received at their true value. He was not the person to figure in a saloon, and his appearance now was quite as much to prevent his absence being remarked, as to compel remark by his presence. Besides, Mrs. Rivington's reunions were of a sort to provide the *on dit* of the garrison, and note equally opinion and events. Williamson was too deeply involved in politics to find the scene an attractive one, and he lingered but a little while after showing himself to the hostess.

It was while he conversed with her, however, that the saloon was thrown into quite a buzz of excitement by the *entrée* of the famous belles, *par excellence*, the Harveys—the graces, as they were gallantly styled by the gallant Harry Barry. They were certainly beautiful girls; but the beauty, beyond comparison, of the three was Mary, the younger, lovingly and not irreverently called Moll Harvey. Beside her, all the other stars grew pale. Mary Roupell rapidly made her way to other groups in an opposite direction; the lively Phelps, more dignifiedly, followed this example; and, other smaller lustre, fearing, in like manner, that their lesser fires would be entirely extinguished, left an open path for the advancing beauties to the presence of the hostess. It will be enough if we confine our description of beauty, on this occasion, to the one being whose possession of it was thus conclusively recognized by the spontaneous fears of every rival. Moll Harvey was of middle size and most symmetrical figure. Ease and grace were natural to her as life itself; but her motion was not that simply of grace and ease. There was a free, joyous pulse in her movements, an exquisite elasticity, which displayed itself in a thousand caprices of gesture, and seemed to carry her forward buoyantly as a thing possessing the infinite support and treasure of the air. As song to ordinary speech, such was the relation which her action bore to the common movements of her sex. A fairy property in her nature seemed to bring with her the spring and all its flowers where she came; and the loveliness which appeared to ray out from her person, as she walked or danced, compelled the involuntary homage of the eye, making the thought forgetful of all search or inquiry except through that single medium.

It was the day for buckram figures and starched pyramidal structures upon the head, reminding you of the towery temples of the goddess Cybele. But Moll Harvey had quite too excellent a native taste to sacrifice her genuine beauties to these monstrous excesses of fashion. A wood-nymph could not have attired herself much more loosely. She would have served admirably as the model for Moore's Norah Creina—a free, flowing skirt, the cincture by no means too closely drawn, sufficing to show that her figure needed no making. A silken symar encircled, but did not inclose the bust, which, it must be confessed, was much more freely displayed than alto-

gether suits the taste of present times—so white, so full and exquisitely rounded.

Symmetry was the exquisite characteristic in the beauty of Moll Harvey. The white pillar of the neck, the skin softer and purer than ivory, delicately warmed by health and a generous blood, rose from the bust with a graceful motion that carried its expression also, and seemed endowed with utterance of its own. Nor was the head wanting to, nor the face unworthy of, the rest of our fair picture. A perfect oval, the brows rising up nobly and showing a goodly mass above the eyes; the eyes arched fairly, with brows of jetty black, not thick and weighty, yet impressive; the lashes long, the orbs full, but not obtrusive, lightening now, and now drooping, as with a weight of tenderness, changing with the rapidity of light in correspondence with emotions which were for ever quickening in her wild, warm heart; the nose and mouth both Grecian, of the most perfect cut and finish; and the chin sweetly rounded, to perfect the whole. When, over the white, full shoulders, you have thrown the happily disordered tresses, and when, upon the forehead, you mark the nice dexterity which has grouped the frequent locks in the most sweet and playful relationship, ready, like the silken streamers of the corn, to hold converse with every passing zephyr, you see the outline of look, face, form, feature, but lack still that inspiring presence, the life, the soul, which, like the aroma to the flower, proves the possession of a secret something to which these are but as the chalices that contain the essential spirit. See the life that lightens up the features into love, and gives a motion as of the first flights of a wanton bird, and you forget the external form in the real beauty of soul, and fancy, and feminine impulse, that animates it from within. Ah! too sadly left untutored that wild and froward heart, that passionate impulse, that delirious glow of feeling, which now but too frequently usurp the sway and overwhelm the affections—never so happy as when subdued and patient—with fierce passions, that appeal ever to the last sad tyranny of self.

The beauties of Moll Harvey naturally provoked reflections in respect to her future fortunes. The crowd which gathered about her, and the few that retreated from her side, were all equally familiar with her career. They had censured, free enough, in regard to her intimacy with Prince William, then a lieutenant in the British navy. They knew how devoted had been the attentions of Balfour, and how undisguised was his homage; yet they well knew that he had kept himself from any absolute commitments; and, knowing the humble character of her fortunes, and the selfish character of his ambition—his equal greed of wealth and power—they never doubted that the flirtation between the parties would never assume a more serious aspect, or, if it did, an aspect quite too serious to be grateful to the fame and future of the fairer. As the beauty swept by with her train, the whole subject was very freely

discussed by all that class "who but live by others' pain." Our excellent Mrs. Smith, still followed by the clan of Smith, was the first to open the survey.

"Her nose is out of joint now, I reckon. This Miss Walton is not only as handsome as she—every bit—but she's a fortune besides, and everybody knows how much that makes in the scale in showing where beauty lies. After all, the commandant knows—no one better—that it isn't what beauty *shows*, but what it can do—what it can buy or what it can bring—that it is most valued and valuable. Yes, you may put it down as certain, that Moll's nose is for ever out of joint in that quarter."

Good Mrs. Smith had not seen—perhaps had not cared to see—that, while she was making this most consolatory speech, the subject of it was passing directly behind her, and must have heard every syllable. The eye of Moll Harvey flashed, her lips curled with pride, and her brow darkened, and she inly resolved, from that moment, that she would allow no longer the trifling of her lover. She would no longer permit his enjoyment of the *prestige* belonging to such a conquest as herself, without paying the proper price for it. He should submit to wear those bonds which the world assumed him to possess the power to place on *her* hands at any moment. She disdained to listen to the farther conversation among the Smiths and their companions, but swept out of hearing as rapidly as was consistent with her pride and dignity. Her absence caused no cessation of the fire.

"As for Miss Walton comparing with our Moll in beauty, that's all a mistake," said Miss Calvert, a spinster who had become an antique without arriving at the condition of a gem. "I've seen this Walton. She's quite too large for beauty. Her features are all big; it is true they are somewhat expressive; but no more to compare with Harvey's than mine with Juno's."

"You've certainly gone to sufficient extremes for a comparison, my dear Miss Calvert," put in Major Barry, who, at this moment, joined the group, followed by his eternal shadow, Captain McMahon. Barry bowed and smiled the compliment, which his words did not convey. Miss Calvert's ears were thus taught to deceive her. She smiled in turn, and immediately responded to the dextrous little wit—the wit, *par excellence*, of the British garrison.

"Now don't you agree with me, Harry Barry?"

"There is, perhaps, but a single respect in which we should not agree, Miss Calvert."

"And, pray, what is the exception?" demanded the lady, with some little pique of manner.

"Nay, nay," he answered, slyly, "that confession must be reserved for a less public occasion. You were speaking of Miss Walton's beauty, and that of our Harvey. You are quite right about the former. She is large, but perhaps not too large for her particular style. She is evidently a fine woman—a magnificent woman, indeed—and, if to be styled a beauty, we may style her an angel of a beauty;

but Moll Harvey is a love of a beauty, and is so much the more to my liking."

"I knew we should agree," said Miss Calvert, triumphantly, and flattered, she knew not well why.

"Ah!" put in Captain McMahon, "Miss Walton is certainly a fine woman, a real lady, and a beauty, too. My friend Barry and myself called upon her yesterday, and, after a close discussion, we fully concurred in respect to her points."

"Egad, McMahon," cried Major Stock, "you speak of the lady as if you had trotted her out and scrutinized her with the eye of a jockey."

"What! does McMahon's pun escape you?" cried Kirkwood. "Do you forget that *points* is his word for *counters*. His image was taken from the whist table, not from the stables. He was thinking of the lady's *cash* when he discussed her *charms*. His idea of beauty—like that of most of us poor soldiers of fortune—must be built upon positive resources, such as tell just as seriously in a private bureau as in an army chest."

"I' faith, my friend McMahon is no more prepared to deny the soft impeachment than myself. The fact is, a mere beauty, however beautiful, is quite beyond the means of any of us. For myself, I confess to a preference for Moll Harvey, *per se*; the beauty of the Walton is quite too stately, too commanding for me. It half awes and overpowers me. Still, the *argumentum ad cremenam* tells wonderfully in her behalf."

"Ah, my friend Major Barry always discriminates the point most admirably. You must let me repeat his impromptu, made this morning as we left the hairdresser's, on this very subject."

"Nay, now, McMahon, my dear fellow, honor bright!" and the dext and tidy little major affected to be horror-stricken at the threatened exposure, while his little eyes twinkled with his anticipated triumph.

"Oh, but I must repeat, Barry."

"To be sure; repeat by all means. Come, Barry, this affectation of modesty won't do. You have not a single article in all your wardrobe that sits so badly upon you."

"What! you out upon me also, Stock?"

"I would save you from yourself, my boy, and from your own vanities, which will surely be your death the moment they assume the show of modesty. We have recognized you, by common consent, the wit and poet of the garrison. You have flung a thousand shafts of satire at the poor rebels and the rebel ladies; and we have applauded to the echo. Shall we be denied our proper aliment now? No! no! Ah, my dear Mrs. Rivington, you are here in season. Barry has been doing a smart thing, as usual."

"In verse, of course. Are we to hear it?"

"Are we to be denied?—particularly, when we are told that it relates to the rival beauties, the Harvey and the Walton?"

"How can you compare them, major?"

"I do not. I contrast them only. It is Barry's comparison that you are called to hear. His friend McMahon answers for it, and he is sufficient authority. We must have it."

"Certainly we must! Captain McMahon reads verses like an angel, I know; and, as *his friend* wrote them, he will be sure to read them with the best effect."

"There's no resisting that, McMahon. Come, clear your throat and begin. You are as long in getting ready as was the inspired beast that waited for the blows of Balaam."

"What beast was that, Major Stock?" was McMahon's innocent inquiry.

"Oh, one whose voice was that of an angel, so that the comparison need not give you any shock. Come, the ladies wait. Positively, Mrs. Rivington, I never saw so much anxiety in any countenance as in yours. How any gentleman should tantalize a lady's curiosity to such a degree is astonishing!"

"If my friend, Major Barry, will only consent," said McMahon.

"I won't stay to listen, McMahon," cried Barry, trotting out of the circle, but immediately passing to its rear, where his short person might remain unsuspected; his ears, meanwhile, drinking in the precious streams of his own inspiration.

Thus permitted, as it were, McMahon, the centre of a group which had now greatly increased, placed himself in a stiff, schoolboy attitude, and, thrice hemming, extended his hand and arm, in a preparatory gesture, as if about to drag the Pleiades from their place of shiring. The painful parturition of his lips followed, and the mouse-like monster of an epigram came forth, head and tail complete; and this its substance.

McMahon recites—

"When bounteous Fate decreed our Harvey's birth,
We felt that heaven might yet be found on earth;
But when the Walton to our eyes was given,
We knew that earth might yet be raised to heaven.
Indulgent Fates, one blessing more bestow—
Give me with Harvey long to dwell below;
And when, at last, ye summon me above,
Then let the Walton be my heavenly love!"

"Bravo! bravo! Harry Barry for ever, and his friend McMahon!" cried Major Stock, and the circle echoed the applause.

"And he did it, my friend Barry," said McMahon, with the sweetest simplicity of manner—"he did it in the twinkling of an eye, just as we left the hairdresser's. I was determined that it shouldn't be lost, and went back and wrote it down."

"You deserve the gratitude of posterity, Captain McMahon, and our thanks in particular," said the fair hostess, in the sweetest accents, and with a smile that did not wholly conceal the sarcasm in her thought.

"What," continued McMahon in his narrative, "could have put the idea into my friend Barry's head, at such a moment, I cannot conjecture. It

was as much like inspiration as anything I ever heard of."

"What put it into his head? Why the oil, the powder, the pomatum, and that picture of the Venus Aphrodite, rising in saffron from a sea of verdigris, which hangs up in the shop. Here's inspiration enough for a wit and poet at any time."

"Ah!" interposed Barry, now slyly pressing through the group, "I am always sure of a wet blanket at your hands, Stock."

"What! you there! And you have heard every syllable! Well, all I have to say, Barry, is this, that your modesty can stand anything in the way of applause, and take it all for Gospel."

What further might have been said on this fruitful subject must be left to conjecture; for, just at this moment, a smartly-dressed officer, of thirty, in the costume of a major, with a wild, dashing air, and long disheveled locks over a florid face, and a dark blue flashing eye, penetrated the circle with a cry of—

"Break off! break off! No more of your fun now; put on your gravest faces and rehearse for tragedy. Here's the commandant coming, all storm and thunder. There's the devil to pay, and no pitch hot."

"Why what's the matter now, mad Tom?" demanded Stock.

The new comer was famous, after a fashion, in the circle. He was distinguished from a score of Campbells in the city, by the grateful *nom de guerre* of mad, or crazy Campbell. To the former epithet he submitted, rather pleased than otherwise at the imputation. The latter was commonly used in regard to him when he had left the circle.

"Matter enough! Meadows and his train have been cut off by Marion's men. Half of the escort cut to pieces, and the rest prisoners. The wagons all captured, with all the stores. Meadows himself is badly wounded, maimed, and disfigured for life—mouth and nose beaten into one by the butt of a rifle."

"Shocking!" was the cry among the ladies. "Poor, poor Charley! what a fright he must be!"

"He seems to have felt it so; for so great was his fury that, even after the rebel who struck him was down—a monstrous fellow of twenty stone and upwards—Charley's fury never suffered him to stop hewing at the fellow till he had smitten off both of his ears close to the skull, giving him the Puritan brand for life."

Campbell's narration, received through third hands, is, as we see, something imperfect. We are already in possession of the facts.

"And Balfour?"

"He is even now coming in this direction, and in an awful fury. I pity all who vex him at this moment. It will need all the smiles of the fair Harvey"—bowing in the direction of the beauty, who had, by this time, joined the group—"and even those may not suffice, unless seconded by those of the fair Walton."

At this open reference to her rival's power, the imperious beauty bit her lips with vexation. Her eyes flashed with fires of scorn she did not seek to suppress, and she turned away from the circle as Balfour entered the apartment. But 'we need not linger for the tragedy. The farce is sufficient for our purpose.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"They teach their teachers with their depth of judgment,
And are, with arguments, able to convert
The enemies to our gods"—*The Virgin Martyr*.

WE pass from scenes of frivolity to those of graver cares and objects. This is the true order of human events, and the transition is more natural from gay to grave than the reverse, as they have it at the theatre, and as the moral poet orders it. It is an extreme change from the lively and thoughtless mornings of Mrs. Rivington, to the gloomy evenings at Mrs. Singleton's—from the fashionable and frivolous seeker after motley, in talk and habit, to the serious questioner in the sad affairs of life and its necessities. The two ladies, it may be said, are both politicians; but of very different schools. Mrs. Rivington, the widow of a royal official, finds it pleasant to respect his memory by adhering to his faith, the more especially as his party is in the ascendant, and as she rejoices in the tributes of a brilliant circle in which royalty commands all the voices. Her preferences will provoke no surprise among the great body of the people, since they represent a triumphant party and cause, and are themselves very agreeable social triumphs. Politics, in her circles, are not so much discussed as accepted; measures rarely command a single reflection, though our lady statesmen are as earnest in their declarations of fidelity to the reigning sovereign as ever were Madame Roland and her amiable associates, in respect to the abstract deities to which they offered their unavailing incense. At Mrs. Rivington's, you will hear as much said against rebellion as a provincial loyalism, ever solicitous to please, will always be found to say; but the politics of her circle were not calculated to afford much assistance to the councils of Balfour. Nevertheless, he greatly encouraged them. They had their uses in influencing, through the medium of society, the moods of all those doubtful, cupricious, and unprincipled, of whom, perhaps, the greater number of mankind are composed. The youthful of both sexes were always sure to find principles at Mrs. Rivington's suited to their own desires, if not to the necessities of the race and family.

The politics at Mrs. Singleton's were of a different sort. Balfour more than suspected that the old lady was engaged in labors that were forbidden; but he had been able to fasten upon no specific cause of offence. Yet was she busy, with a restless in-

rest, in the cause of liberty, that made her nights sleepless, and filled her aged head with vexing thoughts and subtlest combinations. Her house was a point of rounion with all those who, like herself, long for the overthrow of the existing *régime*; who yearn for the return of exiles, well-beloved sons of the soil, dear to their affections, precious to their hopes, the kinsmen of their blood. Hither came, almost nightly, those favoring the cause of the patriots, who, by reason of age, of sex, of feebleness, were suffered to remain within the city of the conqueror. What could these superannuated old men achieve or attempt, who might be seen at dusk, or after it, to enter the doors of the old-fashioned dwelling in Church Street? How should British lords and generals, captains and men-at-arms, apprehend anything from those ancient and well-bred ladies, or those fair and witty young ones, who showed themselves openly in this much-frequented domicile? Yet among these were many rare women, such as would have given strength to the Girondins, and armed them more ably for the work of their own and their country's safety. Mrs. General Gadsden, whose stately pride defied the sneer of the witting Barry; the fierce, proud spirits of Mrs. Savage and Mrs. Parsons, whom the same wit described as tragedy queens, so noble was their spirit, and so well prepared for the extremest perils of humanity. The names of Edwards, Horry, and Ferguson, highly and equally endowed with grace and courage; of Pinckney and the Elliotts, names immemorably allied with dignity and patriotism; these were all to be found regular attendants at the "evenings" of Mrs. Singleton. And these evenings were not given to pleasure, as were the mornings of the dashing widow Rivington. Grave studies occupied her guests; work was to be done under counsel of studious and far-seeing heads. Their words went forth from the city with significance to the remote interior, and were frequently followed by large results. They gathered and reported the signs of the times; they conveyed intelligence, sometimes money, and sometimes ammunition—shot and powder—to their brethren in arms. They devised schemes by which to relieve the city from its thralldom. In brief, the dwelling of which Katharine Walton had become an inmate, was the place of frequent assemblage for a very active and sleepless circle of conspirators.

Several of these were present with Mrs. Singleton and Katharine Walton, on the evening of the day distinguished by the opening of the fashionable "mornings" of Mrs. Rivington. From without, silence and darkness seemed to brood over the habitation; but there was an inner room, well lighted, around the centre-table of which might be seen a group of heads which would have been held remarkable in any council or assembly. That of the venerable Mrs. Singleton was itself a study. Her thin, attenuated visage was elevated by a noble forehead, which the few stray gray hairs about her temples, and the sombre widow's cap which she

wore, rather tended to ennoble than disparage. Her keen, gray eye and closely-compressed lips denoted vigilance, courage, and circumspection. It had all the fires of youth, burning, seemingly, with as much vigor as ever—the heart of the volcano still active, though in the bosom of the iceberg. Katharine sat beside her, a steady observer, and mostly a silent one, of the group and the subjects which it discussed. Old Tom Singleton, the wit and humorist, as well as patriot, stood up in the circle, hat in hand, preparing to depart. We shall speak of him more fully hereafter. Behind him stood a boy, sharp-featured and intelligent, of whom the parties spoke sometimes as George, and sometimes as Spidell, the lad being afterwards well known by the people of Charleston, by the two names combined, as a worthy and respected citizen. He carried on his arm a basket, which the ladies had been filling with tapos, laces, linens, and other small articles of dress, designed for a peddling expedition. At the bottom of the basket, however, might have been found one or more packets, cleverly done up, and looking very innocently upon the outside, which a very quick-sighted royalist might have found to contain any quantity of treasonable matter. The youth of the lad, and the seeming openness of his operations, however, were calculated to disarm suspicion. George Spidell, in fact, was under the active superintendence of Joshua Lockwood, one of the conspirators of the circle, employed constantly as a sort of supercargo in a large *periagua*, which was busily engaged in plying between the city and all the landings and inlets along shore to the Santee River. Stopping at certain well-known points, George was sent ashore with his basket in search of customers; but it was always understood that his visit was first to be paid to certain well-known dwellings. Here it was that the secret package at the bottom of his basket was invariably sought out and selected; and in this manner, Marion, and Horry, and Mayham, and others of the partisan captains, contrived to receive weekly information of the condition of affairs in the city. Lockwood, the principal in these expeditions, and little George, his subordinate, suffered some narrow escapes in these innocent expeditions. But these must not beguile us into further digression.

"Let us be off, Lockwood," said old Tom Singleton; "we shall have little time to spare. The tide will serve at daylight, and George must have some sleep before he starts."

"He needs it and deserves it," said the hostess, kindly, looking at the boy. "But have you eaten heartily, my son?"

The boy glanced at the plate, still remaining on a side table, which exhibited very few fragments, but enough perhaps for a sufficient answer to the question.

"Thank you, ma'am, yes," he answered; "and I have this, too," he added, showing a huge triangular mass of cake, which he had deposited within his basket. The party smiled.

"George is seldom off his food," said Lockwood, "pursuing such a pleasant life."

"And he has learned one of the best lessons," said Singleton; "that of making provision for the morrow; the one great virtue which distinguishes the wise man from the fool. Let us practice a little upon this lesson ourselves. It is understood that nothing more remains to communicate to our friends. You were speaking, Doctor——"

Singleton paused, his glance fixing upon one of the gentlemen of the circle who had hitherto been silent. All eyes were turned upon this person with an expression of deference and esteem. This was the celebrated David Ramsay, one of the first historians of the country, and a physician of high distinction. He was then in the prime of manhood, and in the full vigor of his intellect. In person he was about five feet ten, healthy and somewhat athletic, but not stout. His countenance was by no means a handsome one, but it was not an unpleasing one. A blemish in one of his eyes, from small-pox, gave a slight obliquity to his gaze; but the entire character of the face was impressive and somewhat prepossessing. An earnest reflection and cool, intrepid judgment, were clearly shown in the speaking countenance and the eager and almost impetuous manner. His utterance was vehement and rapid, but always clear and intelligible. Thus addressed by Singleton, his answer was prompt.

"We were speaking of Williamson. What you hear is no doubt true. His situation is precisely as is described; and, doubtless, he never really intended to betray his country or himself. He was only too weak to be honest at a moment of great external pressure. He has shrewdness enough to see that his future situation is unpromising, and foresight enough to discover that Britain has exhausted her own resources, and must now really rely on ours, if she hopes to continue the war. But the partisan warfare has put an end to this hope with all persons of sagacity. The partisans must increase in number daily, and their frequent small successes will more than avail in keeping up the popular courage against the occasional large victories of the British regulars. Now I take for granted, from all I know of the man, that this prospect has been fully presented to his eyes. It will become more and more evident with every day. But is this a reason that we should trust him with ourselves or with our secrets, particularly as he has not yet so far committed himself to us as to give us any proper hold upon him? I suppose that Colonel Singleton is in possession of a certain amount of proof—that Williamson has, in fact, given pledges of returning fidelity; but of the character of this proof and these pledges we know nothing; and they may be such as an adroit person might readily explain away. I am of opinion that we should, at present, make no use of this information. We should watch him, and when he can clearly serve us in any important matter, it will then be time enough to let him under-

stand that we are in the same vessel with himself; but, with my consent, not a syllable before."

"You are right, doctor. Once a traitor, always a traitor. He may be useful—*would* be useful, if he could be true; if treacherous, he might sink our vessel in the moment when the gale was most prosperous, and when we are most richly freighted. Let Robert Singleton manage the matter with him wholly; he has coolness and sagacity enough for any purpose; and there seems to be no reason that we should mix in this business; at all events, not for the present. I confess that, to have any communion with Williamson at all, suggests to me the idea of that unhappy conference—the first on record—which our excellent, but too accessible, grandmother had in Eden with the great sire of all the snakes!"

A laugh rewarded this speech, the sentiment of which was generally echoed by the company. The speaker was a lovely and spirited woman, the fairest among the Carolina rebels, the witty, wealthy, and accomplished widow of Miles Brewton, Esq. The father of this lady, Edward Weyman, was among the first of the Carolina patriots to declare himself under "Liberty Tree" in 1766. She inherited his patriotism; and Mary Weyman was, by training and education, well fitted to become the wife of Brewton, who was as strenuous in support of the revolutionary argument as ever was his father-in-law. By marriage with this gentleman, she became strengthened in her attachment to the cause. Her associations rendered it the prevailing sentiment of the household. Her husband was brother to the celebrated Rebecca Motte, and uncle of Mrs. Thomas Pinckney; and their decided sentiments in behalf of the *mouvement* party in America, even if her own had been inactive, would have sufficed to determine hers. But there needed nothing beyond her early training to bring about this result. She was not only a warm patriot, but a thoughtful and a witty one. While observing the utmost grace and delicacy in her deportment, in the society of British and loyalists, not withholding herself from them—polite and even sociable with both—she was yet capable of uttering the most sharp and biting sarcasms with the most happy dexterity. Her mind was fresh, sparkling, and original; her manners equally graceful and lively; and she brought to the business of conspiracy a shrewdness and depth of opinion which appeared somewhat anomalous, though never unbecoming or out of place, in union with her pleasant wit and surpassing beauty.

"Why, Brewton," said old Tom Singleton, playfully, "you speak with singular feeling of your venerable grandmother's associates; as if, indeed, you had some personal cause of complaint."

"And have I not? Is it not sufficient reason for complaint that her weaknesses should have left us perpetually subject to the sarcasms of your pestiferous sex; in which, though you always play the snake, you still chuckle at your capacity to take advantage of the woman?"

"Well, the worst reason for your discontent still remains unspoken," said the other.

"Ah, what is that?"

"Verily, that your complaints avail you nothing, nor your resolves either; since you only murmur against a fate."

"Which means that, doomed to a connection with your sex, we are never secure against the snake finding its way into our garden. I suppose *that* is our fate; but, at all events, there is no reason that we should not bruise his head with the hoe whenever we discover him. In the case before us, knowing the reptile, it is agreed we shall keep him for a distance. It will be no bad policy, whenever we do admit him, that we should first be careful to see that his teeth are drawn."

"I am afraid," said Singleton, "if you do that, you deprive him of all power of usefulness. But we need not discuss the matter further. It will be time enough to do so when we shall be perfectly satisfied that he has *cast his skin*. In the mean time, it is agreed that we leave him in the hands of Bob Singleton."

"Ay, ay," said the fair widow; "we may safely do so. *He* has quite enough of the family art to keep a menagerie, yet never fear the fangs or claws of its beasts."

The allusion was to a private collection of beasts, birds, and reptiles, which old Tom Singleton kept for his own amusement.

"Ah!" said the latter, who found something grateful in the allusion—"ah, Brewton, by the way, you are yet to make the acquaintance of my juveniles. I have added to my collection. I have a Rawdon and a Balfour; a young Bruin from Buncombe, one of the most surly of dignitaries, brown and bigoted; and a surprisingly dexterous monkey from Yucatan, who is a perfect model of an appropriator. In a week, I shall have them both in costume, and you must come and make their acquaintance."

"Present me to his lordship, at least. The bear, by all odds, is preferable to the ape."

"Look you, Singleton," said Lockwood, bluntly, "you will peril your neck always upon your tongue. I pray you, Mrs. Brewton, say not a word further, or you will keep Singleton here all night. We have much to do before midnight, and old Tom belongs to that class of lawyers who prefer to lose a case rather than a witticism. He is so far like your own sex, that a last word with him at parting is essential to his rest for the night."

"Good!—very good!" responded Singleton. "We may now claim, between us, to have a power like that of Falstaff, and are not only witty ourselves, but the cause of wit in other persons. Ah, Josh, make your bow to Brewton. She has been to you what the angel was to that excellent beast which Balaam knew better how to beat than ride."

"Away with you!" cried the widow. "You are as inveterate as an ague, and cause-shaking sides wherever you come. Hence, contagion! Begone, before we have another fit."

The party were preparing to leave—old Singleton, at least, with Lockwood and Master George Spidell, who, by this time, had begun to munch upon the angles of his three-cornered cake; but, at this very moment, the trotting of horses was audible from the street.

"Hark!" said Mrs. Singleton, "they approach."

The sounds ceased at the entrance, and the company rose in preparation, if not in apprehension. Frequent experience had made them instinctively conscious of danger.

"You cannot go forth now," said Mrs. Singleton, "and must steal to your hiding-places. We are to have visitors. You, cousin Tom, and Mr. Lockwood, had better take the back-door into the garden, while you, doctor and Master George, will please step up stairs. Take the basket with you, George."

A heavy rap at the knocker, and the parties thus addressed hurried instantly out of sight, according to the given directions. In another moment, the doors were opened, and the British colonels, Balfour and Cruden, were announced.

CHAPTER XXV

BEAT. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick; nobody marks you.

BENED. What, my dear lady Disdain! Are you yet living?—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

KATHARINE WALTON would have left the room when these persons were announced, but Mrs. Singleton arrested her. Policy was in conflict with good taste at present.

"You must remain, Kate; it is a necessary ordeal. Have patience. We must submit with a good grace where resistance is without profit. Let us conciliate those whom we cannot defy."

She was prevented, by the entrance of their guests, from further remarks of this nature. The ladies all had resumed their seats before the appearance of their visitors. Some were busy in needlework; one appeared to have been reading, her finger resting between the leaves of a volume that she held in her hand. The fair widow Brewton alone seemed to be unemployed, as, perhaps, her more natural rôle lay rather at the tongue's than finger's end. She occupied a venerable arm-chair, which might have dated from the time of Queen Elizabeth. In this she reclined rather than sat, the capacious seat giving full scope to her form, which was seen to the very best advantage. Thus reclined, with her head leaning over the side of the chair, rather than against its back, an arch smile playing on her features, and a world of mischief, concentrated and bright, looking forth from the half-shut eye, she encountered the first glance of the British dignitaries. Balfour's hurried look around him took in the whole assembly. Mrs. Singleton rose, at the entrance of the two—"areades ambo"—and welcomed them to seats with a stately grace and a cold dignity, that made

itself felt, yet left nothing which could be complained of. Salutations were soon exchanged between the parties. Balfour was quite ambitious of the character of the easy, well-bred gentleman. He aimed at that pleasant exhibition of *haut ton* which never forgets to show its consciousness of superiority.

"Mrs. Singleton, I am glad to see you looking so well. When I last had the pleasure of calling, you were complaining. You must give me credit for magnanimity, my dear madam, since we might well be out of humor with one who has a kin-man who proves so troublesome to us. I take for granted that you are aware of the recent performances of Mr. Robert Singleton. I could wish, for your sake, madam, if not his own, that this young man had not so deeply involved himself. I am afraid that he has passed that limit when it would have been the pleasure, no less than policy, of his majesty to hold out to him the hopes of mercy."

"You are very good, Colonel Balfour; but I doubt if Robert Singleton will easily be persuaded that this boon is so necessary to his happiness."

"Ah, my dear madam, do I find you still incorrigible?"

"At my age, sir, change of principle and feeling is not easy. You will give me credit, sir, for a frankness which has never, from the beginning, attempted any disguise of sentiment."

"I regret to make the concession, madam. I sincerely wish that it were otherwise. It is, perhaps, fortunate for all parties, however, that the cause of his majesty renders necessary no coercion in the case of your sex. We are content that time shall do its work. Events that are inevitable will perhaps reconcile you to a condition against which you erringly oppose yourself at present."

Mrs. Singleton bowed with a dignified gravity, but was silent. Balfour now passed round the table and approached Katharine Walton.

"And how is our fair captive?"

"Even as a captive should be, sir. I sigh for the green pastures. I have lost my voice. I sing no longer."

"We shall recall it! We shall hear you again in song. You will surely soon become reconciled to a captivity that brings you security under loving guardianship."

"Never! never! I am not conscious of any better security here than at Dorchester, nor do I need any more loving guardianship than that which I have always enjoyed."

"Ah, I see that you are in the hands of erring counselors. I am afraid, Mrs. Heyward, that something of this willfulness is due to your ministry. Why is it that one so capable of devotion to a cause should yet be possessed of so little loyalty to her proper sovereign?"

"Meaning George the Third, Colonel Balfour?" replied the lady addressed, a very noble-looking lady, majestic in person, and of singularly fine features.

"Surely!"

"He is no sovereign of mine, sir!"

"My dear madam, will you never take warning from the past?"

"Would Colonel Balfour remind me of the assault upon my dwelling by a ruthless mob, when a dear sister lay dying in my arms? Would he force upon me the recollection of that dreadful brutality, which would have torn a woman to pieces because she refused to show pleasure in the misfortunes of her country? Really, sir, if this is the process by which my loyalty is to be taught, I fear that you will find me the dullest of your pupils."

Balfour's insolence, as usual, had made him blunder. The indignant feeling expressed by the lady was too natural and proper not to find the fullest justification in every mind. Mrs. Heyward's dwelling was assailed and battered by a mob, because she refused to illuminate in honor of the successes of the British. The commandant of Charleston turned away to some of the other ladies. He was somewhat abashed, but not silenced. After certain speeches, meant to be gallant, addressed to Mrs. Savage and Mrs. Charles Elliott, he approached the fair widow Brewton. He was rather afraid of the lady, whose readiness of retort, sufficiently experienced by all of the British officers, was of a sort which enabled her to shape every answer to a dart, and to find, in the most cautiously uttered address, the sufficient provocation to a witticism.

"Have I found thee, mine enemy?" he said.

"Knowing me as such," she replied, "you have sought me out last. Shall I refer this to your gallantry or your caution?—to the sense of my weakness or your own?"

"To mine own, of course," he answered, bowing.

"The admission is an appeal to my magnanimity," said the widow; "and yet the foe who acknowledges his feebleness and intreats for mercy has no longer the right to entertain a hostile feeling. He must surrender at discretion, in order to obtain the boon which he solicits."

"Why, so I do! You have always found me at your feet."

"Yes; but with the spirit of one who was weaving snares for them all the while."

"Is the sex so easily onmeshed?" he answered, with a sneer.

"Good faith and innocence, which look upward always, are too frequently unconscious of the subtle enemy of whose existence they have no suspicion; since no feeling in their own bosoms suggests their image. But, when I spoke of the snares of the evil one, I said nothing of his success. We are told that the faithful and the true, the innocent and the good, shall always triumph in the end; we are equally assured that evil shall not always exist, and its triumphs shall be temporary. It is the special curse of sin that it must labor in the service of the devil, and without profit; must weave its snares with the toil and industry of the spider, day after day, only to be mortified constantly with the ease and freedom with which, at the proper moment, the

supposed victim breaks through all the meshes woven about its feet. I assure you, colonel, when I behold you, and others in your livery, busily working, day and night, in this futile labor against the freedom of our people, I think of these long-legged gentry who congregate in the remote corners of the wall; and I look every moment for the approach of Molly with the house-broom."

"Still keen, sharp, piercing, and cutting as ever."

"How should it be otherwise, since, at every turning, we find the hone; the curious necessity of which seems to be to sharpen the instrument which shall finally separate it in twain."

"Nay, your metaphor halts. The stone may suffer abrasion and diminution from wear; but to be cut in twain by the knife it sharpens—" He paused.

"I suppose I must not complain that a soldier in the service of such a prince as George of Hanover does not readily recall the lessons of history. My metaphor lacks nothing. My allusion was to the case of the Roman augur, Accius Nævius. Your Livy will tell you all the rest."

"You gain nothing, Balfour," said Cruden, sulkily, "in a conflict with Mrs. Brewton."

"Oh yes! I trust that both of you gain in proportion to your need. I shall suppose that to be far greater than I even regard it now, if, indeed, you do not profit in one respect. He who carries a weapon that he knows not well how to use, or encounters voluntarily with an enemy whom he cannot overcome, is in a bad way, indeed, if he does not acquire some lessons of humility at least from such experience."

"Wisely said that, Cruden. But, of a truth, we must, in some way, overcome an enemy so formidable as Mrs. Brewton. We must do this by love, by service, by devotion, such as the cavaliers of the Middle Ages paid to their chosen mistresses. We must woo and win, if we can, where we cannot overthrow. How shall we do this, Mrs. Brewton? You are surely not insensible to the reputation you would enjoy, and the good that you would do, in making us worthy of your affections rather than your hostilities?"

"Alas, sir! If it be not sin to venture any opinion as to God's hidden providence, I should say that he must find it easier to make a thousand new generations than to mend an old one. You must be born again, before anything can be done with you; and the fear is that, even then, the second childhood will find you quite as prone to perversion as the first."

"Mrs. Brewton, you are incorrigible!"

"I am as God made me, sir; and if it be a proof that I am incorrigible, that I refuse to submit to any but proper authority, I bless God that he has endowed me with this quality!"

"You got my invitation?" asked Cruden, abruptly.

"Yes, I did; this morning."

"Well, you are not too much a patriot to come. Your stoicism and satire will hardly revolt at good fellowship?"

"Surely not. But I should accept your invitation from quite another motive."

"Ah, indeed! And pray what is that?"

"Patriotism is a gloomy virtue just now, and satire, in her circles, lacks all provocation. I shall go to yours in search of it. Of all medicines, I find the most perfect in being able to laugh at the follies of mine enemy."

"Well," said Cruden, doggedly, "I don't care on what footing you put it, so you come. I should rather you should laugh at us than be denied the pleasure of seeing you laugh at all."

"You improve decidedly in voice, as the fox said to the crow, whose cheese he envied. I shall surely look in upon you; but I warn you to do your handsomest. In entering the house you occupy, I shall be reminded of many a pleasant and joyous party in the circle of Cotesworth Pinckney; and though I can scarcely look to the British officers in Charleston to supply all of the essentials which made that circle a pride and a delight, yet, in mere externals, I take for granted, as you have all the means, you will not suffer yourself to be outdone."

"We shall certainly do our best to find favor with one whom we so anxiously desire to win," was the answer, with a bow.

In regard to this appointed *fête*, Cruden had already been speaking, though in under tones, with Katharine Walton. Balfour now made it the subject of remark to her.

"We shall have the pleasure of seeing you there, Miss Walton. You must not suffer yourself to adopt this ungenial humor of your associates. Nay, I would prefer that you should even put on the mocking spirit of my witty foe, Mrs. Brewton, and make your appearance, though it be only to find cause for sarcasm."

"Colonel Cruden requires my attendance, and I submit to his wishes," replied the maiden, calmly.

"Nay, I could wish that you recognized rather the requisitions of society than of authority, in this matter."

"It need not be a subject of discussion, sir, whether I obey my own will in this respect, or that of another. If not indisposed, I shall certainly be present. I have no wish to increase the animosities which exist between our friends respectively."

"A proper feeling, and one that might, with more profit, be entertained by all."

An interval ensued in the conversation, which we have only detailed in portions. On a sudden, the eye of Balfour caught sight of a pair of large gloves upon the table. He stretched out his hands and gathered them up.

"Are these yours, Cruden?" he asked.

"No. Mine are here."

He turned them over, and muttered—

"They are not mine, yet are they a man's."

Mrs. Singleton quietly interposed—

"They are probably Tom Singleton's. He was with us a while ago."

Balfour smiled skeptically. He had, in the mean-

time, while turning the gloves over, discovered the initials "D. R.," printed legibly within them. He said nothing, but threw them back upon the table. At this moment, a strange sound was heard from an inner passage conducting to the stairway. It was strange because of its suddenness, but of no doubtful character. Every ear at once distinguished it as issuing from a human proboscis—a most decided snore, such as might be expected naturally to issue from the nostrils of a lusty urchin after a supper in excess, and from sleeping in an awkward position. Balfour and Cruden smiled, and looked knowingly in the faces of the ladies. But Mrs. Singleton remained entirely unmoved, and the rest looked quite unconscious. The snore was repeated with renewed emphasis.

"Not a bad imitation of Tarleton's bugles," was the remark of Balfour.

"It reminds me very much of one of Knyphausen's," responded Cruden; "that of the little Hessian who had lost his nose by a sabre cut. You remember him? When he blew, it was evidently the play of two distinct instruments, the one, however, clearly inferior to the other."

"Yet it *would* maintain the rivalry, and continued to do so to the last. The nostrils—all that remained of them—never would give way to the bugle; and 'Drick'—so they called him—short for Frederick, probably—went on blowing a double bugle, doing the service of two men, until a shot through his lungs cut off effectually the supply of wind necessary for both instruments."

The music from the interior audibly increased.

"That instrument might be trained to good service, like that of 'Drick,'" continued Balfour, who was apt to pursue his own jests to the death. "It has all the compass and volume, and the blasts are quite as well prolonged, without subsiding into that squeak or snivel, which rendered 'Drick's' music rather unpleasant at the close. Pray, Mrs. Singleton, where were you so fortunate as to find your bugler?"

The old lady replied with most admirable gravity.

"Really, Colonel Balfour, but for the sex of poor Sally, she should be at your service in that capacity. Kate, my dear, go and wake up the girl, she is asleep on the stairs."

Katharine rose, and Balfour also.

"Suffer me, Miss Walton, to save you this trouble," said the officious commandant, somewhat eagerly, advancing, as he spoke, towards the door leading to the passage.

But it was not the policy of Mrs. Singleton that he should find Master Spidell in her dwelling. Kate Walton hesitated. The old lady spoke, coolly, deliberately, yet with a manner that was conclusive.

"Thank you, Colonel Balfour; but I prefer that you should see Sally out of *deshabille*. I can't answer for the stupid creature's toilet at this hour. That she has so far forgotten herself as to bestow her music on us from such near neighborhood, makes me doubt how far her trespasses may be

Replied, "I do you see to her, Kate; we will dispense with the commandant's assistance, even in a duty so arduous as that of routing up a drowsy negro."

The last phrase forced Balfour once more into his seat. He felt how greatly his dignity would suffer at being caught in the proposed office. Had he any suspicions, they would have been quite hushed in the consideration of his own *amour propre*, and in the coolness and admirable composure maintained by Mrs. Singleton. Her allusion to the possible *abandon* of Sally, in the matter of costume and toilet, which made the younger ladies cast down their eyes, was also suggestive, to the coarse nature of the commandant, of a sort of humor which is properly confined to the barracks. We will not undertake to repeat the sorry equivokes in which he indulged, under a mistake, natural enough to such a person, that he was all the while very mischievously witty. Kate Walton, meanwhile, had penetrated the passage and wakened the sleeping boy. He had been doubled up upon the stairs, and a few more convulsions of the nostrils might have sent him rolling downwards. Fortunately, his shoes were off, and, roused cautiously, he was enabled to retrace his steps to the upper room, where Ramsay was impatiently—but without daring to move—awaiting the departure of the hostile guests. This event was not long delayed after the occurrence described. Having exhausted his stock of slipperies, and succeeded in whispering some soft flatteries into the ears of Katharine, he turned to Mrs. Brewton, reserving his "*last words*" for her. He said something to this effect, spoke of his testamentary addresses; and the retort, quick as lightning, sent him off in a jiffy.

"Ah, Colonel Balfour, were they indeed your '*last words*,' you know not how gladly we should all forgive your offences—nay, with what gratitude we should accept the atoning sacrifice, as more than compensative for all the evils done in your very short life!"

"Confound her tongue!" exclaimed the enraged commandant to his companion, as they left the house together. "It is all Tartar! What a viper she has at the end of it! But I shall have my revenge. She is at mischief, and shall pay for it. These people are all conspiring; those gloves were Dr. Ramsay's; and you heard the old woman admit that Tom Singleton had but lately left them. The hag said the gloves were *his*, not dreaming that I had seen Ramsay's initials in them. I have no doubt that both are in the house at this moment. They will emerge probably very soon after they hear us ride away. Now let us see if we cannot detect them. By occupying the opposite corners, we can readily see all who pass, and, ten to one, we find Ramsay, Singleton, and others whom we do not suspect, have been at this secret meeting. I only want a pretext for putting them all in limbo. There is more confiscation to be done, Cruden."

"All 's grist that comes to my mill," was the re-

sponse of Cruden, with a horse chuckle, as he mounted his horse.

A groom, in the undress costume of a soldier, stood in waiting, his own steed beside him, as he brought up that of Balfour. To him the latter gave his instructions, and the party divided in opposite directions, moving off at a moderate canter.

The sound of their departing footsteps brought the male conspirators from their several places of hiding. Tom Singleton and Lockwood looked in from the garden impatiently, summoning Ramsay and the boy, George, from the interior. Meanwhile, the unlucky gloves were once more brought upon the *tapis*. Mrs. Brewton had remarked the peculiar smile upon Balfour's visage as he turned them over and heard them ascribed to Singleton, and her curiosity was awakened. The moment he had gone, she darted from her seat, and hastily snatching up the gloves, discovered the two capital letters conspicuously printed within the wrist.

"Now, out upon the man," she cried, indignantly, "who must set his sign-manual upon all his possessions, however insignificant, as if he for ever dreaded robbery!—who must brand ox, and ass, and everything that he has, with his proper arms and initials! Oh, doctor"—turning to him as he entered, and holding up the gloves, big with his initials, before his eyes—"for a wise man you do a great many foolish things! Look at that! See the tell-tales you carry with you wherever you go!"

"Ah, Brewton, this was certainly a childish folly. But wisdom affords few impunity, since, in due proportion with our knowledge, is the conviction we feel of the vast possessions that we can never acquire. I shall take care of this hereafter. In the mean time, has any mischief been done?"

"Balfour has read the initials."

"He knows, then, that I have been here. But this is nothing."

"Much to him; regarding you, as he must, with suspicion."

"Besides, it was unlucky," said Mrs. Singleton, "that, supposing them the gloves of cousin Tom, I admitted that *he* had just left us also. To know that you both were here, and with us, all of whom are looked upon with evil eyes, is to set his suspicions at work. We must move more cautiously."

"Right!" said Singleton and Lockwood, in a breath. "And, to do this, the sooner we *move off* together the better. The tide will soon serve for George."

"He has given us proof to-night," said the widow, "that he will never want a wind."

A laugh followed this, and poor George hung his head, inwardly swearing vengeance against his own unlucky nose, that had so greatly exposed and almost betrayed him. He seized his basket and moved towards the door. Ramsay was moving in the same direction, when Tom Singleton interposed.

"Look you, doctor, you certainly don't mean to take Church Street? That won't do! If Balfour has the slightest reason to suppose that we have

here to-night, and have been so much hurried as to leave our gloves, he will naturally suppose us here still, and will set a watch for us. We must take the back track, scramble over the fences, and find our way out upon the Bay."

"That is awkward," said Ramsay, hesitatingly.

"So it is, doctor; but advisable, nevertheless."

Some preliminaries were discussed, and the plan was settled upon. Hurried partings were interchanged, and, stealing down through the garden, the four, including the boy George, prepared to climb the fence, which was a high, ragged breastwork of half decayed pine plank. Tom Singleton went over first, followed by the boy George; but the worthy doctor hung in mid-air for a season, his skirts having caught upon a huge spike in the wall, which had not been perceived, and which narrowly grazed the more susceptible flesh. Singleton and Lockwood both were employed in his extrication, which was only effected by increasing the rent in the changeable silk breeches of the worthy doctor. The scene provoked Singleton, whose risibles were readily brought into play, into insuppressible merriment.

"I do not see what there is so ludicrous in the matter," said Ramsay, almost sternly.

"Indeed, but there is," was the answer; "when we reflect upon the predicament of the future historian of America, skewered upon a rusty nail in an old wall, and as incapable of helping himself as was Absalom caught by the hair."

Ramsay's intention of writing a history of the whole country was already known to his friends. Singleton continued—

"It would make a glorious picture for the book, doctor, to have you drawn on the fence top, with Lockwood and myself tugging at your skirts."

"This is no time for nonsense, Singleton; let us go on," was the doctor's somewhat surly reply.

The party, in silence, then pursued a somewhat circuitous route, which, under Singleton's guidance, familiar equally with the highways and byways of the town, promised to be a safe one. Crossing several fences, in which toil the historian suffered no farther mishaps of habiliment, they at length found themselves in a well-known inclosure, near the corner of Trade Street and the Bay. The region, at that period, presented an aspect very different from its appearance now. The Bay was then, instead of a well-paved avenue, a mere quagmire in wet weather. The sea penetrated it in numerous little indentations, which left the passage exceedingly narrow when the tide was high; and the chief obstruction to its constant invasion was the various bastions and batteries which looked out upon the harbor; though, even in the rear of these, the water occasionally formed in pools that might be called lakelets. Before reaching this limit, our fugitives held a hurried consultation under a group of guardian fig trees that occupied the lot, now covered by stately buildings of brick, which still interposed between them and the thoroughfare. Finally, it was agreed

that Lockwood and George should go forth first, making their way upwards to the place of concealment for their boat, which lay not far distant from the Governor's Bridge; while Singleton and Ramsay, after a certain interval, were to pursue their homeward course, singly, and with all possible circumspection. These arrangements brought them late into the night. The morning star saw Lockwood and George passing over Deadman's Ground and into the shadowy gorges of the Wando River; while Ramsay, safe in his own chamber, was curiously inspecting the serious hurts which his changeable silk small clothes had suffered from his unwonted exercises. The whole party escaped the *surveillance* of Balfour, who, after the delay of an hour, impatiently consumed in watching, rode back to the house of Mrs. Singleton only to find it all in darkness. He naturally concluded that the prey had escaped before his visit. Let us change the scene.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PRIN. Some merry, mocking lord, belike; is't so?

MAR. They say so much that most his humors know.

Love's Labor's Lost.

WE have seen Major Proctor in possession of all the material which the hatred of Vaughan, his cunning and that of Balfour, were preparing to adduce against him for his destruction. Thus warned, he was measurably armed. He had no reason to doubt the testimony thus put into his hands; though still ignorant of his secret friend, and totally without clues which might lead to her discovery. He was now, however, better prepared than before to believe in the conjecture of Furness, that his correspondent was really a woman. In the haste with which Ella Monckton had abridged, or copied the documents which she had sent him, she had somewhat forgotten her former caution. She had commenced her work in the stiff, feigned hand which she had formerly employed in communicating with him; but, as she proceeded, and grew more and more absorbed in her labors, her artifices were neglected, and the greater portion of the manuscript was evidently not only in a female hand, but in a *natural* one; written hurriedly, and exhibiting a singular contrast between the style of penmanship with which she had begun and that with which she finished. Still, the hand was totally unknown to him, and he brooded over it with an interest greatly increased in the writer, moved equally by curiosity and gratitude. He could only content himself with the reflection that, with the *natural* handwriting in his possession, his prospects, hereafter, of discovering the fair unknown was something better than before; and, if the truth were told, he now began to feel quite as much interest in this new object as was consistent with the paramount necessity of using her information, with all dispatch, for the purposes of his defence.

There his difficulties began. It was now that he needed a friend, like Furness, present in the city, who could counsel with and assist him. Furness had promised to bring him to the knowledge of such a friend, and had furnished him with a note to one of the citizens of Charleston, premising, at the same time, that the person to whom it was addressed, though once an intimate with the father and family of the loyalist, was yet himself a warm supporter of the *mouvement* party, and had been active in the labors of the patriots. Proctor had put this note of introduction into his trunk, and had not looked at the superscription, except in the first moment when he received it. That moment was one in which his mind was busy with other matters. It was, indeed, the very moment of parting with his new friend, and the feelings natural to the occasion made him oblivious, even while he read, of the name which he beheld written on the envelop. He now took the letter from his trunk, and was quite surprised as he examined it.

"To THOMAS SINGLETON, Esq., Charleston.

"By friendly favor of Major Proctor," &c. &c.

Old Tom Singleton, one of the rankest of the rebels of the city; a man bitterly uncompromising in his hostility to the British cause; a wit, a humorist, full of perpetual sneer and sarcasm at the expense of the invaders—how should Captain Furness, of the loyalists, be in communion with such a person? A little reflection answered the question. The best friends, the nearest kindred in the colony, had been divided by this unnatural war. This was no reason for the disruption of all the ties of friendship and society. Besides, Furness had expressly announced Singleton as of the other party, but had still spoken of him as a friend of his family—as an honest man, and one of those shrewd, acute, penetrating persons whose counsels would be particularly useful in his emergency. That emergency was pressing upon him now. The British interests no longer commanded his sympathy. Its leaders had wronged, and were pursuing him with hatred and injustice. Why should he scruple to seek and accept the services of a friend who would serve his individual cause, without seeking to know, or feeling disquiet at, his political sympathies? Proctor soon satisfied himself of the propriety—nay, necessity of visiting the satirical graybeard, Tom Singleton, in his domicile in Tradd Street. But he resolved, also, that he must move cautiously. He remembered the counsel of Furness, whose shrewdness he could not but acknowledge. He must do nothing rashly. There was no need, for example, that his servant-man, John, the traitor, still in his employment, should be able to report to Vaughan, or Balfour, that he followed him to the dwelling of a well-known rebel. He sent John, accordingly, out of the way, with a missive, quite innocent in its character, to a remote *quarter* of the city. There was as little need that *any* curious eyes should notice where he went. He chose, therefore, the night as the time for his purposed visit; and between eight and nine

of the evening, traversing the unlighted streets, he soon found himself in front of the little old-fashioned brick building, of two stories, with tall, pointed roof, which old Singleton occupied. The door was promptly opened at his knock, and Singleton himself received him at the entrance of his parlor, opening directly on the street.

The old man seemed disappointed when, holding the candle to the face of his visitor, he discovered who he was. He had evidently expected a very different person. He had seen Proctor before, but failed to recognize him. The British officer at once relieved his curiosity.

"Major Proctor, Mr. Singleton, late of the post at Dorchester."

"Ah! And to what, Major Proctor, am I indebted for the honor of this visit? I am not aware that it is just now in my power to be of any service to his majesty's cause in this province. These arms are no longer able to carry sword or musket; my wits are of little use even to myself, since Lord North has become the monopolist of all the wisdom in the united kingdom and its dependencies; and, for the matter of money, sir, why you will scarce believe me, but I now find it impossible to gratify my usual appetite for *whiting* and *cavalli*. To go to the fish market, now-a-days, is only to provoke the most gnawing and painful sensations. In brief, sir, forced subsidies would scarcely disquiet me, since it would give me as much pleasure if our noble commandant of Charleston could find out my ways and means, as to find them out myself."

"Pardon me, Mr. Singleton, but I am here with no official object. At all events, the commandant of Charleston would be as little likely to employ me upon any service as to employ yourself."

"Ah, indeed!"

"Let me put this letter into your hands, sir, which will explain the true object of my visit, and probably furnish a sanction for this intrusion."

"Be seated, sir, Major Proctor," said Singleton, as he took the letter. Taking a seat himself without preliminary, and putting on his great gold spectacles, the old man, the light in one hand, the letter in the other, proceeded to master the contents of the paper. The name of "Furness," dubitantly uttered, arose to his lips; but he soon discovered what, even had Proctor read the billet, he would not be likely to have seen, the two Greek letters which Robert Singleton usually incorporated with the flourish below his name. The letter was read with the greatest deliberation, then folded, then quietly passed into the flame of the candle, and the burning scroll deposited in the chimney-place. Fixing his deep gray eye upon the features of his visitor, old Singleton extended his hand.

"Major Proctor, I am glad to see you, and will be glad to serve you; though my young friend, Furness, entirely overrates my capacity to do so. But I consider it quite a compliment to my heart, if not to my head, that he has written and referred you to me. I need not tell you, sir, that I am quite of an-

other way of thinking from himself. He has chosen to take up arms against his people, and I naturally feel some bitterness on the subject. But I knew and loved his father, sir; he entertained me in his mountain region with a warm hospitality, and when I lay for a month dangerously sick in his dwelling, his excellent wife nursed me with as much affection as if I had been her own brother. The young Furness, too, was a smart and proper boy, and promised to be a strong and thoughtful man. I love him for his parents' sake, and would be happy if he had suffered me to love him for his own. But he is wrong, sir; he has been dreadfully erring. You have *your* excuse in serving your sovereign in this war; but what is the excuse for him who pleads duty in justification, while he cuts the throat of his kinsman and his neighbor?"

All this calmly, sadly spoken, sufficed admirably to impress the British officer with the entire truthfulness of the whole narrative. Proctor said something by way of excuse for the young loyalist, but the other interrupted him.

"There is an argument, Major Proctor, for every error, and poor humanity will never want a lie to justify any of her failings. But your matter is private. We are here upon the street. Come with me into my den, where we can speak in safety."

He led the way into an inner room, plainly furnished, and thence, by a back door, down into an apartment in the cellar—a low-coiled vault, which had been fitted up with some care for comfort, if not display. The room was plastered and carpeted. There was no fireplace, and the wall against which it should have stood was covered with books. These were not seen, however, until a second candle had been lighted; and then Proctor discovered enough to confirm the report, which he had heard before, of the eccentricity of old Tom Singleton. There were a pair of huge Angola cats lying with heads together beneath the table; a cage of wire, suspended from the wall, contained an immense rattle-snake, whose eyes reflected the glare of the candles with the brightness of a pair of diamond lustres in the bosom of an Indian princess. On the floor, directly beneath the cage, was a large tub, in which an occasional splash was heard, as of a fish struggling for sea room; and all about the room might be seen frames of stuffed and cages of living birds. In a remote corner, covered with shelves, Proctor heard the frequent rattling of sheets of paper, and was occasionally startled at the whizzing of some small object close to his face, which he at one time fancied to be the sportive assaults of some enormous bug, but which might have been a missile. He was soon informed of the source of this annoyance by the sharp accents of his host, addressed to an object which he did not see.

"To your sleep, Lord George, before I trounce you!" and there was a rustle again among the paper, as if the object addressed was preparing to obey. "You are in my den, Major Proctor, you will please

remember—I should rather call it my *menagerie*—so you will please be startled at nothing."

"Do I hear the rattle of a snake?" said Proctor, with a shudder.

"Yes; I have a most glorious monster in that cage, with but seven rattles; he is fully as large as any I have seen with twice the number. He is harmless. I have drawn his fangs. That fish which you hear plashing in the tub is the torpedo. I paralyzed one of your dragoons the other day by a touch, which will make him careful never to grapple with fish again until he sees it fried and on table. The little monster which annoyed you by his dexterity of aim—your nose being between him and the light, he evidently strove to see how nearly he could come to the one without extinguishing the other—is a monkey, of which I have large expectations. I call him Lord George, after your famous nobleman, Germaine, who behaved so well upon the plains of Minden, and so bravely in the walls of Parliament House. You shall see Lord George."

The monkey was summoned from his perch, and, at the word, he leaped from the shelf where he harbored directly upon the table. The cats were awakened by the movement, and raised themselves quickly to their feet; hair bristling all the while, backs rising in anger, and tongues hissing and snapping at the annoyer, who had now approached the edge of the table and was looking down wickedly upon the apprehensive pair. To Proctor's surprise, and, we may add, indignation, the monkey was habited as a British general officer.

"Head up, Lord George," cried old Singleton.

The beast took an attitude of great dignity, head up, nose in air, and right hand upon his breast.

"Your sword, Lord George."

Off he sprang to a dark corner of the room, whence he returned instantly with the implement, which he waved aloft in the most threatening manner, marching across the table with an immense strut, and audaciously confronting the visitor. Proctor was half tempted to seize and wring the neck of the mocking little monster, whose antics and costume he beheld with a feeling of vexation, which he found it difficult to suppress.

"Do you not incur some peril, Mr. Singleton, in this caricature of the uniform of his majesty's service?"

"My dear sir, did you happen to see the corps of black dragoons sent off to Monk's Corner some weeks ago, in his majesty's uniform, and commanded by Captain Quash—the very picture of the Jack of spades done in scarlet? If you ever saw that troop, uniformed by Balfour himself, you will be satisfied that none of his majesty's officers have a right to quarrel with the costume of my Lord George here, or, if you please"—in lower terms—"Colonel Balfour."

Proctor was silent. He felt the sarcasm. Old Singleton addressed the monkey—

"Hence to bed; and no more noise, do you hear,

or"—and he pointed threateningly to the tub where swam the torpedo.

The monkey shuddered, bowed gracefully to both the gentlemen, and disappeared in silence.

"I make one of my beasts the terror of the other. I threaten the cat with the monkey, the monkey with the fish, the snake with the eagle—"

"Have you an eagle?"

"A pair of them; but they are wretched things in a cage, like our poor people in this struggle. I shall set them free the very next victory which follows to our arms."

Proctor slightly smiled. Singleton saw the smile, but did not appear to notice it. He proceeded—

"I am strangely fond of beasts, otherwise outlawed, and I moralize upon them with a taste like that of Jacques in the forest. Thus, what a lesson against pomp and vanity are the egregious pretensions of my Lord George, the monkey! How my snake, venomous, but fangless, illustrates envy, malice, and all uncharitableness! My cats, snarling even when in clover, are fashionable married people, whose spite and bad humor are but natural consequences of a life of indolence. My spiritless eagles teach me the blessings of freedom; but, mark you, to those only who, from the first, have been endowed with the faculty of living in the eye of the sun, and bathing in the upper air. And my fish—but enough. I am an egotist when I moralize upon my beasts. I must apologize for not thinking of your affairs; but, in truth, you needed an introduction to my associates. It is one satisfaction that I feel in bringing you to know them, that not one of them will betray your secrets. You *have* secrets, it appears from the letter of—ah—Furness; and I am to assist you with my counsels. Major Proctor, I am a Whig, and you a Briton. Command my counsels in anything not inconsistent with our respective politics, and I am yours."

Proctor took the extended hand, and thanked him with a warmth proper to the frankness with which the old man made his offer of service.

"My loyalty need seek to obtain any advantage over your patriotism, Mr. Singleton. My affair, though it brings me into collision with my superiors, is yet wholly personal."

With this introduction, Proctor proceeded to unfold the whole history, as already in our possession, of his conflict with Vaughan and Balfour, his exercise of command at Dorchester, his relations with Colonel Walton and daughter, and those subsequently which had made Furness interested in his affairs. Nor were the anonymous communications of his fair correspondent forgotten. His statement concluded with the exhibition of the whole body of documentary testimony which was preparing to be brought against him. This old Singleton examined curiously.

"The hand is unknown to me; but Furness is right. It is a woman's hand. His conjecture as to her interest in you is right also. These last papers

might enable you to find out who she is, if that were an object."

"That *is* an object," said Proctor.

"But not necessary to your case."

"Perhaps not; but the curiosity is natural and—"

"Justifiable. You certainly owe much to the lady. But now to the papers. These documents are derived from fountain-head. I have no doubt that they are genuine copies, and that they show truly what you have to guard against. It might be well, however, if we could arrive at the possible source of your information. Balfour has two regular secretaries, both mere lads; one named Monckton, the other Hesk. Do you know either?"

"I do not. But he has others occasionally."

"Are you intimate with them, or with any of his aids?"

"No."

"Nor his associates, Barry, Cruden—?"

"We have nothing in common. Colonel Cruden is my uncle; but he values the commissions on confiscated estates much more than any claims of kindred, and he is the ally of Balfour, as a matter of policy. As for Barry, he is a vain fopling, a small wit, who has no sympathies, no heart, no magnanimity—"

"Egad, you have learned to appreciate justly the dominant virtues of our conquerors. You have no clue, then, to this writing?"

"None but what I relate."

"We must leave that matter, then, for the present. And now for this body of evidence. On the face of it, you perceive that it is formidable. It makes out a strong case against you. Something will depend upon these witnesses, much upon such as you can bring to rebut them. The testimony is all of a sort to be severally rebutted. Who is this Guadock?"

"A squatter in the neighborhood of Dorchester, who brought us supplies of game and fish; a poor, worthless fellow, claiming to be half Indian, but who is, probably, half mulatto. His character is notoriously bad. He is a great liar, and a wretched drunkard."

"Have you testimony to that effect? This Blonay—"

"Dead. A fellow of like description."

"Clynes, or Clymer?"

"Clymes?"

Proctor answered all the questions of old Singleton; and, in this way, the whole body of testimony was sifted. We need not pursue the details of the investigation. The result for the present may be given in the old man's language.

"It is clear that you must visit Dorchester and the neighborhood, with reference to all these witnesses. You must meet their testimony by that of other witnesses, or convict them out of their own mouths. At all events, get sufficient proof of the sort of people to be sworn against you. Do you know old Pryor, of Dorchester?"

"He is, secretly, a rebel."

"But none the less an honest man. At this moment, it will be wise, Major Proctor, to dismiss your prejudices as a British officer. Pryor is a rough dog, scarcely civil of speech, but with a man's heart; and he will serve you faithfully if you can persuade him to take an interest in your affairs. These witnesses against you have, you think, been *bought* up by your enemies. Old Pryor was once a sort of king over all the people in that quarter. He can probably assist you in getting the truth out of some of these hirelings. Gradock, you see, and Clymes are the persons whose testimony is most likely to be troublesome. These must be managed, and Pryor is probably the very person to undertake this part of the business. He can do it for you, or put you in the proper way to do it for yourself. At all events, your policy is to proceed to Dorchester with all the dispatch and all the secrecy possible."

The whole process underwent examination between the parties. The details of the contemplated plan of action need not be discussed further at this stage of our narrative. Enough, that the shrewdness, good sense, acuteness, and rare knowledge of persons, possessed by old Singleton, surprised Proctor, and encouraged him to believe that he could meet all the difficulties of his case. At the close of their interview, Proctor requested him to take charge of his papers, referring to the secret espionage of his servant, John, and the insecurity of his own chambers.

"Do you keep that fellow still?" demanded Singleton.

"I was counseled to do so by Captain Furness. His opinion was that any person whom I should get in his place would be equally liable to be corrupted; while, by keeping *him*, I disarmed the suspicions of my enemies in regard to my knowledge of their schemes; and, knowing John, I was better prepared to guard against him."

"A sensible fellow is Furness. He is probably right. Well, Major Proctor, I will be your depositary. You are probably not unaware of the fact that my own position here is one of great insecurity. I am at any moment liable to be seized in my bed and sent to *provost* or prison-ship, at the whim and mere caprice of your despotic commander. But I have

places of hiding for your papers such as will be likely for some time to escape search. My rattlesnake shall take your secrets into keeping. Behold what a snug *escritoire* he has for the service of my friends."

This said, the old man touched a spring in the bottom of the cage in which the serpent lay coiled in repose. A false bottom was instantly revealed, showing a shallow drawer, which already contained sundry papers. The rattle of the snake was quickly sprung, and the burnished head of the monster was threateningly raised at the same moment.

"He is on the watch, you see. Few persons would prosecute a search in this quarter, with so vigilant and terrible a guardian of its secrets. Give me the papers."

"One recommendation, Mr. Singleton," said Proctor, "before I leave you. Your kindness to me and interest in my affairs will justify me in speaking of yours. Take your monkey out of his uniform! Balfour would scarcely forgive you the caricature, particularly as you have caparisoned the beast in a costume very much like his own."

"Fashioned directly after it, I confess. And do you observe I have taught him the genuine Balfour strut and carriage?" said the old man, with a complacent chuckle.

"A dangerous experiment, which, if known, will be certain to get you lodgings in the provost."

"Poo! poo! my young friend, this alarms me nothing. What matters it upon what plea, whether of fun or patriotism, I get into limbo? When it is needful to dispose of me, Balfour will never lack a pretext. In the mean time, shall I be without my amusement? In the 'durance vile' of my present condition, it is something when I can laugh at the antics of the enemy whose claws I have yet to fear."

Proctor shook his head. He saw that old Singleton was one of those men who never lose their joke in their perils, and forbore further exhortations, which he felt would be waste of counsel. They had much talk besides, but such as we may dispense with in this narrative. Returning to his lodgings, the British officer found his man John returned, and looking very curious at his absence. But he gave him little heed. The next morning, he was on his way to Dorchester; but not unattended!

(To be continued.)

LANGUAGE.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

PART II.

It is highly interesting to trace the analogy between language and national character. The arrangement of words in Latin is one striking cause of that noble and sonorous flow so productive of rhetorical effect. It conveys the impression of power and dignity; there is something of command in its very sound, and it seems to echo the pride and self-reliance that we habitually associate with the idea of an ancient Roman. This peculiar facility in the transposition of words leads, in the best writers, to a euphonic and effective collocation, in which resides the genius of the language; and this obvious advantage is owing mainly to the fact, that the termination of each adjective determines its reference, whereas, in English, it must follow or succeed the noun which it qualifies. Hence the frequent beauty of the phrases, and the terse combination of words that render the study of Latin so excellent a mental discipline; hence, too, its ease and perfection as a written tongue.

Slowly modified by the dialects of the North, it was finally superseded in France by what has been termed the Roman Rustic, from its being spoken by the common people. Thus, although retaining both words and idioms of Latin, by the time of Charlemagne this new vulgar dialect had taken the place of the classic with the mass, and gradually assumed the present characteristics of the French. One of the most obvious traits of this language is that the last syllable is usually long and accented, while the reverse is generally the case in English. Hence its extreme liveliness, so accordant with the vivacious temperament of the nation. But this briskness is purchased at the expense of that dignity which gives such impressiveness to the language of Britain and Spain. Men of thoughtful genius have always complained of its inadequacy to express elevated sentiment. Montaigne says it "quails under a powerful conception;" and Lamartine declares himself a poet without a language. It is adapted chiefly to the "eloquence of indifference." Its merits are almost exclusively colloquial. It is pointed in antithesis, but inappropriate to the earnest and lofty; expressive, to the highest degree, in Molière and Madame de Sevigné; but irresponsive to the heroic emotions uttered by Racine. Hence the prejudice cherished towards it by men of intensely reflective natures like Alferi and Coleridge.

The Germans are rich in thoughtfulness and sentiment; and their language is so characteristic of these national qualities as to lead one of our own

poets to apply to it old Fuller's praise of the Scripture: "Whosoever its surface doth not laugh with corn, then the heart thereof is merry with mines, affording, when not plain matters, hidden mysteries." The character of King Alfred, with whom the Anglo-Saxon tongue is so intimately associated, typifies its noble simplicity. It originally consisted of two dialects, the Saxon and Danish; the kings of the former race having reigned six hundred years, and of the latter only twenty, which accounts for the extreme disproportion now traceable in these original elements. May we not, however, recognize the old affinity in the recently developed sympathy with Swedish literature, exhibited not only in similarity of language, but in modes of thought and domestic life? No circumstance is more significant of the self-reliance of the English race than the fact that, notwithstanding the attempts of their Norman conquerors to superinduce their own language on the vanquished, the experiment not only failed, but most of the words of Norman origin still retained in our vernacular are law terms derived from the edicts of the invaders. Swift, one of the most correct writers, addressed a tract to the Earl of Oxford, suggesting a revision of the language, on the ground of the prevalence of grammatical errors; but Bishop Lowth considers this very neglect of rules an evidence of its great simplicity, which seems not to require study. This characteristic has been preserved through the freedom enjoyed by those to whom English is a native tongue, and one undegraded by the influence of censorship or inquisition. It seems, too, destined to advance with the progress of the race. The children of the fifty thousand annual emigrants to our own shores acquire it at the free schools; and it is now learned by the rising generation in India; so that the world seems destined to be Anglo-Saxonized, and the English language to do for it in an educational what the French has done in a social way.

By its Saxon basis, the English assimilates with the Gothic languages of the Continent, by its slight Norman intermixture with the French, by its Latin derivation with the classic; and, by its Welsh terms, it preserves a faint alliance with the ancient Britons. The activity and tact in affairs, which lead the descendants of the Anglo-Saxons habitually to economize time, are stamped upon their language, in which words of many syllables are shortened, often at the expense of a certain noble grace. It is a characteristic sacrifice of beauty to utility. Even without any philosophical argument, our sense of the appropriate readily detects the peculiar adaptation of

languages. Thus, when listening to the refined and apt terms of a dialogue in French comedy, the chat between a lady and her maid, or a spirited youth and a *naïve* grisette, we are struck with the peculiar graces of the French tongue; as we hear the distinct yet liquid emphasis on the vowels in an exquisite opera solo, we realize the musical expression of Italian; and, while stirred by the gravo rhetoric of the pulpit or the forum, we feel how admirably our own language gives scope to argumentative eloquence. Shenstone quotes, as an illustration of the diverse genius of the English and French language, the common phrases, "*sur le tapis*," and *on the anvil*—the same figure of speech being rendered by an artificial and a manly image. In the same way, certain terms that have such a peculiar expressiveness in one language as to be constantly transferred to others, indicate the prevalence of the thing or quality they designate. Thus it has often been remarked that the French have no word strictly corresponding with the English word *comfort*; neither does it enter prominently into their ideal of life, as with their more phlegmatic neighbors. When Othello says, "Not another comfort like to this," in allusion to his delight at meeting Desdemona, he conveys the idea of the lasting principle of domestic love, in distinction to the French idea of casual enjoyment. Such phrases as *naïve*, *esprit*, *à la mode*, *comme il faut*, &c., are equally significant of national taste. We have no phrase exactly agreeing with *m'ennuyée*. It is contrary to Anglo-Saxon self-reliance and self-respect to confess to any but an objective bore. *Nonchalance*, also, we frequently use for lack of a precise English synonym. The Italian adjective *simpatica*, evidences the sympathetic temper of the race, and their exaggeration is shown by their use of superlatives. A fair one of that nation will be *desperato* at the loss of a band-box.

Philology reveals the historical as well as the characteristic elements of national life. The recondite branches of this subject explored by Champollion and Niebuhr form but a single phase of a vast realm of truth. To a philosophical mind, it is an experiment of the highest interest to discover, by analyzing a living tongue, the sources of its origin as landmarks of history. Thus, a careful dissection of the Spanish language re-summons the successive races who ruled the Peninsula. After the Iberians, Celts, Phœnicians, and Carthaginians, came the Romans to stamp their vernacular upon the nation. Latin, too, was long the chosen medium of Christianity; and thus, both through conquest and faith, it became the foundation of the present dialect. When the Goths overran Spain, while they readily adopted the Latin words, their minds were not sufficiently abstract to easily understand its construction; and upon its vocabulary they superinduced their own less intricate form of speech. The last important element was introduced by the Moorish invaders; and thus the Spanish has been justly called a product of the union between "the Gothicized Latin

of the North and the Arabic of the South." A native philologist has carried his researches to so curious an extent as to estimate the exact proportion of each language, including the gipsy and modern Continental words, in that at present deemed standard in Spain. The statement gives us an immediate insight into the chief historical events and inherited traits which, while moulding the people, have left enduring memorials in their language. Few places in Europe afford more available materials for such investigations than the island of Sicily. Less overlaid by modern improvements, from its insulated position and jealous government, and far less invaded by the spirit of the age, the customs and language of the inhabitants have remained comparatively intact. It is therefore easy to light upon the verbal traces of the various dynasties. In the Sicilian dialect yet speak the Greek, the Roman, the Carthaginian, the Arab, the Norman, the German, the French, and the Spaniard. Nor are the predominant of these tongues always inextricably mingled in the popular speech. I have been at a village within twenty miles of the capital, on a day of festival, where the peasants wore the garb and spoke the language of Greece. In the towns on the southern coast, Arabic words prevail; elsewhere, Greek and Provençal. A single remarkable instance, in English, may be cited to show how the traces of conquest linger in the vocabulary of a nation; the generic terms mutton and veal came from the epicurean Normans, whose own tongue furnished no synonyms for the sheep's heads and calves' feet they threw their vassals. In proof of the essential aid to historical researches yielded by philology, it is enough to mention that it has proved races, now separated by vast tracts of land, to be allied, and to have migrated from a primitive seat. Even the course and direction of such transits have been thus discovered. On account of these and similar facts, Humboldt declares that the most brilliant results of modern study, in the last sixty years, have grown out of the philosophical investigation of language.

The metaphysical relations of language have been but partially explored. So far removed from exact truth is the original definition of the word language—a means of communicating thought—that Talleyrand's saying that the only use of words is to conceal it, is no longer considered quite ironical. An ancient philosopher, observing how great a human distinction is speech, and how closely identified it is with ideas and emotion, maintained that it was essential to the soul. Experiments prove that we think in language. Whoever has been obliged to use a foreign idiom has realized this; often carrying on a process of thought in his native language while speaking the newly acquired, until habit has made the latter so familiar as to excite an instinctive consciousness of its terms without the exercise of memory. Paralysis of the tongue is said to interfere with verbal thinking. Yet, notwithstanding these and many similar facts, men of profound inward experience complain of the inadequacy of

language. Stewart, the metaphysician, declares it only gives hints to another of what is in our own minds—like the shadow of a picture—that is, only suggestive, not absolutely demonstrative, and therefore cannot, with mathematical precision, convey abstract ideas from one intellect to another; their conception being as various as are the different species of minds.

A great observer has remarked that "Language reacts upon thought and animates it, as it were, with the breath of life; and it is this mutual reaction which makes words more than the signs and forms of thought." Thus we perceive that it is quite unphilosophical to compare language to a mirror or a Daguerreotype. The simple relation it may have once held to things has been rendered intricate by the increase of ideas and the complexity of life. Art, too, has induced a great modification. The change is as entire as that between the primitive tent of a wandering tribe, most economically adapted to bare necessity, and the elaborate, sublime, and variously ornamented cathedral. A spiritual philosopher has touched upon this subject with a thoughtful discrimination. "Language," he says, "consisting as it does of arbitrary signs, is manifestly a rudiment of the material system; it is a fruit and a consequence of our corporeity, and might, with some propriety, be designated as the point of contact where mind and matter artificially but most intimately blend. In the recesses of the human soul, there is a world of thought, which, for want of determinate and fit symbols, never assumes any fixed form. We may, therefore, conjecture a finer and more subtle language in a higher economy—that the future corporeal structure shall be the instrument of the mind, vital without waste, unfeared of dissolution, active without exhaustion, and perfectly in harmony with spirit." It is because language is artificial that, as an interpreter of nature, it demands allowance. The phrenologists locate the organ of language at the base of the brain, and rank it among the inferior intellectual faculties, if such it may be called. We all know that there is no essential proportion between fluency of speech and originality of thought; that the most apt at expression are, by no means, the most rich in ideas; and that the gift of expression is often unallied either with mental power or genuine sentiment. Hence the distrust in words that seems to increase with experience; hence the reserved speech of truly wise men, and the loquacity of the thoughtless and irresponsible. "The secret of using language well, is to use it from a full mind," says a critic; and if we analyze literature, we shall find that it is the nice adaptation of this delicate material instrument to the unmaterial thought, and the truest feeling that gives to expression its true signification. Only the superficial can be imposed upon by artfully combined words, exaggerated utterance, and affected eloquence. The tone, the consistency, the vital force of speech asserts itself in spite of the tricks of rhetoric, and that insinuating flow of mere words that

we familiarly call the "gift of the gab." The signs of ideas and ideas themselves are two different things; and the capacity to deal with the one is no evidence of any power to comprehend the other. It is on this account that we so often find mere linguists as devoid of original mind as parrots. Like mocking-birds, they can echo every tongue, but it is with a purely mechanical skill—more surprising as a feat than glorious as an achievement.

Vocabularies have been chiefly enriched by the poets. To the writings of Juan de Mena, in Spain, is traced the germ of the Castilian. The troubadours of Provence, though their language is now extinct, may be said to live in the graceful sweetness that Petrarch borrowed from them while at Avignon, and permanently incorporated into Italian through his beautiful *Canzoniere*. The intensity of Dante imparted to this "soft, bastard Latin" a vigor and expressiveness before unknown; while to Boccaccio it is indebted for a kind of Ciceronian eloquence in prose, derived from his classic taste and studies. Cervantes restored obsolete phrases that had been ignorantly discarded from his native tongue, and made new compounds. In the dialects of the North can be easily discovered the influence of primitive bards, who, under the title of *skalde*, *minnesingers*, or *minstrels*, accompanied the armies or sung at the feasts of their country. But it is a narrow view of the agency of poets in advancing language, to confine our regard to the mere introduction of new and apposite words. To their significant use and euphonious combination under the influence of that blended insight and sensibility which we call genius, may be ascribed, in no small degree, the gradual expansion and refinement of language. The use of this medium of expression is an art not less than that of marble and colors. Felicity in the application of words and phrases to ideas and sentiments is, indeed, a natural, yet rare gift. Why is it that certain lines, verses, and paragraphs, expressive often of a hackneyed truth, retain a singular influence over the ear and mind? Why does the beauty of language enable us to clothe in its flexible and delicate garb ideas that would be intolerable if represented in painting or sculpture? It is obviously on account of its minute harmony and infinite suggestiveness as an art. There is, indeed, as great a diversity between the use of this wonderful instrument by a grossly ignorant and a highly gifted man, as between the signal-fires of the Middle Ages and the electric telegraph of our own times. It has also its morality, as well as its philosophy. It would require an elaborate treatise to point out the abuses of language. It has been one of the most effective agents to mystify and betray the people, in the hands of the demagogue, who, like Belial, as

"His tongue

Dropt manna, could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Naturest counsels."

Those who have a vivid sense of truth in its more

delicate relations, can estimate the frequent inadequacy and perversion of language that custom has authorized. Dr. Johnson was conscious of this incongruity in regard to the language of the marriage-service in the English Church, which he justly declared was altogether too refined for universal use. "It is calculated," he said, "only for the best kind of marriages; whereas we should have a form for matches of convenience." It is on account of this want of entire correspondence between sentiment and language, that so many high emotions and exalted fancies "lie sepulchred in monumental thought." In its highest utterance, when altogether earnest and sincere, as in passages of the Bible, and of Dante, Shakespeare, or Milton, language seems to bring us nearer to the Deity than any other human attribute, and to be almost the direct result of his inspiration. It is, then, a key to truth; it lends wings to the soul and makes audible the very heart. Its essence is clearly picturesque, as may be realized by noting the expressions of children and savages. Even those words now used to express an abstract idea are derived from a visible source. Things naturally become types and symbols of thoughts. It is a striking though unappreciated fact in national history, that language declines with manners. Compare the terse, manly, and rich style of the writers of the age of Elizabeth with the diffuse, enervated diction that prevailed in that of Charles II. Strength, indeed, both of thought and feeling, naturally utters itself with concise vigor, or seeks the aid of impressive images. The least cultivated races act upon this instinct. An Indian petition to one of our State governments for grants of subsistence sums up, as it were, the misfortunes of the tribe in two natural metaphors: "Our feet are unaccustomed to the chase; their swiftness is no more; our hands are unfamiliar with the bow, and the sureness of the arrow is lost!"—an instance, in a barbarous people, of the law which Shelley recognizes in the highest poetry, when he observes that "strong passion expresses itself in metaphors borrowed from objects alike remote or near, and casts over all the shadow of its own greatness." But, even in the apt use of common words, the true poet illustrates the philosophy of language. Shakespeare gives many philological hints. Thus, Iago's "Indeed!" contains a world of meaning. The phrase

"Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*," tells a long story; as does Bertram's complaint—

"I am commanded here, and kept in coil
With *too young*, and the *next year*, and '*tis too early*.'"

And Tooke, to show the legitimate meaning of two conjunctions, quotes the impatient observation of Cleopatra—

MESS. But—yet—Madame—

CELO. I do not like but—yet. It does allay
The good precedent. Piss upon but—yet!
But—yet—is as a gaoler, to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor!

Humor is often little else than connecting verbally what is opposed in thought; and this, as well as many analogous indications of the intricate relation between words and thoughts, justifies the statement of Berkeley, that the "communication of ideas is not the only use of language, but to excite passions." This is likewise apparent from its musical capabilities, which enables "the sound to seem an echo to the sense." "Words," says Lord Kaimes, "have a separate effect on the mind abstracted from their signification and their imitative power; they are more or less agreeable to the ear by the fullness, sweetness, faintness, or roughness of their tones." So many elements, therefore, enter into what is called style, that it is quite absurd to endeavor to graft its excellences by means of text-books and special directions. Grammatical rules may thus be taught; but the characteristic in style is innate. The difference between that of Dante and Metastasio, Burke and Cobbett, Johnson and Goldsmith, is analogous to that between their respective characters. Perspicuity is generally conceded to be the first essential quality; yet even this is dependent on clearness of ideas and strength of personal conviction. Vague notions and an irresolute purpose tincture the expression as well as the consciousness. So greatly, indeed, do moral traits influence the modes of speech and writing, that the reader or auditor of nice ear and discriminating judgment can often infer the disposition and ruling tendency of an author from his style; whether he has simplicity or ostentation of character, whether reckless or methodical, distinguished by fidelity or tact, geniality or reserve, strength or infirmity of purpose, may be discerned by his manner of using language.

LEAVES FROM THE MOUNTAINS.—PENNSYLVANIA.

BY MISS HARRIETTE J. MEEK.

"No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould;
 But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
 And all the Muses' tales seem truly told."

It is a fact—rather a strange one too—that every division of the Union is associated with some poetical peculiarity, save the Middle States; one of which, as the reader already knows, is our own Pennsylvania. This is unjust; and as strangers generally combine in idea the character of the inhabitants with the predominant features of the land they occupy, we should do all in our power to remove the wrong impression. This may seem a trilling business to the plain, matter-of-fact part of the community, who denounce every finer emotion as sickly romance, but it is not to such that we appeal. For every such spirit in this vast thoroughfare of being, there are a thousand hearts beating warmly for "their own, their native land;" hearts that would be proud to see her name tinted with the finest coloring that can be drawn from her own inspiring loveliness and the high souls of her children. Noble spirits are they, and life would be dark without them, who steal many a moment from its cares and vexations to lay their pure and silent offering upon the altar of the beautiful.

Everybody's fancy has traveled the almost interminable prairies of the west—treeless, shrubless fields, fenced by the horizon. That same fancy has swept for leagues with the mighty rivers of the West through the unshorn forests—rivers that would laugh our widest streams to scorn, and glance contemptuously at the land which paid such meagre tribute to the world of waters. Or name the south, and our imaginings all gather to a garden of unblighted bloom, a sky of unfaded beams, and we half envy the heirs of such a clime, whose breath of life is the summer fragrance, whose veins we might fancy are warmed with the Incas' blood, and fired with the Incas' soul. And New England—merry New England!—who has not heard of her green hills, bright streams, and laughing girls,

"With deep blue eyes,
 And hands that offer early flowers!"

But the "Middle States" send a thrill to no poetic heart—take nobody's harp off the willows. Our own Pennsylvania, in particular, is represented as a staid old Quaker lady, with plain cap and clean apron, who has gathered her adopted children from every quarter of the world, and "looketh well to the ways of her household." And what is *she* noted for? Her extensive mineral resources and

iron manufactories! Who would think of wooing inspiration from the steam of a rolling-mill or the smoke of a furnace? Who would delve for poetry amid ore-banks and collieries? Who would talk of romance and cavaliers to her toil-worn daughters, or chivalry and song to one of her money-making sons,

"Who, placed where Catskill's forehead greets the sky,
 Grieves that such quarries all unhewn should lie;
 Or, standing where Niagara's torrents thrill,
 Exclaims, 'A wondrous stream to turn a mill!'"

Such reader, it may be, is the idea you have formed of our State; and our object now is to convince you that you have been mistaken—that, in poetical interest alone, we would not exchange with you, even if Pennsylvania had never been rendered classic ground by "Gertrude of Wyoming."

If you live in the land of the prairie, you have no mountains. This is the first link in the chain of our argument, and it is a strong one, binding our hearts to the mountain land with a fetter that cannot easily be broken. We would not give that link for all the prairies in prairie-land; nor would we take every savanna in the universe for a single bar of these blue Alleghenies.

There is a beautiful interest connected with the character of mountain inhabitants that we often think upon and would love to claim. They have had, in all lands and ages, mental traits of a peculiar kind, one of which is excessive attachment to their country and home—inflexible patriotism. There is scarcely a mountainous district on the globe that has not rolled back the tide of aggression, or struggled mightily against the oppressor, while the soft, sunny plains of other lands were sleeping, and smiling as they slept, beneath the chains of bondage and the tramp of despotism. I need not speak of Swiss devotion—it is a proverb, and all know it. The peasant, returning from his exhausting labor, would not take a palace and the richest earldom in exchange for the scanty verdure amid his bleak rocks, and the poor but satisfying comforts of his own *dutchedomum*. And the everlasting monument of Swiss fidelity has been left by the saints

"Whose bones
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

We cannot contemplate, without a glow of warm feeling, the enthusiasm, the bravery, the uncalculating kindness of the Scottish heart; and with their name we associate everything that is noble,

generous, and patriotic. This spirit, wherever it is—animating the Highlander in his bonnet and plaid, or binding the Switzer to his snows—is a prevailing spirit. It is no peculiar gift—no *genius* to elevate one above his fellows; for they all share alike, and count it the common birthright of every one that breathes the Alpine air, or tramples the Highland heather. Could a heart grow tame, think you, that has drawn its very life from liberty? Could it lack inspiration while spending that life amid rocks, ravines, and forests, where every fountain is guarded by some haunting genii, and every crag linked to its own wild legend? No, never! Their whole existence is a romance either of memory or promise. It is a romance of heart—a poetry of character. It may be rude, but still it is poetry. It may be unwritten, but it is there.

We cannot pass without a mention of Judea, “the glory of all lands.” It was her *hills* that Jehovah shrouded in fire with the terror of his footstep; and to her hills, in after years (cold and fireless then), did the man of sorrows go apart to pour out his spirit in prayer. It was on Mount Sinai that the overpowering consecration of the Everlasting Presence was fenced about, lest the people should break through to see his face and die; and from a hill of the brotherhood, the Saviour of sinners taught his disciples, saying, “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” From Pisgah, Moses gazed on the promised land, and was there made partaker of a better promise; and, in Mount Horeb, a “still small voice” came to the prophet, after the whirlwind and tempest had passed by. Over the hill tops of Judea trembled the first ray from the star of Bethlehem; and in the mountains of Palestine, He whose coming it heralded was transfigured as he prayed—when his face shone as the sun, and he communed with the patriarch of Pisgah, and the prophet of Horeb, “who appeared in glory, and spake of his decease, which he should accomplish at Jerusalem.”

A writer in one of our western periodicals, a few months since, declared he could draw no poetry out of a journey across the Alleghenies. He writes beautifully; but I have not yet forgiven him for saying that. I wish he could stand for five minutes where I paused as many seconds two years ago—upon the northern boundary of the Cumberland valley—and when those five minutes were expired, I would like to ask him whether he maintained or retracted his assertion. It was the close of a calm day in October, the sunlight had faded from the valley, but lingered on the mountain top from which I gazed, melting into purple as it descended, and lost in shadow at the base. Every grove, village, field, and stream, for miles, was distinctly visible, lessening as the gaze swept, but still perfection in miniature, until they mingled with the thickening shadows, and the eye could no longer separate them. The spires of the farthest village were faintly discernible; they had caught the last gleam of dying day, and were dancing like fire-flies in the twilight. The

gaze at last rested on the southern boundary of the valley, twelve miles distant, a sister of the same Allegheny family. She lay like a cloud pillowed in the horizon; smiling dreamily on her far off brother, and folding in her misty arms the loveliest valley in the universe. He, in turn, looked proudly down on the fair charge committed to their keeping, whose slumbers they had watched for centuries, and whose awaking they seemed to guard with a double vigilance. Every fibre of his dark bosom had trembled to the tread of a thousand tempests—fierce tempests, which he had broken from the green cradle beneath and the brow of the fair sister beyond. And that brow looked, in the light of that evening, as though the wing of the angel of Peace had overshadowed it since the morning of Creation.

Or your home, it may be, is in the land of sunshine—of flowers, that would perish by inhaling a single breath from the clear northern sky that bends over our ever-green pines and pearly snows. And we would not exchange with *you*. Who, that has been reared in our frosty climate, would love a land without winter? or a landscape that never was shrouded in snow? This season of the year, in the country especially, is connected with the happiest remembrances and associations. Watching with solicitude for the first snow in childhood; going to school, when the “crust” would “bear,” over the highest drifts; building snow-houses and sliding at noon; then sitting an hour, almost, when returning home, to “make pictures” on the largest drift, or to write our “copy” over again with the tiny finger, regardless of the winter blast which seemed to freeze the white breath as fast as we exhaled it.

In later years, the sleighing party comes in for its share of pleasant memory. It is only dusk, but the merry voices of the party are already mingling with the jingling of the bells, as we glide swiftly through leafless woods and over darkening lea. Here is a farm house. The light is streaming from the window, and a pair of eyes are looking from it—two bright ones they are, and very blue, if we could see them. They have been stationed there ever since the dogs began to bark, although they must have known, surely, that they could neither see nor be seen at this hour in the evening. This is no difference to us, however; we intend to go many miles further. We will not tell you where we have been; but, in six or seven hours more, you may hear us hurrying back, long after the last echo has “donned his cap, and bid the world good-night.” The merry mouths are muffled, the moon is high in the heavens, and the ringing of the bells on the clear, frosty air seems a kind of intrusion upon the surrounding stillness. Here we are at the farm house again; but the window is darkened. “Blue eyes” is dreaming; and her dreams—dreams perchance take another hue as the rude music chimes rapidly by, and dies away on the reigning quiet.

We love to see the snow falling. We love to see the sky shrouded, the winds lulled, and the fine, steady shower drifting quietly to the ground. Every

tree wraps the white mantle about its shivering form; every bush, brake, and fence claims its share, and appropriates it as noiselessly as it claimed it. When the deep, stainless carpet is laid, the wind is unloosed; and what a revel, all to himself! Now moaning piteously at the door, as though he sought refuge from a pursuer, then shrieking at the window, and dashing the leafless branches against the casement, as if in revenge for its repulse. Now he is stealing with a low howl over the earth; but yonder is a remnant of cloud creeping from the cold moon which must be chased far away, for it had its turn. So up starts this rough old wind, whirls the drifts to the sky, and away he goes, shouting merrily over the tree tops, till the sounding of his wings is lost in the distance. The scene is changed; for there is another party to hold festive—the “fur-robed genii of the Pole.” They bind the pinions of the strong wind, and he yields without a struggle. They chain with diamonds every snow-wave, as it floats over hill and valley, till the whole realm in the wide circle of their enchantment is an ocean of pearls. And they dance beneath the winter moon and cold stars—trusty stars, that will tell no tales tomorrow. None of your dim, distant twinklers, that leer through the haze of a tempered sky, as if winking in derision over the earth they sentineled. No, no; but earnest, unveiled stars, which come out in the fullest light of eternity, and draw nearer as they

gaze; and gaze as though they would force asunder the mooring of the sky, and sleep upon the bosom of the bright island beneath them for ever.

So much for our fair State; and this is not all. Her sons are of every clime, it is true, and one would think that each had brought with him, as a kind of adoption-tribute, the predominant feature of his native land. Winter, that would pierce the furs of the Laplander, melts in the humid atmosphere of England, and, in a few weeks, you may see fields, green as the plains of the Emerald Isle, sleeping amid hills as dark as the frowning battlements which fence the Scottish Lowlands. Every tree which can nurture a blossom is holding it out to the light fingers of May, and the very air you inhale seems a kind of infectious happiness. Come again in a few months, and you may see the year resting in her dying loveliness, beneath a sky as blue, and baring her forehead to an air as tranquil as that which smiles above and breathes around the ruins of the queen of nations. “The lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places. Yea, we have a goodly heritage.” And, surely, the children of that heritage should send up, in this glad season of the year, their tribute of increasing gratitude, with Nature’s anthem, to “the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy;” who is alike merciful and good, whether he smiles through the calm sunshine of the summer sky, or rides upon the wings of the tempest.

MRS. BOOKLY'S QUESTION PARTY.

BY HICKORY BROOM.

"Yes, Maria, we will give the party on next Thursday night; and I have an agreeable surprise in contemplation for all our friends that may be here."

The pleasant air about Mrs. Bookly, as she entered the parlor where her daughter was seated, betokened the presence of something on her mind that gave her great satisfaction. The daughter had been importuning the mother for a party, which, after due deliberation, she had consented to give; and, to make the evening more entertaining, determined to introduce a new feature, which she thought would create something of an excitement in the circle of her acquaintance and afford them the means of much amusement. She had just hit upon the plan before entering the room, and the smile of satisfaction which lit up her face was noticed by her daughter.

"Shall we, mother? I am so glad!" she answered. "But what is it you intend preparing for our friends? Are you going to read Shakspeare, mother?"

"No, miss, I am going to do no such foolish thing! And, for your quizzing, you shall not know what it is until the evening of the party."

"Now, mother, that is too bad. You are too hard-hearted. You know the extent of woman's curiosity, and yet you will not gratify me. Are you going to introduce a new polka?"

"There is no use in your questioning; I shall not tell you anything about it; so you may as well save your breath."

"Do you intend showing your album quilt?" persistently inquired Maria.

"Now do not provoke me to cancel my promise by your pertinacity. I tell you, as a punishment for quizzing your mother, you shall not know until Thursday next what it is."

"Morning or evening, mother?" said Maria, archly.

"Evening, miss. So no more questions, but get about writing your invitations."

Maria, knowing the determination of her mother's nature, gave over her questions, and proceeded to the book-case, and taking from it her note paper and envelops, commenced writing.

"Is it to be Mrs. or Miss Bookly's compliments, or both, mother?"

"It shall be both, for then all our friends can enjoy the surprise I have for them."

"There is that surprise again! Shall I say we are going to do something new and wonderful, or will you let this great secret burst upon them suddenly?"

Maria felt a little put out at her mother for her silence upon the subject; but finding her remark gained no answer, she wrote the notes as she had been directed. The pen in her hand made regular journeys across the different sheets of paper, interspersed with an occasional running visit to the ink-stand, until the invitations were written out. This part finished, they were all folded up and hid away into envelops. The important functions of the pen were again called into action for the directions, and Maria informed her mother that her task was completed. The envelops were inspected by Mrs. Bookly, and sent to their destinations.

There was some little excitement among her acquaintances after the reception of the notes; for she was much beloved by them, and every one attended punctually to an invitation coming from her. On the day before the party, the heads of her female friends, when seen—but that was a rarity—were variegated over with pieces of paper twisted up tight in the hair, and pinned down close upon the most prominent phrenological organs on the front part of the head, as if with a desire to impress them with some new feature of newspaper philosophy.

In the house of Mrs. Bookly, there was a deal of confusion, especially on the morning of the day on which the party was to come off. A general inspection of the furniture in the two parlors was entered into. Quiet little particles of dust that had settled themselves down in corners which they imagined secluded from observation, were unceremoniously whisked out of their retreats and cast into the dust-pan. The uncomplaining carpets were rudely scratched by the broom in the hands of Maria, who, like all well-bred girls, had been taught housekeeping among her other accomplishments, and was not afraid of practicing at that any more than at her piano. The parlor mirror put on a brighter look after her attentions, aided by an old silk handkerchief, were bestowed upon it; and it is a matter belonging entirely to itself whether its brightness arose from pleasure at her notice, or a necessity from that of the handkerchief. The candleabra drops rattled a remonstrance against the proximity of the dust rag, and the French ornaments on the mantel toppled almost over with impatience. The piano underwent an examination by an elderly man in spectacles, who was, for an hour or more, screwing and thumping at the keys, and finally closed up the top, leaving the music to be drummed out by the company in the evening. After much care and confusion, the parlors were eventually "set to rights." In the afternoon, the curiosity of Maria was greatly excited by her mother requesting

her to go to the bookstore and purchase a pack of plain, gilt-edged cards, of the size of one which she gave her. She, in vain, endeavored to fix her mind upon the duties which they were expected to perform. The things tangible suggested itself, and she at last gave up the subject in vexation.

The cards procured, Mrs. Bookly put them quietly away, and, with a smile, asked Maria "if she could tell what they were for?"

"No, I cannot, mother. Will you not tell me?"

"I cannot do so, Maria, as I told you that I should not gratify your curiosity until this evening."

"At all events, I have not many hours to wait. I have restrained my curiosity for five days; I can surely do so for as many hours."

Evening came around, as it always does at the end of every day, and by eight o'clock the company began to arrive. The first who were ushered into the parlor were Mrs. Jawart and her two daughters, who were always the first at the reunions. They always made it a point to be first at all parties, that they might see who came together, and know everything that transpired. The younger Miss Jawart was somewhere out of her teens, and the elder, although her face was profusely decked with curls—the original owner of which, being dead, had no further use for them—could not conceal that she was much older than she wished to be considered. Mr. and Mrs. White came next; the lady somewhat pompous in her manner, and the gentleman quiescent. An interest in a canal boat had placed him, in his own view, among shipping merchants, and increased his ideas of his own importance in the world. His ideas, unfortunately, varied somewhat from those of his fellow-men, who broadly hinted that, in being out up into small pieces and retailed out for starch, he would be fulfilling his "manifest destiny." The two Miss Jennings' and brother came next. These young ladies, the one eighteen and the other twenty—we may be doing wrong in thus stating their ages, but it was written before we thought of the enormity of our transgression, and, as manuscript looks bad when it is crossed over, we must let it pass—enjoyed themselves, apparently, only when talking of the beaux, or receiving the attentions of the young men at the evening parties to which they were invited. They seemed somewhat disappointed, when they entered the room, at the absence of some of their young men acquaintances, whom they expected to find there. This feeling was dispelled in a few moments, when two of them were ushered into the room. A bow and a few commonplace remarks from them brought a pleasant smile to their faces, which only left upon the attention of the young men being directed in another quarter at a later hour in the evening. Mr. Lynch, a bachelor of fifty, was the next one who claimed the attention of the company. He was a short, thick-set man, with a small, but determined-looking pair of whiskers, that curled up on his cheek bone as if endeavoring to cultivate an acquaintance with his eyes. A few gray hairs in them, overlooked by the owner—

his attention to them was exemplary—in his toilet for the evening, had been elbowed by the others to the surface, and were standing out in bold relief, possibly to attract the attention of a few of the same color which peeped from behind the false hair of Miss Jawart. A standing collar, stretched to its utmost capacity, formed a semi-wall around his neck, and threatened damage to the ears, which were but a short distance above. Around his body was a white waistcoat, ornamented with brass buttons, two of which only could be seen above the breast of his coat, which was buttoned tight around his waist—a habit that bachelors generally indulge in, from a desire, no doubt, to keep their hearts so closely confined as to render them impenetrable to the gentler sex. Shoes of the brightest polish graced his feet, and the straps which confined his pantaloons were unyielding to a fault. He was a fine, even-tempered man, and added much to the hilarity of the parties to which he was invited by his good humor and ability to render himself agreeable. It was only in dress that he had any of the characteristics of his tribe about him, and although the one was remarkable, the other soon forbid all thought of his outward appearance by its talking qualities.

At about half past nine all the guests had assembled, filling, comfortably, both parlors, and rendering the place vocal with their animated conversation.

Maria was seated at the piano in the early part of the evening, and had sung "Jeannette and Jean-not," "Wilt thou love me then as now?" "Dearest, sew this button on," and other fashionable pieces of music. She was nearly fagged out in endeavoring to make herself heard above the voices of the company, who appeared engaged in the same object with regard to her, although they had pressed her to favor them by her playing. This act of rudeness on the part of the company, although indulged in generally at all parties, is none the less reprehensible. It may be known that Maria was glad to hear the call for a polka, when she found that not one of the company had, apparently, been listening to her during the last half hour. In a few moments, partners were selected, and the company were hoscotching through the figures of the polka at a lively rate, reminding one strongly of a party in a state of intoxication endeavoring to make their way around the room.

They had been engaged for some time in dancing, when the mind of Maria became abstracted to such an extent by thoughts of the surprise which her mother had promised, that she forgot her time, and the dancers were compelled to stop and reprove her, jokingly, for her remissness. Just at that moment, Mrs. Bookly's voice could be heard above the general din of laughter calling on all the company to come into the front parlor, as she had something to show them which she thought would amuse. In her haste to get into the room, Maria almost knocked one of the Miss Jennings' over, and trod upon the toes of Mr. Lynch with such power

as to produce an expression of face which evinced the presence of anything but comfort. The company, after much confusion, being seated, Mrs. Bookly took from the centre-table a handsome marble card-basket, in which was carefully laid the cards purchased in the morning, and explained to the company that she had prepared an innocent and entertaining amusement for them, which she hoped would prove interesting.

"Maria," she continued, "will you pass around this basket, my dear, and let each one of the company select from it one of the cards?"

Maria did as her mother requested, herself as much puzzled as any one of the company, and when the cards were distributed, placed the basket again on the table.

"I shall propose a question," said Mrs. Bookly, "to which each one must write an answer on the card they have, which cards shall be placed in this vase on the pedestal behind me. After they are all deposited, I will draw them out singly and read them to the company. I forgot to mention that there is to be no mark upon the response by which its author may be known."

There was a general mustering of pencils at this announcement, and an evident curiosity was immediately raised in regard to the subject which would be propounded, as they all seemed to enter into the spirit of the game.

"As there is a majority of ladies here, I shall propose, for the first question," continued Mrs. Bookly, "What is a bachelor?"

The pencils of the company, which were generally worn for ornament, were now, for the first time in a long while, called into active service, and for the space of a quarter of an hour were making desperate attacks upon the face of the cards, which left them scarified over with black lines. The last answer written and deposited in the vase, Mrs. Bookly, with a smile, commenced her task of reading them aloud:—

"A target for fair hands to shoot at."

A general laugh greeted this response; the large majority of ladies in the room making its force so apparent.

"I beg of you, ladies," said Mr. Lynch, with a smile, after quiet was restored, "not to shoot too close to me; but my prayers can be of no avail, since your arrows have already been aimed at me through the vase."

All eyes were turned towards the oracle as the second card was drawn forth, for it must be confessed that there is a small shade of curiosity about womankind, though it may be very lightly laid on.

"An icy peak, on the mountain of humanity, that the sun of woman's love has never melted."

"Then I will nip you with my frost," said Mr. Lynch, putting his arms playfully around one of the Miss Jennings', who was sitting next to him.

"How do you know that it was my answer?" she cried, releasing herself from him.

"I read it in your face this moment," he replied.

"Then we must turn our faces from you, or we shall all betray ourselves, if you are such a good physiognomist," said the elder Miss Jawart.

"Nay, ladies, I pray you do not! The beams from some of your eyes may melt this frozen heart of mine, and then I might be——"

"An old maid's forlorn hope," said Mrs. Bookly, reading the next response, the aptness of which was felt by all, yet a sense of propriety restrained any acknowledgment from them.

Another card was instantly drawn to divert the attention from it, and to relieve Miss Jawart from her unpleasant dilemma.

"A fox longing for the grapes he pronounces sour."

"Now I really do object!" said Mr. Lynch. "It is that the ladies are all so sweet that I really cannot make a selection. I never could find it in my heart to pronounce them sour."

"Heart, indeed! This is the first time I ever knew you to acknowledge the possession of such an article," Mrs. Bookly quickly replied.

"There you do me wrong, for, see! I have one now which you gave me," said Mr. Lynch, taking from his pocket a handsomely-worked velvet heart; "and, observe, there are as many pins in it as you are endeavoring to night to plant thorns in its partner here," placing his hand on that part of his coat which covered the real article.

The laugh was turned upon Mrs. Bookly, and she drew forth another card.

"A ship without a rudder, buffeted by the winds of desolation, and dashed by the waves of despair on the rocks of solitude."

"That is hardly fair! I did not expect that from you, Mr. White," said Mr. Lynch, laughing.

"From me! How do you know it is from me?"

"Because of the commercial technicalities. You always will mix up business with pleasure; but being a ship-owner, you are excusable."

The sly home-thrust which was given with this answer did not sit well upon Mr. White; but, covering it up in the ample fold of his many-colored shawl, he replied, with a smile, "Tit-for-tat."

The vase was again appealed to, and gave out

"A creature whose miseries might be pitied, had he not the remedy within his reach."

"It must be you, Maria, as you are the only one that short distance from me."

"I did not write it! It was not me, it really was not!" replied Maria quickly.

"There is no harm done if you did," said Mr. Lynch, with mock earnestness.

Another card terminated the conversation on that subject.

"One who boasts of liberty, but sighs for the slavery he condemns."

"I feel perfectly safe on that score. I never have boasted on that subject, for the fear that all my married friends would call upon the legislature for the

enjoyment of bachelorhood, and I would not be able, as I am at present, to be the only *young* bachelor in the company."

"The victim of selfishness, punished for his folly on the solitary system."

"I believe you fabricated that reply, Mrs. Bookly—and——"

"No, she did not; for——" Miss Jennings, finding that, in her earnestness to save her hostess from suspicion, she had betrayed herself, cut the sentence short, amid the laughter of the company.

"I will not take advantage of your inadvertence, Miss——" said Mr. Lynch, "but will listen to the voice of the vase."

"Just like Mr. Lynch."

The merriment of the company knew no bounds at this answer. Mr. Lynch joined the rest with great zeal, and in a few moments exclaimed,

"Well! I really do think you are making me a target to shoot at with a vengeance. It is well for you that I am good-natured, or I might retaliate upon you."

Various other responses were made to the question, all bearing alike hard on Mr. Lynch; but his usual equanimity of temper prevented his being offended at the hits which he received.

"There is but one more left, Mr. Lynch," said Mrs. Bookly, "and I sincerely hope that it may be a favorable one, for I must say our friends appear to have borne rather hard on you to-night."

"Let us have the last one," he cried; "and I think it will show that I have at least one friend in the room."

The last card was drawn from the vase. Mrs. Bookly examined it closely on both sides, and with a merry voice, exclaimed,

"Blank."

Another burst of laughter greeted the card.

"That was you, Maria."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because you had no leads in your pencil. I saw it; and was about to offer you mine when you crossed the room. But I forgive you. Are you sure there are no more cards, Mrs. Bookly? I certainly cannot be without a friend here."

"Ah! here is one," said that lady; "it was standing on its edge, and I overlooked it."

"A happy dog, who does as he pleases."

"There," triumphantly exclaimed Mr. Lynch, "I thought I must have a friend here!"

"But you wrote it yourself! I know the characters."

"Well, why should I not? There is no one else here friendly enough to say as much for me; and, as a friend to myself, I had a perfect right."

"I think it but fair," said Mrs. Bookly, "that, as you have been so much underrated this evening, you should have the choosing of the next subject for answers, that is, if my friends think well enough of my little experiment to adopt it at their next reunion."

"As I shall have the pleasure of giving the next party," observed Mr. White, "I shall most certainly adopt it, and give Mr. Lynch a chance, in proposing a question, to have his revenge upon some of the others."

PUG NOSES.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

"BUT, then, her nose is not a pug-nose; had it been a pug-nose, her face would have been unpardonable," I exclaimed, mentally. Now, there is no redeeming a face with a pug-nose, and there is nothing to which I have constitutionally a greater antipathy. There is no dignity to such a face, and, of course, none in the character. The nose is an index to character; hence the phrase, "follow your nose." Now, if the nose be hopelessly "turned up," sneering from the birth at all aspiration, any one can predict the inveterate commonplacism and limitedness that must ensue. Goethe could not stand it in the pretty Madeline, and yet we apprehend hers must have been only a little fancy touching about the end thereof; a straight nose rising well from the forehead, but, just as it was about to be finished, a purely Greek model, some spleeny little sprite gave it a slight twist upward—in the same way that a pretty cousin of mine was served, and a nice little girl who shall be nameless, thereby making them both charmingly piquant.

True, it is said Socrates had a pug-nose. I believe this to be exceedingly apocryphal—he and Plato could not have been so much akin had this been the case, and Aspasia would never have believed him worthy of her eloquence. The error probably originated in this way. It is well known that Alcibiades was vain of his great personal beauty, and Socrates, both openly and privately, rebuked him for his irregularities. One day, while the great philosopher was declaiming on the excellence of the virtues, the dignity and godliness of a good life, the youth, feeling himself aggrieved, drew a portrait of Socrates on the walls of the academy, all faithful to the original except the nose. The students tittered, and the philosopher, learning the reason, commanded the sketch to be preserved; moreover, he made it the theme of one of his best discourses, in which he showed what he would most likely have been in character had nature so formed him. He dilated on the approximation to an inferior and bestial type, the preponderance of the senses indicated thereby, the licentious and groveling tendencies, which leave to the individual so little moral freedom. Then turning, all at once, to Alcibiades, he bade his disciples mark the contrast, "Hyperion to a satyr!" "Now," said the philosopher, "if the gods have so set their sign and seal of approval, have sent a being forth in the very perfection of manly beauty as the outward mark of inward capabilities, how doubly culpable must he be who neglects or effaces the divine workmanship! who makes a soul, celestially accommodated, find

its gratification in habits fit only for those who have no eye, no ear to divine harmonies, but who, blinded by the senses, are besotted and earthly!" The face of the philosopher grew sublimely beautiful as he made this appeal, and the young man, bursting into tears, looked with shame and humiliation upon the caricature which he had drawn upon the walls of the academy. But, in process of time, Socrates, persecuted, is condemned to death, drinks of the fatal hemlock amid the lamentations and tears of his friends, Plato being too ill to be present, the sufferings of his noble friend being too much for his sensitive nature. He died, and his enemies gladly availed themselves of the rude outline, and caused copies therefrom to be multiplied, in the hope of making him odious to the people, nothing being more uncommon, or more repugnant to a Greek than a pug-nose.

The finest types of animated life, whether amongst inferior animals or man himself, have a straight or hooked outline to the nose—witness the horse, the lion, the eagle. The North American savage has the Greek or Roman outline; and always, if moral elevation keep pace with mental improvement, families with the most inveterate pugs gradually assume the better type, till, in the course of a few generations, it will disappear altogether; while, on the contrary, low passions and sensualities invariably and unmistakably seize hold of this unlucky member and shape it into the resemblance of the swine, certain inferior representatives of the dog kind, the baboon, &c. &c., all diverging from the original design when man was created "upright."

The nerves of the brain and the face are in perfect harmony; the muscles even follow the volitions of the brain, shaping the face and giving tone to the figure; therefore, when I see either men or women with an unfortunate pug-nose reach any degree of elevation of character, I feel a double respect for such attainment. They are not morally free; they have great and disheartening obstacles to overcome; and I reverence that energy of will by which they seize upon themselves, as it were, and, in spite of the handwriting upon the wall, which threatens the citadel of truth and virtue, wrench and bend themselves to the best good. Of this kind, is a little fellow I sometimes see, who, besides a pug-nose, has a deplorable stutter, which he is overcoming manfully.

"Mother," he exclaimed, "I am tired of this pug-nose; it is growing puggier and puggier every day." This idealism in the child will go far to modify the obnoxious member—at any rate, it will

efface pugdom from his character, and thus limit the evil.

Lately, I saw in the cars a girl with a little poodle dog in her lap. She was fond of holding the creature up and looking into its face, in a manner quite tender and penetrating—this would have been very well, intended as it was to show her capabilities for that kind of expression—a species of “cannoning,” designed to afflict, not the quadruped, but the bipeds of the car. But mark the result. As she held the little beast (I detest poodles) opposite her face, as much as to say, “Look upon that picture and upon this,” the resemblance between the two was so marked and extraordinary, that the lookers-on could not forbear a smile.

“A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,” we thought, and did not wonder at her fondness. The poodle supplied the place of a mirror. He was the Narcissus of the fair beholder.

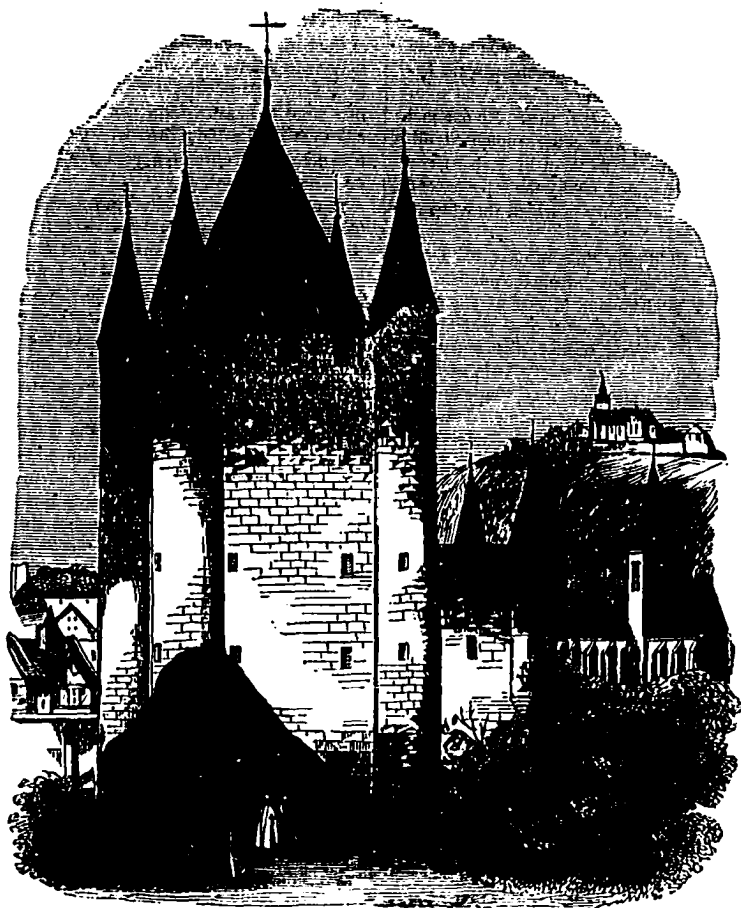
The deacon of a country church had a nose of this sort, and I being a child, and his being the only pug-nose I had ever seen, my undeveloped logic, led astray by my imagination, was greatly scandalized for a long time, supposing him to be making faces at the pulpit and communion service: then, too, the climate being cold, and the prayers always long, he had a trick of extemporizing a jewel therefrom, to my infinite horror.

Calling one day upon a lady, she presented her last household work, cased in lace and embroidery, herself looking the picture of a domestic divinity, fresh, smiling, and so happy, it was quite contagious. “An’t he the image of his father?” she exclaimed, triumphantly. And, indeed, there was no denying

the copy to be perfect—a contented imagination is a great thing.

“But, my dear, a little variation would be no injury. You can pinch its nose and pull it down gently, and, after a while, a decided improvement will follow.” She was indignant, as well she might be. What business was it of mine if her ideal of an Adonis had a pug-nose? If she chose that her baby’s nose should stick out like a knob from the centre of its face, what right had I to intermeddle?

Somewhere—I have forgotten where—I saw an angel, a painted one, with a pug-nose. I have forgotten who was the artist; but I tried for a long while to divine what might have been his motive, and what order of spirits he meant his angel to represent. I finally determined the angel was designed for a sort of earth spirit, something lower than the oriental Peri, who was detected in heaven sneering at the prayers of some poor sinner, not as well worded as they might have been, and for this offence he was seized by the obnoxious member and held thereby seven hundred years, pendulous over the heavenly battlements; from which falling at length, he continued leaping through space seven hundred thousand years, and dropped into our earth just in time to turn up his nose with a final curl as our artist caught a gleam of him in poetic vision. He had passed, in the mean while, through the utmost limits of chaos, the spirits of the Inferno having thought to take him amongst themselves; but Pluto was thrown into a great rage thereby, declaring that he had no place in his regions adapted to the sneerer, though, as the class was multiplying upon earth, he was racking his invention to produce a state adapted to them.



RETRIBUTIONS OF HISTORY.

THE TEMPLE.

BY JOHN FROST, LL.D.

THE Chateau of the Temple is an ancient and dismal fortress, built in 1223 for a residence of the monastic order of the Templars, from whom it derives its name. It is situated in the city of Paris, near the Faubourg Saint Antoine, not far from the site of the Bastille; and it inclosed, with its buildings, its towers, and its gardens, a vast space of solitude and silence, in the centre of a most densely populated quarter of the city.

The Templars, for whom this edifice was erected, was a celebrated order of knights, which, like the order of St. John and the Teutonic order, had its origin in the Crusades. Hugh de Pajens, Godfrey de St. Uldemar, and seven other knights, established it, in 1119, for the protection of the pilgrims on the roads to Palestine. Subsequently, its object became

the defence of the Christian faith and of the Holy Sepulchre against the Saracens. The knights took the vows of chastity, of obedience, and of poverty, and lived, at first, on the charity of the Christian lords in Palestine. King Baldwin II., of Jerusalem, gave them an abode in that city on the east of the site of the Jewish temple; hence they received the name of Templars. The fame of their exploits procured them not only members, but rich donations in houses, lands, and money; and the usual result followed. From poor knights subsisting on charity, they became the most powerful, rich, and haughty order in Christendom. The principal part of their possessions were in France; most of the knights were also French; and the grand master was usually of that nation. In 1244, the order possessed

nine thousand considerable bailiwicks, commanderies, priories, and preceptories, independent of the jurisdiction of the sovereigns of the countries in which they were situated. Its members were devoted to the order with body and soul, and their entrance into it covered all other ties. No one had any private property. The order supported all. The arrogance attributed to them by bishops and princes is easily accounted for by their power and wealth, as is also the luxury in which they eventually indulged.

In the reign of Philip the Fair, the Knights Templars not only possessed power from the number and extent of their establishments in various countries of Europe, but also from the active part which they permitted themselves to take in its politics and wars. Many of them fell on the field of Falkirk, employing, in an oppressive and iniquitous war of one Christian power against another, the swords which had been consecrated to war with the infidel. In the contest which took place between the rival powers of Aragon and Anjou, they took part; and they supported Pope Boniface VIII. in his opposition to the King of France.

In a contest which Philip the Fair had with his own people, the Knights Templars rendered him an important service, which he repaid with the blackest ingratitude. The people of France, says a late writer, were suffering under the same extortions as the Flemings. Tax upon tax ground the lower classes to the earth; and the debasement of the coin had reached to such an extent that each piece of silver or gold was only worth one-seventh part of its nominal value. The king and his ministers forced the unhappy subjects of the crown to receive this money from the royal mints at the same rate at which a purer coinage passed in the reign of St. Louis; and, in the mouth of the people, the name of Philip the Fair was changed to Philip the False Money-Maker.

Oppression, borne impatiently and long, at length roused the people to resistance. Riots took place in many towns; and in the capital the people rose against the king and his ministers, pillaged the houses of their oppressors, and loudly threatened to take the life of the king himself. In this emergency, the Templars saved Philip from destruction. Driven from his palace by the enraged mob, he took refuge in two strong and defensible buildings of the Temple. The insurgents, with arms in their hands, pursued him to this retreat, invaded the Temple House, and threatened to starve Philip into a surrender; but the enthusiasm of fury, opposed to the cool courage and firm resolution of the Templars, was soon worn out and died away; tranquillity was restored in the capital; and the king escaped the fate which seemed to menace him.

Thus the Templars of Paris had given honorable shelter to the monarch, closed their gates against his enemies, and protected his person. But it is probable that he required more of them—that he required them to act against his people, and that the Tem-

plars refused; because they were forbidden to draw their swords against their fellow-Christians, except in their own defence; and, although as individuals they had violated this rule, they had never done so in a body. Moreover, the dissensions existing at that time between Philip and the papal see were offensive to the Templars, who could not but feel friendly to the cause of a pontiff who had always favored their order.

Philip, no doubt, resented the moderation of the Templars, when he should have felt grateful for their good service in protecting him; and before the close of his reign, he accomplished, by means the most treacherous and abominable, the complete ruin of their order.

Having prevailed upon the new Pope, Clement V., to join with him in his design, Philip took measures to possess himself of their treasures, and put them nearly all to death. Under pretence of consulting about a new crusade, the Templars were summoned to meet at Paris; and no sooner were they assembled, than they were all arrested and thrown into prison. At the same time, by secret letters dispatched to all the provinces, the king commanded his officers to seize all the Templars, their houses and property, and to hand the brethren over to examination, *by torture, if it should be necessary.*

Thus betrayed and surprised, the Templars were accused of the most horrid, and even absurd crimes; and many were tortured into confessions. These they afterwards retracted, and were sentenced to death as relapsed heretics and traitors. Fifty of the knights were burned alive in one day in Paris; and, after some delay, the Grand Master, James de Molay, and three others, were burnt to death by a slow fire on a small island in the Seine, between the royal garden and the Church of the Hermit Brethren, on the 18th of March, 1313. These men, in common with their brethren, who had been immolated in other places, protested their innocence of the crimes charged against them to the last moment of their lives.

"Thus perished," says Mr. James, "the last grand master of the Templars, a victim to one of the foulest conspiracies that can be found even in the annals of princes and pontiffs. The order was extinguished. Its treasures had been plundered, much of its property assigned to royal and papal favorites, and the remnant fell to the rival order of the Hospital, which did not, however, obtain it without gratifying, by large donations, those who had obtained possession of it by such barbarous and bloody means."

The Temple House itself, which had been the scene of Philip's rescue by the Templars, was the theatre where many of them were placed upon the rack to suffer tortures too horrible for description. Thus did a king of France requite the favors of the Templars in the fourteenth century.

In the eighteenth century, the same Temple House witnessed the degradation and sufferings of another king of France. Hither, Louis XVI. was conducted

when the Revolution had deprived him of his crown, and here he was made to undergo every species of indignity and insult which the most ingenious malice could devise, for no apparent reason but that he had been king of France. All the crimes of centuries of monarchy were bitterly avenged upon the person of a comparatively innocent monarch. Nor did he suffer alone. His family were imprisoned with him

in the Temple; and the unhappy king, in witnessing the insults and indignities heaped upon their innocent heads, was made doubly to feel the avenging hand of destiny against the monarchy. From the Temple, the unfortunate Louis was conducted, as James de Molay had been four centuries before, to the scaffold—and in his blood was written one of the many retributions of history.

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THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY MRS. THEODORE MYERS

(Concluded from page 30.)

THE assessor had worked himself up into something of a passion, and rose hastily from his seat, as if to go in quest of the stranger; but Amelia laid her hand on his arm, and, gazing into his face with an expression that at once disarmed him, asked "if the fulfillment of the threat he had just now uttered would be in keeping with his own open and upright character?"

Elben looked down ashamed. "Your simplest word would conquer the strong sword of Themis itself. But what would you have me do? Go home from this feast of wine and good things, and deliberately swallow a dose of arsenic, or else put a ball or two in my head? Setting aside the consideration that this procedure against the stranger would be inconsistent with the dignity of an assessor, I suppose I must yield to circumstances; and, in the mean time, our own unhappy affairs must be suffered to go to ruin."

"If there were only some clue by which we could find our way out of this labyrinth!"—said Amelia, sorrowfully—"some way of escape, by flight, from the clutches of this detested Englishman!"

"Escape—flight!" repeated the assessor, apprehensively. "What a bold idea!"

"You may realize it, then," said Amelia, in a low, hurried tone. "I place the most unbounded confidence in you. You must carry me off."

The assessor shuddered. "It would be madness, beloved. Have you thought of the consequences? It is forbidden by the laws of the land, and calls for the highest degree of punishment. The third article of our criminal code, paragraph——"

"Pshaw!" said Amelia, now slightly angry. "You have no romantic, chivalrous spirit; you are no real knight—alas! no Douglas. Leave me then to my destiny. This hour ends my minority, and from this day I am my own mistress."

"Ah, then," said Elben, joyfully, and with great simplicity, "if you are really of age, that helps considerably. You can leave your father's house when you will. The laws will permit, in this case, the acting without the sanction of parent. I stand ready to obey your commands. And now, when I think of it, you have really attained your one-and-twentieth year."

In order to escape observation while engaged in this, to them, interesting conversation, they had left the seat where we at first noticed them, and mingled occasionally with the crowd; sometimes loitering

in the forest walk, sometimes entering the pavilion, where refreshments were to be had.

Amelia's father, now rather more rational than when we last saw him, had returned from the brow of the hill where the cannon were placed, with the stranger and his nephew, and almost immediately missed his daughter. He became alarmed; and, advancing to one of her companions who stood near, inquired if she had seen her. The mischievous maiden answered that she had spoken with her a few moments before in the grove, where she was walking with Assessor Elben. The poor old man suddenly started to his feet, and, with all the activity of youth, began patrolling round, inquiring of every one if they had seen his daughter, who, he declared, had deserted him.

Alexis and the Englishman thus left to themselves, the conversation flowed without restraint.

"Is the worthy host a fool?" inquired the latter, in English. "What does he take me for, or how does he know me?"

"He would do you a pleasure," answered Alexis.

"Confound such a pleasure!—it worries me. This scraping and bowing disgust me. Unhappily, you know better on what account I have come hither. Compliments do not suit a man well in my dilemma."

"No matter," said Alexis; "you must receive them, and think of nothing at present but how to secure your own safety. You must be satisfied to let things remain as they are for a few days at least, and suffer yourself to pass for a man whose fame has reached far and wide."

"Fame!" repeated the amazed stranger. "What for? None of my family were ever famous that I know of, if I except——Scott, the stout anchor-smith at Harwich, that worked for the fleet; and he was not even a relation, but such a good workman that the whole admiralty took off their hats to his anchors and fixings. My own fame has come to a sorry end."

"Shield yourself, then, from the danger that threatens you behind the glory of another. Imagine yourself, for a time, the Great Unknown—the Wizard of the North."

"I never had much faith in witches or wizards; and I never heard of this fellow. What did he do? Did he build ships or steamboats?" inquired the stranger.

"No," said Alexis, laughing; "he has written romances."

"Phew! is that all?" answered the stranger, in a tone of scorn. "I hate these quill-drivers, and all who print, sell, buy, or read their stupid trash. If there was something to be written that had some sense in it, the blockheads would never undertake it. Now I have been writing something very clever for these four years back, a real and sensible treatise against that knavish Brunel, who is making the tunnel under the Thames; but it has cost me a deal of trouble, for I write so badly that often I cannot read it myself. And—would you believe it?—not one of those sorry hounds of printers would take it for publication. I will let you read the thing, as you are a bit of an engineer; but, I beg you, give me out for anything but a writer."

"Unhappily, it is already done," rejoined Alexis, in a tone of indifference, and shrugging his shoulders. "I can easily dispel the illusion under which the old man labors; but then you must abide the consequences. Why did you not rather leave your treatise behind, and bring your passport in its stead? I have only to whisper in one ear who you really are, and the very birds of the air fly not swifter than will the news to Prince Hector; and you are no safer from his displeasure here than if you were just beside him at the Residence."

"Most abominable accident!" growled the Englishman from between his teeth. "May Heaven better those vile blockheads that let the boilers burst in that unlucky boat! Would I had stayed in old England! If we blow up a boat there, some money and a few words of explanation in a newspaper set the matter all right. But here, on the Continent, you are no better than a set of slaves. You have no Magna Charta—no Habeas Corpus. A stranger, the moment he arrives here, is outlawed, receives no respect, and, if a misfortune overtakes him, he must run from place to place to save his hide, just as if he were a Dutchman."

"But you must acknowledge that it would have been very provoking, if, on account of your unskillfulness, the prince, together with all the cavaliers of his court, should have been sent sailing through the air against their own will, when they would rather have gone by sea," said Alexis, ironically. "However, it is yours to choose whether or not I shall tell."

"No," roared the Briton; "you must not tell. I will suffer myself to be called whom they will, if it should even be a Yankee, so that they will only keep quiet and let me have peace. Known or unknown, I will maintain most sacredly my incognito."

"You must do more than that, sir," rejoined Alexis, boldly. "You must make two persons happy."

"Will it cost me any money?" asked the Englishman, distrustfully.

"Not the least—not the first farthing," said Alexis. "You have only to make a friendly request, which, at the proper time, I will teach you."

"Well, then, for my own sake, I will make two people happy. But who are they?"

"That gentle maiden who sat beside you an hour or two ago, and her lover, a worthy young man."

"I do not know the fellow," said the stranger.

"There is no necessity for your knowing him," replied Alexis.

"Indeed! Well, then, if it is not necessary that I know him, I will make two people happy; and, if I have my liberty and can keep my money, you may make me out to be anybody you please. But I would gladly give all the money I have, if I were only journeying in safety to England with my passport in my hand. Abominable continent! In our happy island, we can go wherever we please without these miserable scraps of paper, that are here deemed so necessary. Had I only—but who can think of everything at once? All my effects, except my cloak and manuscript, are left behind, glad to escape with my life from the vengeance of the angry prince, on account of that foolish boat."

"Where now—where now, master assessor?" hallooed Father Wirtig, as he espied Elben and Amelia walking together at a short distance before him. "By the blessed Julius of Avenel, you shall not be walking with the maiden in the twilight. But no—stay—you may remain. This is a gala day for Amy and my whole house; it would not do that any should be left out. Come, then, to our feast; you are cordially bidden, master assessor. Come and see for yourself, and you will be ashamed of the prejudices that have carried you so far."

Alexis trod on the foot of the loquacious old twaddler, and winked at the assessor, while he answered for him—

"Truly, William will not stay behind," he said. "The light of these flying rockets shows me, in spite of the darkness, that his countenance is bright; and the happy must not be wanting at our feast."

"That, truly, I will not," answered the assessor, with a sudden determination, and turning round *en pirouette*, after throwing a very dangerous glance at the Englishman.

Amelia secretly exchanged a smile with him.

"Now, if it pleases your excellency," said Father Wirtig, perfectly satisfied with himself and everybody else, "the musicians are ready, and waiting to lead the way. It has always been our custom, at these festivals, to return in procession to our homes, accompanied by strains of sweetest music. The young men are lighting their torches: it will dispel the damp, and prevent the injurious effects of the night air on your invaluable health. My bungling old Caleb has certainly forgotten the *calèche*."

"For my part," answered the stranger, carelessly fumbling in his bosom, "I am heartily satisfied with the share I have had of the fireworks, and those horrid trumpets fairly deafen me."

"The bagpipe," said the host, deprecatingly, "would sound more congenial. I am really in doubt whether I did not forget to tell old Caleb to bring—have the goodness to overlook such a piece of negligence. When once at home, you shall find all

things better. Suffer yourself to be pleased with our humble efforts. Come, Amy, you must entertain Sir——”

He was silenced ere he could utter the important word, by another foot signal from his nephew. The stranger offered his brawny arm to the maiden, and set forward on their homeward march. Wirtig was marshal of the procession. Alexis acted as his adjutant, and, with a blazing torch in his hand, flew here and there like an *ignis fatuus*, laughing and jesting with every one. The assessor took his place immediately behind Amelia and the stranger, looking as grave and serious as a pall-bearer. With the clang of music, the report of guns, and explosion of rockets, the songs of the excited revelers, and the screams of real or pretended alarm from the women as the burning frogs leaped over the way, the party reached the hill which overlooked the town, where they were welcomed by a cannon shot from the castle. At a short distance from the gate, the torches were all cast into a heap; and the stout bearers, not content with dancing around the flame themselves, forced every one they could seize upon to take a part, not even excepting the lame, until the light died away. Then the last cannon was fired, and the crowd enfiladed through the narrow gate into the town, still to the sound of music, where they began to separate. The lovers of the dance hastened to the public ball-room; some of the revelers to play tricks and disturb the peace; and the more staid and quiet portion, wearied with the fatiguing pleasures of the day, retired quietly to their homes. But the greater number of the men streamed towards “Wunderbaren,” many of them pleased to avail themselves of Wirtig’s great and sudden hospitality, without troubling themselves to inquire from whence it sprang. But the greater number of them knew something of the truth. Reports spread, one scarcely knows how, and from very small beginnings grow with frightful rapidity and changing aspect, so that, by the time it has reached the third hand, the originator would not know his own offspring. As in all the world, so also in Miffelstein. Twenty tongues whispered “the Great Unknown is here;” and forty legs ran at once to “Wunderbaren,” that the forty eyes to which they appertained might see for themselves the mighty wizard, the power of whose magic wand had been felt everywhere, but in no place more fully than in Miffelstein.

To the reader, as well as the writer, the description of a luxurious table is an unpleasant thing. With the longings of a Lucullus, and an appetite provoked by the imagination of the rich odors floating above the board at a feast worthy of the gods, to both it must prove an unsubstantial shadow; so we will only say that of our suddenly liberal host was loaded with dainties prepared after the Scotch and English fashion—no Miffelsteiner saw there his favorite dish—and that the portrait of the Great Unknown, illuminated by the light of many colored tamps, seemed to look down very complacently

from its frame upon the smoking viands, and had greatly flattered its living original. Not less so did the guests—to whom the enthusiastic Wirtig, in the joy of his heart, had shown *sub sigilla* the register;—and when had they, when would they have an opportunity again like the present? There could be no mistake. There, on the last leaf, stood conspicuous the magical signature, W—— Scott, in crooked, strange, authorlike characters, looking, to say the best of it, very much like an ink-blot. But the Englishman paid but little regard to the reverential homage with which he was greeted on all sides. Well pleased with his fare, he did ample honor to his beefsteak and pudding, and swallowed one glass of Burgundy after another. Ever and anon, as his glance accidentally rested on the portrait which hung immediately before him, a slightly visible smile was seen to play over his rough features—nothing further. The guests whispered each other, “See how well this great man knows how to preserve his incognito. Did you not see how he smiled when he looked at his own portrait? And why should he not smile? Portraits are seldom like those they are intended to represent, and in this the painter has imagined a great deal—these painter folks always do. The broad mouth, flat nose, rough cheeks, and chin of this far-famed man, who now sits before us, much more resembles some plain, thick-headed farmer than a mighty genius.”

“Perhaps”—whispered Father Wirtig, as these observations reached him from time to time—“perhaps his unshaven beard and uncombed locks are necessary to preserve his incognito; and it may be, too, that he is never inspired but at Abbotsford. How very prudent he is! He speaks only on indifferent matters. And how consistent! Even the Scottish dainties (among which, unhappily, the oaten bread is wanting) he refuses, lest his preference for the food of his native country might betray him. He leaves the whisky and ale, and enjoys right heartily the Burgundy. But I will wager that, indiscreet as he has been in provoking that blood-thirsty Goth, who is seeking to deprive the world of twelve glorious romances, proportionably discreet the author is determined to prove himself behind this battery of flasks.”

But the discretion of the old host himself waxed every minute less. In the joy of his heart, he had taken his place near to his honored guest—who, until this time, had spoken only to Alexis, and in the English language, which was entirely unintelligible to the company—paid him one compliment after another, accompanying each with a glass of wine. The Englishman comported himself with great gravity and remained silent, or else answered with the brevity of a Spartan. Yet the more that Wirtig’s loquacity increased, the more visible became the dissatisfaction of the young assessor, who had for a short time been seen seated at one end of the table. He threw, from time to time, threatening glances towards the Great Unknown, which the waggish Alexis was not slow to remark.

"What is your opinion, nephew," said the host aside to his kinsman, "if I should make Amy bring her harp? He has forbidden the bagpipe; but those eight Gaelic ballads composed by our Miffelstein genius, the commissary's clerk, and the leader of the choir has set to music, I think he could not possibly withstand."

"The plan is excellent," said Alexis. "It is a pity that at present it cannot be carried into execution. Within the last twenty minutes, Caleb has informed me that, on her return from the harvest festival, my gentle cousin complained of a severe headache, and has retired to her room."

"What an ill-timed indisposition!" growled Wirtig. "But my poor girl is no vigorous Di Vernon, that could leap over rocks and fences; and, besides, she does not know the secret of this joyful day. Ah, what bliss, Saint Dunstan!"

The assessor had overheard these last words, and a sarcastic laugh evinced how bitterly they had been felt.

"Only look at the blockhead, Alexis," continued the old man, interrupting himself. "Only see what a countenance that foolish assessor puts on. He is also in the dark. I have not told him anything about our guest, and the company will not trouble themselves with such a whimsical fellow. But wait. Just at midnight we will thunder forth a toast which shall awaken him. How astonished, how ashamed he will be!"

"Where is Miss Amy?" inquired the Unknown, in a loud voice, at the same time leaning over the table and finishing the inquiry with a tremendous yawn.

The poor assessor could bear no more. He sprang impatiently from the table, and going to the window, looked out into the dark and waning night.

Father Wirtig explained to the king of the feast, in answer to his question, the cause of his daughter's absence—

"Your excellency must excuse the weak nerves of our Dutch maidens. They are not to be compared to your Scottish heroines. But I can pludge myself sincerely for my daughter's devotion, as well as that of my whole household."

"Why!—what! Master landlord, by my faith, you puzzle me," said the Englishman, as it were, deprecatingly.

The opportunity was too good to be lost, and Father Wirtig—fairly carried out of his discretion, determined that his guest should no longer be ignorant that he possessed so faithful an ally—chattered forth:

"I humbly pray you, most noble baron, let me say, without vanity, I am one of the most candid persons that was ever conducted into your enchanted kingdom, and the freest spoken. Ah! our blessed Lady of Embrun! your glorious works have restored health to my diseased mind; and when the fortunes of my house had sunken low; restored it fourfold. I owe you, therefore, the deepest debt of gratitude, and it is now doubled, since you have honored my lowly hall with your presence."

The Englishman, somewhat impatiently, pushed back his chair. Alexis whispered a few words in his ear. Thereupon the stranger looked thoughtfully up to the ceiling, laid his finger portentously on his nose, and began—a long pause.

"Now it is coming. The inspiration is coming," was whispered confidently among the guests, who, from the beginning, had been watching for one genial spark from those revered lips. With open mouth and eyes, the landlord joined in the general expectation.

"Well," at last growled forth the Englishman, half aloud to the host, while the hopes of the company sank in low murmurs, "I must say you are a pretty clever fellow, and it behoves me to be your debtor. But are you ready to prove it? I will hold you to your word."

"By word and deed, by head, and hand, and foot, most noble baronet," reiterated Wirtig. "Only put me to the proof, dearest 'Lord of the Isles' and Continents. Has that blood-thirsty savage, the French general, abridged your gold? Mine is at your service, although I never should be mentioned in any of your undying works. Are you followed by that barbarian soldier? There are room and protection in my house for you. All my people, dressed in their tartan, shall wait on you and guard you, each with a Lochaber axe in his hand."

The Englishman looked round him in bewildered astonishment; but, after a moment's thought, he said—

"Well, I do say you are a true gentleman, and I thank you. Instead of the first, I will make a request of you, and speak a good word for others. I would make two persons happy—your Amy and that young grumbler yonder, who is looking out of the window. Do it for the love of me, and let the maiden have her lover, since it seems he is her true Valentine."

"Aha!" said Amelia's father, whose intellect had become a little clouded by the wine which, contrary to his usual habits, he had drunk. "I see the maiden knows how to profit by such a powerful advocate. By our Lady of Embrun, it is but a small favor you ask of me, most illustrious and worthy baronet; and I would wish to show my gratitude in a more becoming and costly manner."

"Nevertheless, trifling as it is, it is his first request, and you must grant it without further compliment or ceremony," said Alexis to his uncle. "See how great his benevolence! The illustrious Unknown prefers securing the happiness of others to his own. How could you then more suitably reward one of such elevated feelings than by granting him this simple boon?"

"Well, then, as it is from him, I will, from my heart, most willingly," answered the father. "I made a solemn promise, I believe, and therefore I suppose I must. But, Alexis, think you my poor Amy will be happy with this prosaic assessor?"

The stranger laid his finger solemnly on his nose, and, encouraged by the Burgundy, again spoke—

"Without doubt—what an odor from that bowl!—the will have a happy lot." His eyes glanced eagerly over the battery of bottles on the sideboard.

Alexis whispered to his listening uncle—

"Now observe him well. He is prophesying. The second sight has come over him. Say 'yes,' loudly and at once."

"The second sight!" said Wirtig, reverently.

"Then, in the name of everything good, 'yes!'"

Alexis had hastily arisen to seek the assessor, and bring him at once to the honest anchormith, that he might thank him for his unexpected happiness. But he was no longer visible at the window where he had last been seen, neither was he to be found in the hall. Alexis was about to go in search of him; but his uncle forbade the movement.

"Let the prosing fellow go, my boy. Leave him to himself, the blockhead lawyer," said he, not altogether able to maintain a steady equilibrium. "He will soon come back again. By our Lady of Embrun, that he will. We want your assistance here, my Alexis. The punch is coming; the most delicate that ever steamed from a bowl. Then it will be necessary to have a song—a jovial song—an old song. The secretary will lead in a song which he has altered to suit the occasion, and you dare not refuse your assistance."

"I can't sing," protested Alexis.

"You must sing," said his uncle, very audibly.

"Are you not ashamed to say so? When a boy, you used to have a fine treble voice. This goes for nothing. You will have to sing, or the thing will not go off well. Saint Dunstan! Come along!"

He drew him towards the steaming bowl, behind which the Englishman sat with swimming eyes, and almost hidden by clouds of Olympic vapor. The suddenly inspired secretary had by this time finished his impromptu, and, having distributed copies written in lead pencil among the company, like the hoarse roar of the waves at the flowing of the tide, twenty throats poured forth their sonorous strength in a favorite national song, which, slightly altered, and now sung to a well-known English air, was particularly in place. Thanks to the Beranger of the borough—at this time, it echoed throughout Miffelstein. The text ran thus—

From thy cold land of mists and heath,
Crowned with the bay and laurel wreath,
We hail the Wizard Bard!
The muse in sweetest numbers sings,
With "vivats" loud the welkin rings,
And Miffelstein her tribute brings
To hail the mighty bard!

The enthusiasm was indescribable; but it was doubled when they saw that its distinguished subject fully shared in it. Scarcely had the noble gentleman heard the first accord of the well-known and often sung tune, than, without troubling himself about the text, he chimed in in good English, keeping time with foot and hand until the bowl reeled and the glasses danced upon the board.

"The Ossianic nature combines with his love of country to break through the restraint he has imposed on himself," said the enraptured secretary. "Proceed, my friends, *Da Capo*. He must yield to our devotion from the impulse of feelings like these. From the 'Great Unknown,' to us he must be the Great Disclosed."

And the choir broke forth anew. And anew, and with increased energy, the noble guest joined in his own praises, swaying to and fro rather unsteadily in his chair, until, at the words "Miffelstein her tribute brings," he nodded rather too far over the table; so far, indeed, that his nose came in rather ungently contact with the edge of the oaken table. But his spirit was firm as his own English oak. No word escaped his lips. Quickly concealing his bleeding nose in his handkerchief, he arose hastily from the table and left the room. Alexis, who had seen all, concealed his laughter behind his napkin; and all the rest, with the enthusiastic Wirtig at their head, exclaimed—

"He weeps! he weeps! Our devotion has touched his heart. Now one more stanza, and he is ours. He will be forced to unmask."

Tears of joy flowed from Father Wirtig's eyes into the glass of punch that stood before him. The guests huzzaed and sung with as many voices as the Babylonish tower-builders. But, at this moment, Caleb entered with more than ordinary length of face, and drew Alexis to one side. With very seasonable brevity, he informed him that, a few minutes before, a stranger had arrived—a distinguished military-looking person, in a dashing uniform—who spoke altogether in French, and inquired very particularly after a person named Scott, or Schott, whom he had been commissioned to seek and find. The host of "Wunderbaren" was entreated to assist in the search after the stranger, and acquaint him immediately if it should be successful.

Alexis started. He saw his plan at once destroyed, as it were, by a thunderbolt. His waggish, but well-meant scheme would be betrayed before he had reaped any fruit from it. His first object must now be to get out of the scrape as best he might, either as conqueror in the battle, or, at least, by retreating unmasked. With his accustomed quickness, he took a sudden resolution; and, happily, it succeeded. He dispatched Caleb after the Englishman to tell him a messenger from the prince had arrived. Then running round to his uncle, he whispered in his ear—

"Make no alarm, dear uncle—but prove your courage even in this trying moment. The French general is below. He is on the track of the Great Unknown. You shall speak with him yourself. You must keep parleying with the blood-thirsty savage until I bring our man into safety."

With a furious "By 'r Lady of Embrun," the old host exclaimed—

"What do you tell me? Now wait. You shall see. The Frenchman shall have his answer in good Scottish fashion; you may rely upon that. If

he were the bravest man that ever stood in a stirrup, he shall be driven off like——"

"Do not waste the precious time in making comparisons," interrupted Alexis, as he pushed the enraged champion out of the door. Then, filling the glasses to keep the company employed, he went himself to seek the Englishman. He found him at the fountain in the court-yard, washing his broken nose; and, hearing his name called by Alexis, came at once towards him, completely sobered by his cooling ablution.

"Fly, my master," said the latter, slowly and impressively. "A detachment of Prince Hector's body-guard has been sent after you. The officer is now in the house inquiring for you, and the host is keeping him in parley so that you may gain time."

The Briton stood petrified. "What is to be done?"

"You will have to be off instantly; there is no other way."

"I know that. But where?"

"No matter. Go where you please. But be off."

"Good. But how?"

"Where is your horse?"

"He is wounded in the foot, and I had him taken to the smith."

"That is bad. But still you must get off at once by some means."

"Abominable Deutschland!—unlucky steamboat! Where and how shall I go only to retain my liberty?"

"You will have to go on foot."

"But I do not know one inch of the way."

"I will guide you myself outside of the gates, and see you on a safe path."

"But my horse?"

"I will send him to you in the morning."

"I owe you many thanks. But I have left my treatise against that Brunel in my chamber. I cannot go without it."

"It is impossible to get it. Your chamber will be watched."

"But will you send it with my horse?"

"Yes; when I find it. Come now, are you ready?"

"How can I go without a hat? Tell me, my good friend. An Englishman goes nowhere without his hat."

"Wait, then," returned the other; "I will bring yours. But, in the mean time, do not stir from this spot until I return."

Alexis thrust his *protégé* into a corner of the gateway, and ran in great haste to the hall, returning in a moment with his hat. Stepping hastily forward with the stranger—whom he found, not in the spot where he had left him, but at the side entrance to the house, gazing intently at a coach which stood there—a drowsy voice was calling out from the box—

"Get in—get in, my masters. The way is long, and I have to return before sunrise."

"Heaven be praised! here is a way of escape!" exclaimed the Englishman, making a rush towards the carriage.

"How do you know it is for you?" inquired Alexis.

The Englishman laughed, thrust his hand into his pocket, and pulled out a handful of gold—

"Everything in this world is to be had for money," said he. "Farewell, my friend. Drive on, coachman; the faster the better. This guinea shall be yours, besides your fare, for drink money."

"Very good," was the answer; and, in the same instant, the carriage dashed rapidly and noisily over the uneven pavement from Miffelstein.

Laughing at the unexpected turn the affair had taken, Alexis returned from the gate and re-entered the house by the street door; but within all was wild confusion. From the parlor was heard a lively dispute between Father Wirtig and the inquiring officer. The dialogue was nearly ended when Alexis became its auditor.

"And so, in short and good, master officer, adjutant or general, whichever you may be," said the old host, in an angry voice, "he whom you seek is not here. 'Wunderbaren' conceals not the children of darkness; but neither does it betray the earth's honored ones to the revengeful Sassenach."

A loud peal of laughter, with a mocking "bien dit—au revoir, bourgeois," from the officer, as he stepped over the threshold, was not calculated to soothe the ire of the irritated host. Alexis at once recognized the adjutant of Prince Hector, a Provençal, by his dialect and voice. His first scheme had happily succeeded. He had sincerely desired to extend a helping hand to the Englishman. But now he saw himself suddenly exposed to two fires. His uncle fell on the right flank with the pressing question, "Well now, nephew, is he gone? has he escaped?"—while the left was attacked by a shrouded figure, who was seen with a dark lantern storming in the vestibule like one bereft of reason, exclaiming, "Is she gone? Oh, tell me, who has carried her off? Is she really gone?"

Much perplexed, Alexis frankly answered "yes" to his uncle's question, who began in the same moment, in his excessive joy, to dance around, and the other to beat the air as though he were fencing with some imaginary enemy.

"Gone, is he?" said the old host. "Bravissimo!"

"Gone, is she? Is it—can it be possible?" screamed the other.

"What is the matter with you?" inquired Wirtig, now first remarking the stranger. "Who are you? Away with that lantern, which is blinding us."

"What is the matter with me?" repeated the other, in no very gentle tone; and, setting his lantern to one side, revealed the face and figure of Assessor Elben. "Betrayed and mocked, does any one dare to ask me what troubles me?"

"Is it really possible this can be you, William?" said Alexis, coming forward as a third party. "Why

do I see you here, and equipped in this warlike manner?" he added, as he perceived a long rapier dangling at his side, pistols stuck in his belt, with fonoing-gloves and a mask peeping forth from under his cloak.

Father Wirtig raised his hands deprecatingly, as he saw his antagonist in the Scottish warfare so fearfully armed, and heard the words he uttered.

"Amelia! Amelia is gone!"

"Gone!" exclaimed both the others at once. "Where, and with whom?"

"The coach was standing here," said the assessor, almost beside himself. "She was in it; but now both she and the coach have vanished."

"What coach?" inquired Wirtig, suddenly becoming sober.

"It was the deaf old curate's miserable concern," answered the assessor; "the only one that was to be had."

"So"—blustered the father—"so it seems the hawk knows how the dovecot was to be robbed. Pray, my master, what was the coach doing here? and how comes it that, of all folks, you should know all about it? By our Lady of Embrun, this boldness goes beyond all possible conjecture, Master Assessor. But, if it please you, let us hear it all."

"I will use no deception with you," said Elben, boldly. "I wished to free Amelia from your cruelty, and resolved to bear her in safety to her aunt at Haidingen. She was already seated in the carriage, when I recollected I was unarmed. Full of knightly courage, I hastened to my home, armed myself as you see, and returned with the speed of lightning, and—she was gone."

"A knavish plan!" roared Wirtig, pale with rage. "Master, do you pretend to uphold the laws, a kidnapping—"

"Have a care, Master Wirtig," said Elben, boldly. "Amelia is of age. You may prosecute, if you will—I shall win: costs, fees, etcetera, all fall upon you. But while we are quarreling here—"

"The Great Unknown has carried off the lady," burst forth from Alexis, accompanied with a peal of laughter which he could no longer retain. Overcome by this ridiculous termination of a ridiculous beginning, he gave way to his merriment, heedless of the increasing anger of Elben and his uncle, which had arisen to a gigantic height.

"By our Lady of Embrun, but this is a fitting reward for our hospitality," screamed Wirtig. "Rather will I shut myself up for ever in the deepest cell within the walls of gloomy Torquilstone than trust to man again. Here, Effie! Janet! Edith! Eveline! Come quickly! Call Rob! Where is Front de Brœuf, and that abominable Caleb? Tell them to bring their arms. 'Tis their chief who calls them out!"

The assessor was, in the mean time, vamping about in his own peculiar style, and brandishing his rapier, as though the air were full of demons. The kitchen door and the attic windows were at once thrown open, and at each was seen the drowsy

visages of the alarmed servants, who, hearing the outcry, believed nothing less than that the house was on fire. The maidens carried lights, and, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, so engrossed with their reading, that each one held a magic volume in her hand.

"Come down here!" shouted Wirtig. "Come down here, every one of you, from the butler down to the laziest knave amongst you who ever rode a horse to the water. Arm yourselves instantly. Throw those abominable romances out of the window, or into the fire. He has deceived me, who never yet was deceived, and as man never before has been. But wait, unworthy baronet; you shall not be unacquainted with the use of racks, and chains, and dungeons, which figure so largely in every page of your writing. I will overwhelm you from the code of your own morality, as sure as I am a man. And for you, Master Assessor, have a care lest that, without going so far as the Heart of Mid Lothian, you might learn something in the Heart of Mifflenstein."

Alexis laughed still louder, Wirtig foamed with rage, Elben stormed, the adjutant of the prince lingered at the door, and from within, ever and anon, the decant rung, "We hail thee with thy laurel wreath!" and the domestics by this time had assembled in the court-yard to receive their orders.

"In battle array!" commanded Wirtig, as he marshaled his troops. "By our Lady of Embrun—Caleb, advance in front with the bagpipe—I call you from your homes to the battle-field—you must sound for the onslaught. Now begin; and follow where I shall lead."

Caleb proceeded slowly to obey his master's orders, muttering sorrowfully to himself—

"I wonder what is to be the upshot of all this. I hope though that Lady Embrun, whom the master is always talking about, will take care that we don't get hurt."

He had already filled his instrument, and screamed forth a few discordant sounds, when suddenly a new scene of the drama opened, and Amelia appeared in the midst of them.

All seemed to be struck dumb at her unexpected presenoe, believing her far distant, with the exception of Alexis, whose laughter it seemed impossible to restrain.

"I come to clear up the mystery," said the maiden, solemnly, as she gracefully removed the thick veil with which her face was shrouded. "But first dismiss these strange witnesses."

A sign from Wirtig, and the servants withdrew, some laughing, others grumbling, and all more or less disappointed; for they expected a more amusing termination. But Caleb, with great joy of heart, disencumbered himself of his unwieldy instrument, saying to himself—

"I knew I should get out of the scrape safely—my namesake always did."

"It was your own cruelty, my father," said Amelia, in a plaintive voice, "that forced me to take

this hazardous step; but Destiny had decided otherwise, and, like my unhappy namesake of Cumnor-place, I have dared to oppose her strong will. In my hurried preparation for flight, I had forgotten to leave a few lines, as is customary in such circumstances, to explain my absence. After I was seated in the carriage, I thought of my neglect, and while William was absent I returned to my chamber and wrote the necessary note. This delay has now fully extricated me from all doubt, and proved the will of Fate. Forgive me, Elben, and forget all. I yield to my destiny."

"By our Lady, that 's just what he will have to do," affirmed Wirtig, resolutely. "I 'll give my daughter to no such deceiving knave, if the Genius of our century had asked it for him a thousand times."

"Have a care, Master Wirtig," threatened the assessor; "I will bring an action for defamation."

Standing in the doorway, Wirtig now began a long speech, during which Alexis, struck by a sudden thought, sprang into the house, ascended to the chamber which had been appropriated to the stranger, and returned bearing a manuscript in his hand.

"Will you really refuse your daughter's hand to the possessor of this invaluable work, when her own happiness is so deeply concerned?" inquired he of his uncle, at the same time turning the lantern so as to illumine the title-page.

"Brunel and the Tunnel," Wirtig spelled forth with some difficulty; but the name, "W. Scott," written below, he kissed most reverently. "How grossly hast thou been calumniated, glorious spirit!" said he, warmly. "Forgive me. And this manuscript, which, though truly I cannot read, I know how to appreciate. Does it really belong to you, Master Assessor?"

"At his departure, the illustrious author left this with me to be given as a memorial to his young friend, in whose welfare he took a deep and sudden interest," said Alexis, trying in vain to look serious; while Elben plainly exhibited his astonishment, and new hopes sprung up in the heart of Amelia.

"And he know Elben, did he?" said Wirtig, in an apologizing manner. "Well, then, I suppose it must be according to his wish, although this work looks as if it would make only one volume; still, on that very account, it must be superlatively excellent. Master Assessor, if you will permit me to place this invaluable manuscript in my library, instead of the romance you were to write, the hostilities between us are at an end. I will freely give you my daughter's hand."

Elben most joyfully consented. Amelia wept tears of joy. Wirtig himself joined their hands, still standing in the doorway; and, instead of the toast that was to be thundered forth at midnight by the noisy guests, when the Great Unknown was to lay aside his incognito, was substituted one of congratulation at the announcement of the betrothal.

At length the adjutant, who had not yet been able to find a hearing, said to Alexis—

"Suffer me to speak a word to you, Master Architect. The folks here are all crazy, it seems, and would fain make me believe they know nothing about this smoke-brained steam-contriver, Scott. I know the machinist is here. Tell him that Prince Hector has sent me to assure him of his forgiveness, and that he pities his misfortune. I have brought his effects, and a considerable bounty from the prince, sufficient to indemnify him for all losses. I will give them into your care, as I cannot wait any longer for his appealing."

Alexis promised to take charge of all; and was soon able to rejoice his uncle with the news that the blood-thirsty French general had taken his departure from Miffelstein.

Elben and Amelia were married. Alexis sent the effects of the steam-machinist to the place of his retreat, where they reached him in safety, and soon after left Miffelstein, and before his uncle could find out his well-meant deception. Father Wirtig wondered much to hear no more of his illustrious patron; but his wonder ended very unexpectedly one day that he received a letter, dated from Hanover. It was scribbled in bad Dutch, and ran thus:—

"Intending very soon to leave this abominable Continent, and go back to Old England, I send you, noble-hearted man, the enclosed bank-note, as compensation for the fine entertainment I had at your house. You will have learned, before this, who it was that was concealed against his own will, and only to secure his own safety behind the reputation of the Great Unknown. I work only with steam and smoke, in which I am not always successful, as my late experiment in the prince's vessel fully proves. The treatise which I left at your house, entitled 'Brunel and the Tunnel,' you may burn, if you like; for it seems that silly fellow Brunel has finished the work, though I still insist that it cannot succeed without my assistance. I send my warm greetings to that merry fellow, Alexis, and your little, simpering Amy. If I have somewhat neglected the latter, beg her to forgive me; it is not best generally to get the displeasure of the women. And for yourself, you comical old fellow that you are, farewell.

WILLIAM SCOTT."

After Father Wirtig had read this letter, he became thoughtful; but made not the slightest remark. But, nevertheless, it was observed that, from that time, he read no more romances; again called Caleb by his own name, Tobias; set the oaken table, bagpipe, and Scottish kitchen to one side; and hung the portrait of the Great Unknown in his cabinet. After the lapse of a few weeks, "Wunderbaren" was taken down from above the door, and the weary traveler was again cheered and entertained by the light of the venerable old star.

THE FLOWER OF THE FOREST.

A TALE OF THE DARK OLD DAYS.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "DERMOT O'BRIEN," "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "THE ROMAN TRAITOR,"
"CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

O, waly, waly, gin love be bonny
A little time while it is new;
But when it's auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew.—OLD SCOTTISH SONG.

In the thirteenth century, vast tracts of land in the richest, and at this day most highly cultivated and garden-like, parts of England were covered with immemorial forests of oak, such as are so admirably described in the first volume of *Ivanhoe*, which had "probably witnessed the stately march of the Roman legions," and rung to the keen blast of the Latin trumpet.

But little did the forests of merry England resemble the vast and endless wildernesses of the west, where the trees, standing up like gigantic columns, serried almost as soldiers in their ranks, aspiring heavenward each against each, pause not to throw out limb or branch till they can count their feet by hundreds, and suffer nothing that has vegetable life to grow beneath the cold and killing shelter.

In the English forests, on the contrary—and there be some to-day which have listened to the twanging bowstring of bold Robin and his green-frocked merry-men—especially of those regions where the oak prevails, the trees were less conspicuous for their height than admirable for the prodigious bulk of their short massive bolls, the vast proportions of their gnarled Briarean branches, and the immense circumference of soil which they overspread with their grateful umbrage.

These vegetable giants, some of which flourish still, eight centuries ago recorded landmarks in the Domesday book, requiring ample space and verge enough for the support of their huge millennial lives, grew not in serried order, but were scattered here and there, over hill and dale, to which they suffered the prolific rains to penetrate, and the life-giving sunbeams to descend, and which, in consequence, were covered far and near with short rich emerald verdure. In places, indeed, where the soil was high and chalky, the beech would invade the empire of its nobler brother, and then the close-set, glistening, columnar stems, and the impenetrable foliage overhead, would leave the surface bare and sterile as in the woods primeval of the western world. In others, where the ground was broken into steep knolls and deep gorges, the silvery birch and red-berried mountain ash would alternate their lightsome greenery with the dark glossy verdure of the broom, the holly, and the furze; while here and there broad thyme-clad stretches would occur dotted with old gnarled

thorn-bushes; or swampy brakes would intervene haunts of the tusky boar, tangled below with willows and black alder, and overshadowed by great ashes. Still, on the whole, the sun could kindle up the diamonds of the dew upon the grass-flocks, and the meadow-sweets, through half the forest lands of England, and flowers of many a hue and perfume, the dog-rose and the eglantine, the honeysuckle and the virgin bower, bloomed not unseen, nor wasted all their sweetness, even in the deepest penetralia of the greenwoods.

Nor did these sylvan regions lack denizens and dwellers other than the wild beasts of the chase, the red and fallow deer, the gray wolf and the great wild boar so savagely protected by the forest laws of the hunter Norman, other even than the merry does and fairies of the Saxon superstition, whose dark green dance-rings may even yet be seen on many a solitary upland, in many a haunted hollow.

The violence and fierce rapacity of England's feudal lords had driven many, and these of the best blood of the old race, to seek the shelter of nature's fastnesses, the hill side and the wildwood. Many a thane and jarl, of Saxon or of Danish lineage, then donned the Lincoln green, and plied the axe, or twanged the bow, as foresters and outlaws; many a high-born maid and matron fled from the sanctuaries, powerless to save them, to the aisles of the sheltering forest, too happy if

For veat of pall, their fingers small,
That wont o'er harp to stray,
Its fleece might shear from the slaughtered deer
To fence the cold away.

Many a priest and prelate of England's ancient people chanted the prime or matins, without the aid of bell or candle, beneath a nobler canopy than the groined arches of York Minster, the aisles, I mean, of God's primeval temple, the immemorial forest.

For those were days whereof a cotemporaneous writer has left it written, upon record, "that the serge frock of the monk, and the wimple of the high-born lady, were as fruitless to avert the Norman lance as the steel coat of the warrior to the hapless Saxon."

In all lands, in all ages, with all nations, wars, victories, and conquests are, and have been, and

shall be, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for-
ever! bloodshed and cruelty, and lust and plunder!
and the *vox victis* of the pitiless Roman has swelled
the war-cry on every conquered battle-field from his
day downward to the vaunted mercies, boastful
civilization of this nineteenth century! and we, who
talk so eloquently of the Dark Ages, we who discern
so clearly the mote in each sister nation's eye, yet
mark not the beam in our own, we, of whatever
clime we be, or kin, or country, might perhaps be
doing better work, both for time and for eternity,
both for man and God, by ordering our own ways in
faith, which is humbly, and in charity, which is
kindly, than by answering the ways of others in
self-righteousness, which is blindly, and in self-con-
fidence, which is arrogantly, wrongfully, and vainly.

I preach to no man, to no nation, in particular; for
it seems to me that all men, all nations, are in some
sort mad at this present; all hurrying to enforce
progress violently on their neighbors, when they
should be hastening to seek improvement hopefully,
each one for himself; all reading, in the fearful signs
of the times, judgments against others, when they
should be discerning lessons for themselves.

But so it has been from the earliest syllable of re-
corded time, and so, I suppose, it will be to the latest.
So it was surely in the days of which I write; the
days of England's first, if not greatest, reformer,
Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. The one
side holding every step in progress, however excel-
lent, a perilous and fatal innovation; the other, every
check, however wholesome, a cruel and tyrannical
restraint: the emancipated slaves abusing their ac-
quired liberty as slaves, licentiously; the victorious
masters chastising their rebellious slaves, like mas-
ters, bloodily!

O but man, vain man,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks, before high heaven,
As make the angels weep—

and should not we weep, rather than revile, the nat-
ural fitfulness, the still recurring inconsistency, of
man, which leads to this—as all time tells us, trump-
pet-tongued, with voice historical—that any sin,
might not I have said any *crime*, is, in some sort, the
child of circumstance; and may be His to-day, or
His, or any one's, but perchance *ours* to-morrow.

It was a forest, such as I have described, not very
far from the confines of three fair shires, Warwick-
shire, Worcestershire, and Gloucestershire, lying a
little to the north of the highroad from Evosham
in the former county, to Oxford, on which the last rays
of the summer sun were falling aslant, a few days
after the terrible fight of Evosham; in which, with
the great De Montfort, had fallen the power and
pride of the banded barons, and, for the time, the
hopes of England for constitutional security against
monarchical oppression.

No lovelier scene was ever lighted by a lovelier

sunset. At the point whereat we will regard it, a
narrow sandy cart track wound deviously down the
lap between two softly rounded hills, following the
sinuosities caused by the jutting spurs of this or that,
into a deep glen, filled with tangled coppice of hazel,
alder, willows, and other shrubs which love the
water, along which, to judge by the ear, rather than
the eye, a powerful and copious brook rippled over
a stony bed.

The westernmost of the two hills, between which
the tract descended, was a wild thymy common,
stretching away, for above a mile, in a long gentle
swell, to the blue skirt of the forest which enclosed
it. It was not bare, however, but was studded with
great thorn bushes, here standing singly, here min-
gled with clumps of sweetbriars, all interlaced and
overrun with wild vines and honeysuckles, from
which the sunbeams, as they streamed down the
slope, projected long blue shadows to the eastward,
cool and quiet over the closing wild-flowers.

On the other side of the road, the eastern hill was
steeper, and was broken by two rocky gorges, each
sending forth a thread of water, which united in a
little rill, flowing down side by side with the cart-
track, to join the brook in the bottom. The hanging
wood which feathered these ravines was, such as I
have above described, composed of birch and mount-
ain ash, with here a doddered ivy bush, and there
a glistening holly brake; but all the knolls between
were overspread, without bush or underwood below,
by the noblest specimens of that oak forest which
is seen nowhere else in such perfection as in the
island of the free.

Beyond the brook, however, which was traversed
by a rough wood-bridge, the growth of wood, and
probably the soil, was of a very different character.
The land rose southward, in a very slow ascent of
perhaps three miles, all covered with a gigantic
growth of beeches, standing close together, with
only moss, and the fern leaves of the past year be-
neath them. Through these beech woods, the nar-
row way, which scarcely exceeded ten feet in width,
ran in a direct line, overarched with the sun-proof
branches, like an interminable gothic vault of the
deepest gloom; and where, at the summit of the
ridge, it opened upon cleared country, crossing a
glimpse of sun-lighted sky, the aperture appeared
scarce larger than the eye of a needle.

The scene was almost as calm and still as it was
beautiful; a few hares only were limping lazily to
and fro on the common to the west, cropping the
wild thyme and sweet marjoram, and a single thrush
was piping his clear strain from out the thorn-bushes,
for the advance of summer had silenced the most of
his songful brethren.

So very still was the evening, and so serene the
skies above, that the very breeze was asleep; and
that fitful melancholy song of the tree tops, and the
air, which is so seldom tuneless, had died away with
the decline of daylight.

Who would have dreamed that even then a storm
was brewing?

Suddenly, amid the silence of solitude and nature, the clear voice of a woman was heard, or would have been, had there been aught beside the lures and the thrush to hear it, coming from the beech-woods beyond the bridge, to the left of the road, as you look southward; and now that your eye is called to it, through the medium of your ear, you can distinguish a slender spire of misty smoke, curling up far away over the tree tops.

Nearer it came and nearer, and now the words might be distinguished, the simple plaintive words of an old-time Scottish ballad, sung by a sweet soft voice, not without considerable compass, to an old long-forgotten tune; and now the singer emerged from the blended stems of the beech trees, and coming up the road, paused a moment on the bridge, to look on the lightsome scene.

She was a tall, slight, very graceful girl, of eighteen or nineteen years, clad simply, as a peasant maiden, with a high-collared jerkin of russet cloth fitting closely to her shape, not much dissimilar in form to the body of a modern riding habit, and a short jupe of bright mazarine blue woolen stuff. The jerkin, however, high as it was, had two or three of the upper clasps unfastened, and displayed a throat as smooth and as white as ivory, encompassed by a band of black velvet, from which a small silver cross hung down upon the first swell of a bosom hardly less pure than the holy image it supported.

The rest of her dress consisted of a pair of snow-white hose, with mazarine blue clocks, setting off as trim an ankle, and as well arched an instep, as supported the proudest dame of King Henry's court, and a pair of neat slippers, with silver buckles; she wore no hood or hat, for the heat of the day had passed, and the eve was soft and genial; but she had silver ear-rings in her ears, and a large bunch of ribbons, matching the color of her jupe, in the left plait of her beautiful auburn hair, which was braided quite close to the contour of a head singularly classic in its shape, and well set upon her shoulders. Her features were regular, with large deep blue eyes, lips exquisitely colored, though the rest of her complexion was fair, and almost pale, and an expression of the most perfect innocence and softness that ever sat upon the lineaments of a woman. There was, however, a glance of merriment in the soft blue eyes, and a curl in the rosy lip, which would have told the physiognomist, that if she had more than all a true woman's gentleness, she lacked not altogether the mirthfulness and spirit which are also attributes of a true woman.

She could be nothing but a simple peasant maid, at best the daughter of some forest franklin, in her justaucorps of russet, and her jupe of blue, with her light water pail swinging from her fair hand, as she crossed the rude bridge, and came slowly up the road into the sunlight, now stooping to gather a violet for her bosom—sweets to the sweet—now pausing to listen to the thrush's melody, for he caroled on unscared by her light footstep.

But how should peasant maid, or even franklin's

daughter, have won that step of mingled grace and pride, that high-born air, gentle, yet self-possessed, that mien that bespoke her one—though I abhor the term—of nature's aristocracy?

On she went, innocent and fancy free, but quickening now her steps, as the sun sank below the tops of the tall trees, and deeper shadows fell over the woodland scenery.

She wound her way up the road between the hills, and turning short to the right hand, as she reached the first of the two gorges I have spoken of, in the eastern hill, entered it, and was lost to sight from the road; but we will accompany her.

The ravine, down which a little crystal stream trickled over bright pebbles, was not above fifty yards long before it was walled up by a precipitous face of rock; but in that fifty yards it made three abrupt zig-zags, at each of which there was a little fall of a foot or two, no more; the faintly traced footpath, which ran side by side with the rivulet, ascending each obstruction by one or two rude steps hewn out of the rock.

On passing the third angle, the whole picture lay before you, and the cause of the maiden's visit likewise; for here, at its utmost limit, the ravine expanded into a tiny amphitheatre of mimic cliffs, crowned with luxuriant underwood; and from the wall of rock in front, at some four feet from the level of its base, a living spring shot out, in a jet of six inches diameter, at a curve so boldly arched, as indicated the force with which it was projected. The early monks, it would appear, had discovered the natural beauties of this secluded spot, as, indeed, in the wildest and darkest times, they appear to have done throughout England, perhaps throughout the world, for, in every land that I have seen or read of, the site of a monastic house is a situation of rare romantic beauty. A large stone basin, over the lip of which the stream flowed into its natural channel, received the limpid water as it fell; and above the source a pointed niche, surmounted by a groined canopy, and containing a rude effigy of the Virgin mother, and the blessed child, hallowed the draught at once, and claimed the homage of the drinkers.

The maiden, as she entered the small circle, bowed her knee, and crossed herself; and then, having set down her bucket by the rivulet's side, advanced to a sort of *prie dieu* ruggedly wrought in stone, and kneeling before the object of her sincere devotion, with downcast eyes, and humble heart, recited the prescribed prayers of the church, chanted her Ave Maria, and arose as innocent and beautiful a girl as the sun of England has shone down upon, or then, or since, until now.

This duty done, she raised a little of the water in an iron cup, chained to the lip of the basin, and tasted it, before she filled her bucket, not from that hallowed fountain, but from the stream below. Lifting the vessel lightly to her head, she balanced it there with perfect ease, and swaying her lithe and graceful figure to and fro, so that she spilled no drop of its contents, she returned slowly, but with a light-

some heart, toward the road by which she had come.

Alas! how soon is a lightsome heart lost, and if lost once, how seldom is its lightness regained!

Just as she turned into the cart-track, she started back in terror; for close at her elbow, his horse's hoofs unheard in the deep sand, as he breathed his steed down the hill, appeared—most dreadful of all visions to a Saxon maiden—the tall form of a Norman noble.

His keen-cut aquiline features, his sinowy, yet slender frame, his pomp, his pride, displayed in every gesture, his garb, his arms, his very charger, all bespoke it.

She started, with a slight low cry, dropping the bucket from her head as she did so, and for a moment stood irresolute, whether she should not fly. The uselessness of such a movement, it is probable, decided her; for, though she turned as pale as a marble statue, and clasped her hands together, and half-breathed a prayer for mercy, she stood still, gazing into his face with an expression of mingled fear and supplication.

A half smile crossed the face of the young Norman. "Fear naught from me, my maid," he said, reading her feelings at a glance. "At no time have I ever wronged a woman; and were I bad enough to do so, I should now lack the time and will alike, seeing that my horse cannot win another mile, even for life, and that ere half an hour I might ask mercy, if I would, but that I know I should not find it."

"Of whom?" she asked quickly, with all her woman sympathies awakened, or ere her fears had altogether passed away, at hearing of another's peril. "Of whom should you ask mercy? you, who are a Norman and a noble?"

"Many a Norman noble," he replied, clasping his hands together in his grief, forgetful of his own danger, "asked it but found it not, within a week at bloody——"

"What," she exclaimed, her eyes flashing, as she interrupted him, with keen excitement, "what, did you fight at Evesham? are you pursued and in peril? Then you fought with the glorious Earl of Leicester? Then you fought for England?"

"It will avail me nothing to deny it, even if you should have heart to betray me; my pursuers are within a mile, my horse can go no farther; nor can one man fight hopelessly against a score, much less against a hundred."

"I betray no man. But to confess it has saved you. De Montfort was the Englishman's best friend; our foresters all fought beside him. My father, too, and both my brethren, but they, all glory to our Lady of the Wall! have 'scaped both slaughter and pursuit; and, though as yet they return not home, they are befriended, they are safe. And, for their sake, their comrade shall be safe also. Come, come, young horseman, follow me, I will save you."

Life is dear, even to the most wretched; how dear, then, to the young and happy; how slight the chance soever, to that chance man will cling to the last

gasp. Brave as he was, and desperate of life, he stole again at her words, and at the confident tone in which she spoke, into the heart, but now so desponding, of Sir Courtenay St. Regis.

"I will trust, I will follow you, were it to death, not safety."

"Quick! then, quick!" she exclaimed; "I think I hear their horses and their harness. Quick! there is little enough time to do it." And snatching up the pail, which she had dropped, she ran so fleetly down the hill, that he was hard set, on his jaded horse, to keep up with her.

As soon as she had crossed the bridge, however she sprang up the steep bank on the left of the sandy road, and awaited him.

"Pull him up *here, here*, so that you can set foot on the bank, in this dark shadow; and now, see you this narrow path, and that glimmer through the trees? There is our cottage, no one is in it now but my old blind and helpless grandsire; yet, go not near it, for his ears are quick as his eyes are dim. Before you reach it you will see the stable; it is empty now; enter it, mount the loft, and ensconce yourself under the hay, as quietly as you may, for tabby is there with her kittens, and, even if they search for you, she undisturbed shall be your safeguard."

"But you! I cannot leave you here; the horse, too, will betray you. As man, knight, gentleman, I may not purchase life by a woman's death, and should they find you here, your death is certain."

"Fear for me nothing. He were a forester, indeed, who should find me among these shadows, after nightfall—find me, who am the forest's daughter! Do as I bid you. When the moon rises o'er the tree tops, if they be gone, I will bring you food. Hush! Hark! they come indeed! Go! go! if you would not slay us both; obey me."

And, with the word, before he could remonstrate farther, casting her pail into the alders by the stream, she sprang lightly to the horse's back, then striking him sharply with the end of the bridle-reins, wheeled him into the beech-wood, on the other side the road, close to the edge of the swampy thicket, and, in a moment, was swallowed up in the thick and rayless gloom, which filled that portion of the forest as with a palpable presence; although, on the road beyond the bridge, the light still lingered lovingly, so that the deep track of St. Regis' charger, through the sand, was distinctly visible, until it was lost in the shadow of the beeches.

While Courtenay yet stood undecided how to act, just within the shelter of the friendly gloom, with clash and clang, and whoop and halloo, as if in the pursuit of some sylvan quarry, a band of at least a hundred horse wheeled down the gorge between the hills, and thundered along, toward the bridge, fast and furious.

Rushing backward some twenty paces into the shadow, the hunted soldier flung himself down upon the moss, secure that no human eye could pierce that more than midnight darkness, and that no instinct, save the hounds', could trace him to his covert.

Within five minutes they came rushing past him like a whirlwind, and he could hear the voice of the leader, which he recognized at once as that of an old hereditary foe-man, exulting that, within an hour, his life-blood would have quenched the feud of ages.

Another voice took up the word—"Were it not better, noble sir, to alight, and search for his horse-tracks, if he have held right on?"

For a second, the young knight's heart stood still, and he held his breath in that hideous moment of suspense.

But the reply came, almost instantaneous, haughty and curt, though well nigh drowned by the clang of hoofs and harness.

"For what, Sir Fool?" it said; "is it to give him breathing space and law? Have we not tracked him hither by the slot? Where should he be but onward? A deer could scarce thrid these trunks, much less a horse and rider. On, gentlemen! I'll back my vengeance, against a sleuth-hound's nose, on the track of a St. Regis!"

And on they swept into the deepest of the forest, the sounds of their stormy passage dying away, so rapidly they rode, till all again was silent.

Then Courtenay arose from the moss, and groping his way darkly onward, toward the half-seen glimmering of the sky, which the forest maid had pointed him, soon reached a little hollow; wherein, surrounded by two cleared fields, and a trim garden, nestled a pretty cottage, half overrun with clematis and woodbine, with a bright fire flashing through its diamond casements with a cheerful lustre. A little way without the garden, he readily discerned the stable she had told him of, and, mounting the rude ladder to the hay-loft, so discreetly that the maternal tabby moved not from her feline brood, buried himself over-head in the hay, where, overdone with fatigue, and spent with the reaction of so terrible excitement, he soon sank into deep and dreamless slumber, while she, his brave and fair preserver, yet risked, in his behalf, the perils of the midnight forest.

True type of man, the ever-selfish! woman, the ever true, ever devoted!

But, for this time at least, she ran no farther peril; for having noted that the pursuers rode straight onward, and knowing that the road, after it opened on the moors beyond the wood, was so hard for miles as to betray no footprint, she took her way, at a foot-pace, through the miry wood-paths, toward a Saxon outlaw's hut, only intent on throwing the pursuers on a false track, when they should have found their error.

This, by the blending of the woman's wit with the forester's shrewd instinct, was readily accomplished. The horse was cleaned and well fed, and re-invigorated with condiments, well known in those days, now forgotten. Long before midnight he was led into another road, tending direct to Warwick, and cast loose, with a furze bush fastened to his crupper, and a fierce lash on his haunches.

Dawn found the charger at the gates of Warwick, while his lord's baffled pursuers were resting at Stow,

full fifty miles to the southward; to be recalled thence, on the following day, by the tidings that their enemy's horse had been taken, and by a flying rumor that he had been seen, re-mounted, and pressing hotly northward.

For three months nothing more was heard in the court of Courtenay St. Regis; for the Norman noble had donned the green of the Saxon outlaw, and was dwelling, safe and unsuspected, under the roof of Harold Hawksworth, a man of blood as ancient as his own, the stoutest friend of Simon Montfort, the father of the Flower of the Forest, for so was Marian Hawksworth called, throughout the forest region, of which she was, indeed, the brightest blossom.

Three months to Courtenay St. Regis of wildest sport, mingled with sweetest wooing, for opportunity, and solitude, saving the presence of one lovely woman, will breed soft fancies in the head of the sternest of the sternest; and Courtenay was not of the sternest.

He was bound to her, also, by ties of immortal gratitude; she was lovely, and he loved; and she loved also, how far more devotedly and truly. I tell not the old tale; for she was pure as she was fond, and, had he tempted, even then, she had not fallen. But, to do Courtenay justice, he tempted not, nor would have wronged her for his life.

Nay! hopeless of returning to his former sphere, of resuming the Norman and the noble, he dreamed of happiness as the Saxon outlaw, with that sweet flower to cherish in his bosom.

Within three months from that strange meeting, she was wooed and won; the bridal day was fixed, the bridal wreath was woven.

But, on the bridal evening, a wondrous rumor spread through the precincts of the forest, and, before midnight, the rumor had grown into certainty.

Prince Edward, who had leaned to clemency from the beginning, had brought his royal father to the side of mercy; and here was a royal proclamation of amnesty to all the late insurgent barons, with a few rare exceptions, who should repair within three days to York, there to do homage to the king; and to all men of low degree, a pardon unconditional.

There was great joy in the forest, for scarce a green flock of them all but had twanged bowstring for De Montfort. Great joy to all, save Marian; for if he would not slight the royal grace, St. Regis must set forth upon that very night, an unwed bridegroom, from his betrothed, but not his bride.

Yet even Marian, though subdued, was not sorrowful. How should she sorrow at what made him glad, him whom she loved so dearly, trusted so fully? No, though her eyes swam as she kissed him, and waved her last adieu, as turning often in his saddle for one more parting glance, he crossed the sandy hill, leaving her under the pale moon, where they first had met, hard by the holy well, she was not sorrowful.

For he had promised to return, within ten days, and claim his woodland bride; and she—believed him.

Alas ! for the Forest Flower !

Weeks passed, months fled on, a whole year had expired, and no tidings had reached Marian of St. Regis, except one hurried scroll, when he had been already two months absent, complaining "that the king still suspected him, and would not suffer him to quit the precincts of the court."

Such was the policy of Henry, it was known, toward others ; and, therefore, in despite of hope, Marian still hoped ; in despite of trust, still trusted.

It is written, that hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and Marian's heart was sickening.

On a bright, silent summer evening, on such an evening as that on which she saved his life, the fatal tidings came, confirmed beyond all question, "Courtenay St. Regis, wedded to lady Adeline Fitzosbert !"

That was the frost that blighted her.

Even from that hour the Flower of the Forest faded.

Before the first snows of winter had whitened hill and dale, they had laid her in the consecrated ground, according to her own request, hard by her favorite fountain ; but it was not her gentle spirit which dictated the epitaph, which may be seen to this day, sculptured in the rock, to the right of the virgin's niche.

Here Lies

THE FLOWER OF THE FOREST.

COURTENAY ST. REGIS SLEW HER BODY.

BY MARY'S GRACE,

HE SLEW NOT HER SOUL ALSO.

REQUIESCAT.